# Outdoor America

DECEMBER 1927

Price 25 Cents

*Owned and Published by the Izaak Walton League of America*

DEFENDER OF WOODS WATERS AND WILD LIFE

Edward Breck • Henry van Dyke • Halford J. Morlan

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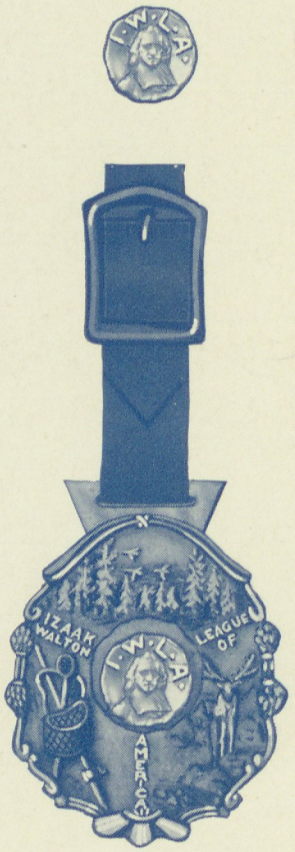


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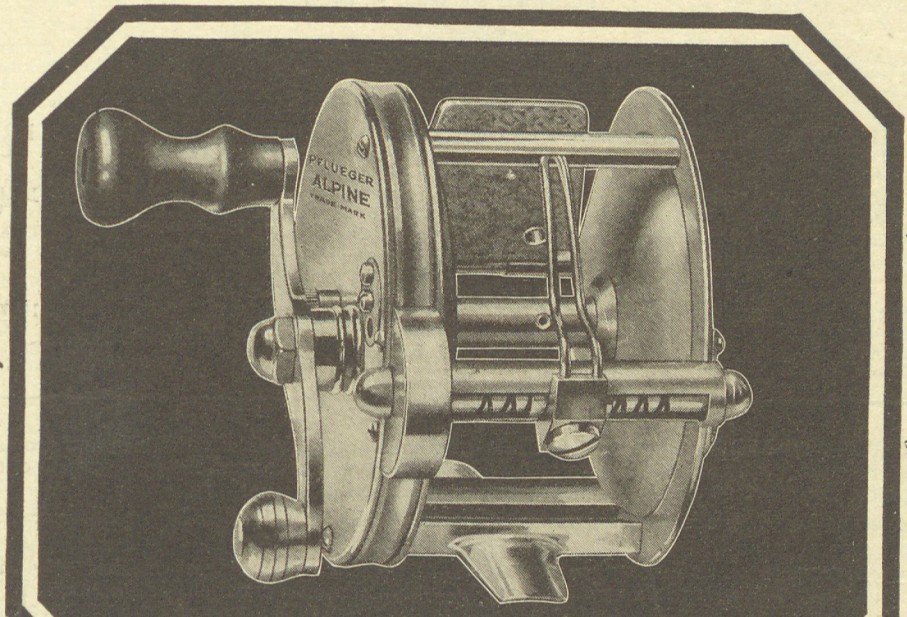


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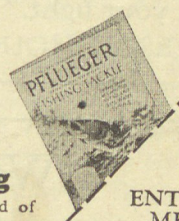


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THE IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE OF AMERICA is a national organization of sportsmen and sportswomen actively interested in the preservation and restoration of America's recreational areas and the perpetuation of sports afield and astream, having more than 3000 chapter units throughout North America.

The League has no commercial interests, political alliances or religious affiliations. No officer or director receives a salary.

This magazine, to which the leading writers and artists of America contribute, is published only for the purpose of further disseminating information on the necessity for conserving the remnants of our national heritage.

## This Platform of Waltonism Means

***More forests***
***More clean streams***
***More fish and game***
***More outdoor life***

"If you want better fishing and shooting for yourself and your boys, go out and do what you can to put one million members into the Izaak Walton League. When that is true, you will have won your fight."
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The objects of the Izaak Walton League of America are:

To develop opportunities for the enjoyment of the great outdoors as an essential part of the character building and the spiritual and physical development of our people.

To encourage the protection and restoration of woods, wild flowers and wild life.

To safeguard the public health and conserve aquatic life by the elimination of pollution, and

To restore and transmit to posterity the Outdoor America of our ancestors.

The League's platform is as follows:

1. A comprehensive system of forest extension and management, reforestation of denuded areas, and proper encouragement to private landowners to grow timber.

2. A copious supply of pure water to safeguard public health and conserve aquatic life, and an aggressive campaign to eradicate pollution from inland and coastal waters.

3. Opposition to drainage projects which injure natural resources without equivalent benefit to the general public, and the restoration of unwisely drained areas.

4. More adequate protection for beneficial wild life, and the establishment of an ample number of properly administered fish and game refuges, and public fishing and hunting grounds.

5. The establishment of sufficient fish hatcheries and game farms for increased propagation and wider distribution of fish and game.

6. The establishment of biological experiment stations for the training of scientific workers to guarantee expert supervision of all game and fish propagation and distribution.

7. Opposition to the sale and interstate shipment of game and of fresh water game fishes, except for purposes of propagation.

8. Scientific regulation of the taking of salt water game fishes and prohibition of the sale of certain anadromous species.

9. Encouragement of a more universal appreciation of the aesthetic and economic value of our birds and wild flowers.

10. To develop greater opportunities for and encouragement of outdoor recreation as an essential part of the character-building, and the spiritual and physical development of the American people, especially our boys and girls.

11. The practice of true sportsmanship, respect for the property of others, and strenuous opposition to all unfair and illegal methods.

12. The teaching of nature study and the fundamental principles of conservation in all schools of America.

13. Co-operation with all organizations having like aims and better co-ordination of the efforts of such organizations with state and governmental agencies.

14. An unceasing militant educational campaign to attain the declared objects of the Izaak Walton League.

## Will You Fight to Save Our Outdoors?

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Please tell me, without obligation or cost, how I may best aid in the campaign to save our outdoor heritage.

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Drawing by Wm. L. Schmedtgen

It is stated that the moose is rapidly disappearing from the Kenai peninsula in Alaska and that at the present rate of destruction this great game animal will soon become extinct.

# The Lure of "Cervus Alces"

## By an Oldtimer, namely, EDWARD BRECK

Edward Breck, the well known hunt-loving "Eddie" of Albert Bigelow Paine's "The Tent Dwellers," no longer cares to kill any game. But he is not an odious "reformer" in the sense of having no understanding of the other fellow's point of view. We do not agree with Mr. Breck as to the sportsmanship of calling moose. What is *your* opinion? Next month OUTDOOR AMERICA will publish a story by Ozark Ripley taking the opposite side of this subject. Also we will publish a few of the best letters we receive from our readers on both sides. EDITOR.

I SAW my first bull moose fall to my uncle's rifle near Big Liscomb Lake, Nova Scotia, in the autumn of 1871. Since then I have killed or helped to kill many bulls, perhaps a dozen before I was of age, and two score or more since, to my own rifle, I am ashamed now to say. I have read about everything concerning moose that has ever been written by anybody worth noticing, and have interviewed scores of real moose hunters about their ideas and methods. It was for years my ambition to write a book about moose, but whenever anybody asked me what I knew about them, the question became in my mind inverted, and was: what *don't* I know about moose? So I never wrote my book. I was always waiting until I knew all about moose and moose hunting. Nobody does; therefore no really good book has ever been written on the subject. However, perhaps I know as much as most writers, most of whom never went on five moose hunts in their lives. So I will chat on for a page or two, beginning with the confession that, of all sports in the whole world, moose hunting is for me the most fascinating. And no killing is at all necessary either.

In the first place it takes place in the real, wild woods. The object is a temperate, limited one, namely, a single bull in a season. Contrast this with the slaughter of game unctuously described by millionaire or "movie" hunters in Africa, whose alibi for plain killing is apt to be collecting for some museum, or with that extraordinary phase of "gentility and sportsmanship" indulged in by British sportsmen (and often their American guests—I have been one) in the coverts, when hundreds of head of pheasants, partridge or grouse fall to the guns, the birds being collected and driven to the guns by beaters.

One bull moose, way off there somewhere, perhaps miles away, and feeling the annual goad of the rut. The woods are still thick, for the frosts have not yet laid low the brakes and denuded the hardwood trees. In the north woods in October you may find yourself within a few yards of a moose, if wind allow, and yet not see it. Once I followed a bull, cow and two calves for an hour through a swamp, being careful to keep to leeward, hoping to get a shot at the bull. Several times I actually saw the bushes move, but neither hide nor hair of an animal did I see. From time to time I conversed with the family, using the gruff and explosive "Wah!" of the bull, the whines of the cow and the squeals and whines of the little calves. The bull must have been a big one, as he was evidently not much alarmed; for, had he been, his answering challenge would have been much more emphatic, whereas this one hardly took any notice of the other male, namely myself, that was roaming about near by. And yet there was evidently some suspicion, for the family moved off slowly in the direction of the lake and finally crossed a deep creek and disappeared. It was the calves which were really alarmed. They strayed often from the parents (i. e. mother and stepfather), and in all probability smelt and perhaps actually saw me, for they would give little expulsive woofs and scamper (if one may use that term of a moose) back to the family protection. I was not sorry I missed killing the bull, for the experience was thrilling, and it flattered me that I could make all those noises within a few yards of a whole moose family and not "give myself away."

The ethical side of hunting moose in the "calling" or mating time can be quickly disposed of. It isn't strictly fair, but in my opinion it is as fair as any other kind of hunting in which the quarry is not armed like the huntsman with a repeater while itself being hunted. To say that still hunting is fairer than deceiving a bull moose in mating time is, I think, simply an exposure of ignorance and lack of experience. To creep up to a bull after the rut, when he is no longer the nervous, suspicious beast, ever on the lookout for a rival and other dangers, which he is in the mating time, and, under cover of a wind and on soft wet ground, or snow, shoot him down, often before he knows of your presence—yes, and when the woods are open and allow a good, unimpeded shot, that is giving the quarry a smaller chance for its life than to lure the bull within shot by imitating the various sounds of the cow, and sometimes of the calf and even the bull. Ethics? None whatever. The only honest alibi is that everything leading up to the kill is worth the bloodthirsty end, in health-giving recreation. As a matter of fact—listen to a half, or three-quarters, reformed murderer—my long experience tells me that there is no feature worth while in moosehunting with a lethal weapon, which does not exist in hunting with a camera. And I venture to predict (prophecy is easy and doesn't hurt anybody!) that in less than half a century it will be called distinctly "bad form" to kill any dumb creature except for real necessity, not for mere pleasure. You say, "Of course, after you've killed your fill, you want to take the pleasure away from others." Guilty; except that I don't want to lessen anybody's fun. As I said before it is just as much fun to hunt moose and other things with a camera and a glass.

Look back with me three years, and fancy yourselves with wife and self getting up before daylight on the shore of Sunrise Lake, putting on everything we could walk in, stoking our systems with hot peameal soup and a sandwich, and groping our way slowly through the dark and stiff frozen brakes and bushes to our canoe. Imagine the eerie crossing through the light, fairylike mist to the low, boggy shore on the farther side, and our careful walk for a quarter of a mile to the edge of an oval clearing, called a bog in Nova Scotia. Ensconsing ourselves comfortably at the foot of a big rock on the moss, and curled in blankets, we abandoned ourselves to the mystery of the dawn, the stillness that seemed almost complete. A faint half blush appeared in the East. The mist slowly rose from the surface of the bog. There was no sound, which meant that probably no moose were near, at least no amorous cows, though it was almost too early in the day for them to begin calling.

After five minutes of listening only a consciousness of our object recalled me to action. In no other kind of hunting is there a beginning, a preparation, so fascinating, so almost ritual as in moose calling. Everything is breathless, silent, tensely expectant. The mind is like a calm lake, ready for the slightest zephyr to ripple it. It seems sacrilege to break the sacred hush. But the eastern blush is visibly redder. The bog is almost free from mist.

I raise my birchen horn, blow through it to clear it, point it downward and sound through it a long drawn out whine, beginning in a high key and descending an octave. It is low, for there may be a bull within a short distance of us who might be alarmed by a louder call.

One of the most interesting features of calling is the complete, as it were, exaggerated silence which follows the call. Only the beats of one's heart seem to register, and they fairly

resound. Then one hears one's watch ticking so loud that there is a ridiculous fear of frightening the moose! Even the play of the neck muscles in turning one's head can be distinctly heard.

No answer. Very well; now for real business. Standing up, I point the horn on high, and let the long, whining low of the amorous cow go ringing through the icy atmosphere, the mouth of the call being carried in circles round half the horizon.

"Ee-oo-oo-oo-ah-wah!" Beginning high and falling an octave and ending in a heartbroken gasp. How the sound echoed and re-echoed from the hills! Miles it must have been heard. But hark—what was that? A dog barking? Listen: "Wah! Wah!"—faint but distinct. Wife did not hear it, for she knew not what to listen for. Soon it was repeated and then she heard it. "What, is it a bull?" Ritson and I nodded excitedly. "Get your camera ready!" I whispered. "He's coming!"

*The bull is coming!* To hear those words you make a long, expensive journey, and spend time and money on outfit and guides. It takes months to work up to this climax, in which your hunting-license, your planning, your "reading up" on the subject, your poring over maps and railway folders, and all the rest of it, are combined.

As my wife is just a trifle shy of anything in the line of bovines and such, the near approach of the biggest deer in creation, despite the protection of two men with rifles (only for emergency), caused an attack of that curious and tyrannical malady called buckfever. It was her first big-game hunt. And things got more and more creepy, for the bull, obviously a young and eager one (this was October, and he had had to stand aside for bigger bulls), came toward us rapidly, until at last we could hear the swish of his antlers only a hundred yards away. Then there was a moment of silence. Ritson and I crouched so that wife could get a good shot with her Graflex. No sound. What had happened? Had he smelt us and "silently stolen away"? But the next second the cracking of a sapling almost behind us caused our hearts to jump into our mouths. The bull was about to cross our tracks, in which case—good heavens, something must be done! Leaning forward, I thrust the mouth of my call almost into the moss, and then whined out the most yearning, appealing, heartbroken "Where art thou now, my beloved?" that ever lovesick young cow emitted.

Would the bull note the fraud—at a hundred yards? Oh, without doubt. But no, there was no sound. Doubtless he was trying to use those wonderful nostrils which we were unfair enough to neutralize by calling when not a breath of wind existed. The suspense was not to be borne. Again I wailed out the cow's whine. And hark—he's moving! In which direction? Thank heaven, not as before anyhow. Another minute of nervous waiting, with no sound but the beating of our hearts, the ticking of our watches, and the hoot of a far-off owl.

Then the great thing happened. There, on the edge of the bog to our right, the bushes moved silently, and the next moment the enormous brown-black head and shoulders of a bull moose were thrust, just as noiselessly, through the fringing trees, and his gaze was turned directly upon us, sitting there in full view. It is a good lesson, to have to remain absolutely motionless in moments of great excitement; but that is, must have been indeed, what we did. It seemed like a staring-match, every second more wearing on the nerves. I speak for myself, for my wife says that, after the agony of the suspense when it seemed as if the bull would cross and walk right over us, anything that happened was a relief.

To make a long but exciting matter short, the moose finally (to us it was a long time, but really it wasn't over a minute), turned his head and walked straight out on the bog, smelling the ground for the sweet (?) scent of his mate. What a chance, in the scintillating early morning light, for a photograph. Did Mrs. Breck get a good one? Why rake over the ashes of dead history? Besides, buckfever is an insidious, creeping thing. The main point is that there were thrills enough all around, and not a drop of blood spilt.

There is a mention above of rifles held ready for emergencies. I beg that they be not compared with the rifle held by a friend of certain big game hunters, when they shot seven (no less) arrows into an old grizzly, which nevertheless had to be killed in the nick of time, to save the skins of these heroes, by a rifle bullet! We were not trying to kill big game with inefficient weapons. We had a woman with us, and were simply taking no chances of an accident, such as the frightened rush of a moose the wrong way.

A word about the changes in moose-hunting methods may not be out of place. Leaving out of the count dogging on the snow and killing at night with jacks, both now outlawed (of course in spite of the old fogies who are always against any change, especially when this change means less slaughtering), the changes have been principally in the manner of calling moose, or killing them, in the mating season. Only a dozen years ago the season in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia began the middle of September, at the beginning of the rutting time, so that, as the big bulls mated first, many of those killed in the first fortnight never mated at all, the young of the year being the progeny of the smaller bulls. This has fortunately been done away with. In the old days, say twenty years ago, there were two almost distinct seasons for the hunter, the calling and the still-hunting time. During the former, from the beginning of the open season until the middle of October, or a little later, when the woods were still thick and the bulls not all mated, hunters contented themselves with calling alone. They took their places in some spot overlooking an open space, and tried, by means of imitating the cow, to lure the bull within shot. If no bull showed himself the hunters went to camp and waited until the next calm morning or evening. I have known hunters who came hundreds of miles to get a head, to sit round camp for a week

# The Last Moose

By FRANK T. MANN

HE stands upon the headland, this last of Kenai's Kings,
And only echo answers as his mighty challenge rings
Across the silent water's stretch and through the somber wood
Where once a thousand of his kind in savage grandeur moved.
In vain he bends his royal neck and casts a list'ning ear,
No rival fierce nor amorous mate is left his call to hear;
May-hap, who knows, it dawns on him, this thing that man has done,
And that he feels in some dull way his earthly course is run.

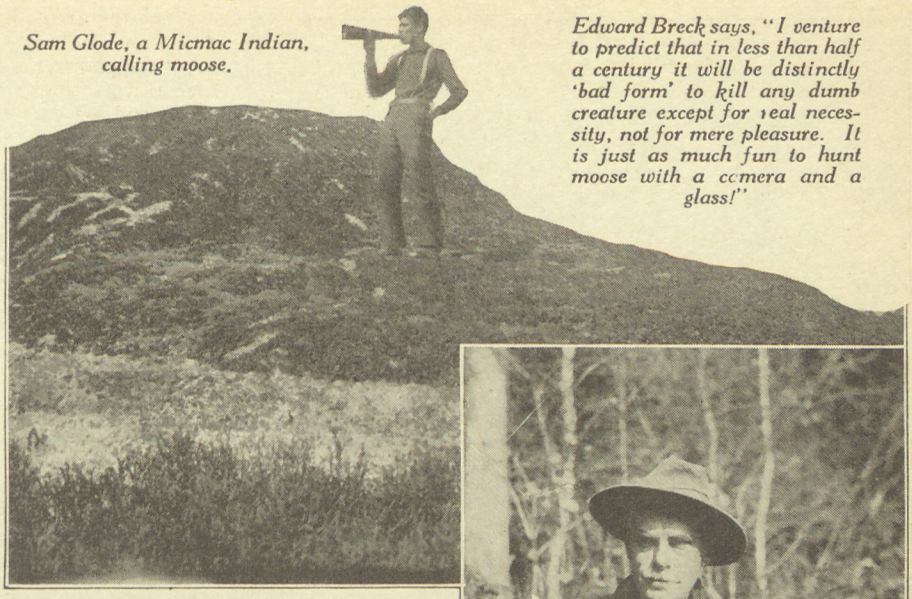
AGAIN he calls, his untamed eye sweeps forest fringe and lake,
And 'neath impatient, stamping hoof the boggy marshlands quake.
With head bent low, a moment more the great beast listening stands,
The echoes ringing 'mong the pines like call of phantom bands.
Hark! What is that? Along the shore an answer comes at last,
A splitting roar; a spurt of flame; a stunning, deadly blast;
A moment stands the stricken King, hurt wonder in his eye,
Then slowly turns on doubtful legs and seeks a place to die.

HIS passing ends another tribe, part of creation's plan,
Poor victim of the lust of Death, the gift of god-like man.
The lordly head now hangs in state, the hunter's den to grace;
A source of pride to him, no doubt, though he has slain a race!

or more because their guide said the weather was "no good for callin'."

If you will reread the excellently written moose-hunting tales of Lord Dunraven, you will see many examples of the helplessness of hunters in any weather but calm. In the old days (and unfortunately often now), men called in the evening, and even at night. Dunraven tells of his Indian guide who climbed a tree and called a large part of the night, while the huntsman shivered in his blankets at the foot. Of course many moose are lost by this unwise evening calling, for the bull is apt to come after the light has become too dim for a sure shot, and even after dark, with the result that, by morning, he has smelled, not a rat but a human being, and has departed for the next county. Even if he has not become suspicious, he has probably wandered on, for during the rut a bull is continually on the move, looking for his mate.

*Sam Glode, a Micmac Indian, calling moose.*



*Edward Breck says, "I venture to predict that in less than half a century it will be distinctly 'bad form' to kill any dumb creature except for real necessity, not for mere pleasure. It is just as much fun to hunt moose with a camera and a glass!"*

*"Eddie," the Tent Dweller, with a moose-call.*

But there is now a radical change in October hunting methods, due mostly to the plain "moose sense" of an Indian (though his father was white) named Lou Harlow, a Micmac. Lou was always deemed a good caller, though I think I have heard better. However that may be, he certainly had a higher percentage of successes during calling time than his rivals. This I could not understand (having heard him call often), until he "took a shine" to me, perhaps because I was twice his trapping partner. He revealed to me his secret, a secret now no longer, which has increased the efficiency of many guides in western Nova Scotia. The thing is simple enough, and was of course practiced here and there before the age of Lou. The motto is: "If you call and the bull won't come to you, then go to him."

This is the nature of the art of "still-hunting in calling time," an art which has made the life of a bull a hard thing to preserve, if the bull ever emits a sound distinct enough to show where he lurks, and many bulls, mated and unmated, will often "speak," if it be only a grunt, when they hear a call, though they may have no intention of going to the tryst. But that grunt is enough for the Harlow school of hunters. The hunter takes his birchbark call and walks towards the bull, emitting, as he approaches, the grunts, whines and other sounds of the moose family, to keep the hunted animal interested until it hesitates a few seconds too long. A fascinating phase of this method comes when the bull is suspicious and moves off, though slowly. The art is then to come up with him by "cutting across lots," or a quick rush, done as noiselessly as possible; or a particularly bewitching call. Even if the bull has a poor chance against the rifle of the hunter, it is easy to see that at least he has much more than when the hunter "creeps" him later on, when he is off his guard ("fair and square still-hunting!").

Contrasting the two methods, calling (with still-hunting in calling time), and still-hunting after the rut, I may be allowed to testify to the fact that a moose has a much better chance for its life by the former. When a good still-hunter finds signs of a bull in a yard in, say, November, that bull is as good as dead. The failures in calling are many, but fascinating even when the hunter is balked in his primitively savage desires.

And then—you may have the extraordinary experience that I had once when calling moose one morning in early October. The weather was not favorable, for it was neither cold nor absolutely still, and the light early dew was dripping from every bough, making it hard to hear the tread of an animal. This was aggravated by the petulant whines of a couple of porcupines near by and the hoots of several owls, not to speak of a red squirrel that sat on a tree beside us and told us very vigorously and persistently, exactly what he thought of us.

After being fooled once by a bullfrog's "jug-a-rum," and mistaken the fall of dewdrops for a young bull sneaking up, as one will sometimes do, I was on the point of giving it up and returning to camp for the solace of bacon and flapjacks, when I suddenly thought I heard a bull speak quite near. The grunt was not orthodox, but one is continually hearing new and strange sounds in the woods, even those not made by tree-squeaks. It was repeated more vaguely, and then there was silence until, all at once, a twig cracked so distinctly thirty yards in front of our rock that I was sure it could not be any small animal. My companion and I noiselessly cocked our rifles (I always used a lightweight .45-70 in thick woods) and waited. The next moment other furtive steps were audible, and the bushes moved on our right. The next instant the big, brown-black head of a large-sized black bear appeared above the brakes. Never mind what happened to that bear. There is unfortunately no closed season on bears in Nova Scotia, and Larry wanted the bounty.

An old-time hunter by the name of Mike McGinty once had a still more interesting time when calling. He got an answer, and it was also a somewhat "unorthodox" one, but it was repeated once nearer by, and soon his practiced ear caught the almost inaudible sounds of approaching steps. They were so light that a novice would not have thought they could possibly be made by so massive a beast as a moose, but Mike was experienced. The steps came closer and closer. Soon the sound was more like a swishing of boughs or of leaves. Mike had called steadily, always cow, and he now prepared to kill this young bull (for young he no doubt was, proven by the stealthy method of his approach). Mike held his rifle right in the direction of the noises until suddenly he caught sight of a telltale blotch of brownish black, moving slightly. It must, of course, be the side of the bull, which was no doubt preparing to circle the caller and get his wind. Mike was not giving him any such chance, however, and he drew a bead on the brown spot and fired. A wild screech mingled with the echoes of the tremendous report, and the next second a gesticulating human figure sprang up from the underbrush and yelled,

"Don't shoot! For God's sake, don't shoot! It's me!"

It was a misguided hunter who thought to "creep" a cow moose and get some nice steak. "Best compliment I ever had!" remarked Mike. "I asked that feller for his hat, 'cause I put a bullet right through it, but he hadn't no sense o' humor!"

*"The Tetons extending into the clouds, mountains whose sheer beauty never can be aptly described."*

# Yellowstone Park Extension

By GEORGE TAYLOE ROSS

***Photographs by A. C. D. Henman and J. Joseph Miller***

**George Tayloe Ross acquired his close and practical knowledge of National Park and Forest conditions, acting as a ranger in Yellowstone for several seasons. Mr. Ross is the son of former Governor Nellie Ross of Wyoming, and is now a Rhodes Scholar at Oxford.**
EDITOR

IT usually is best, I think, when one takes up a subject of importance to give an historical background, a slight one perhaps, but one sufficient to form a sound foundation.

In 1869 there entered into what is now known as Yellowstone Park, an expedition to explore that area; an expedition composed of adventurous men, most of them from the territory of Montana, high-minded men all. They found that the marvelous tales of their fore-runners, Colter and Bridger, who once was a truthful man, were, in their essentials, true; that the Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone, named that later because of its predominant coloring, had not been too richly described; that the geysers were not alone the products of rich imaginations and vague Indian tales; that the huge fossil forests were actualities; that the fauna were very abundant and of most species found in this hemisphere; that the flora covered that area in great profusion; that when one looked off the point just above Shoshone Lake, one could see in the far distance the Tetons extending into the clouds, mountains whose sheer beauty can never be aptly described.

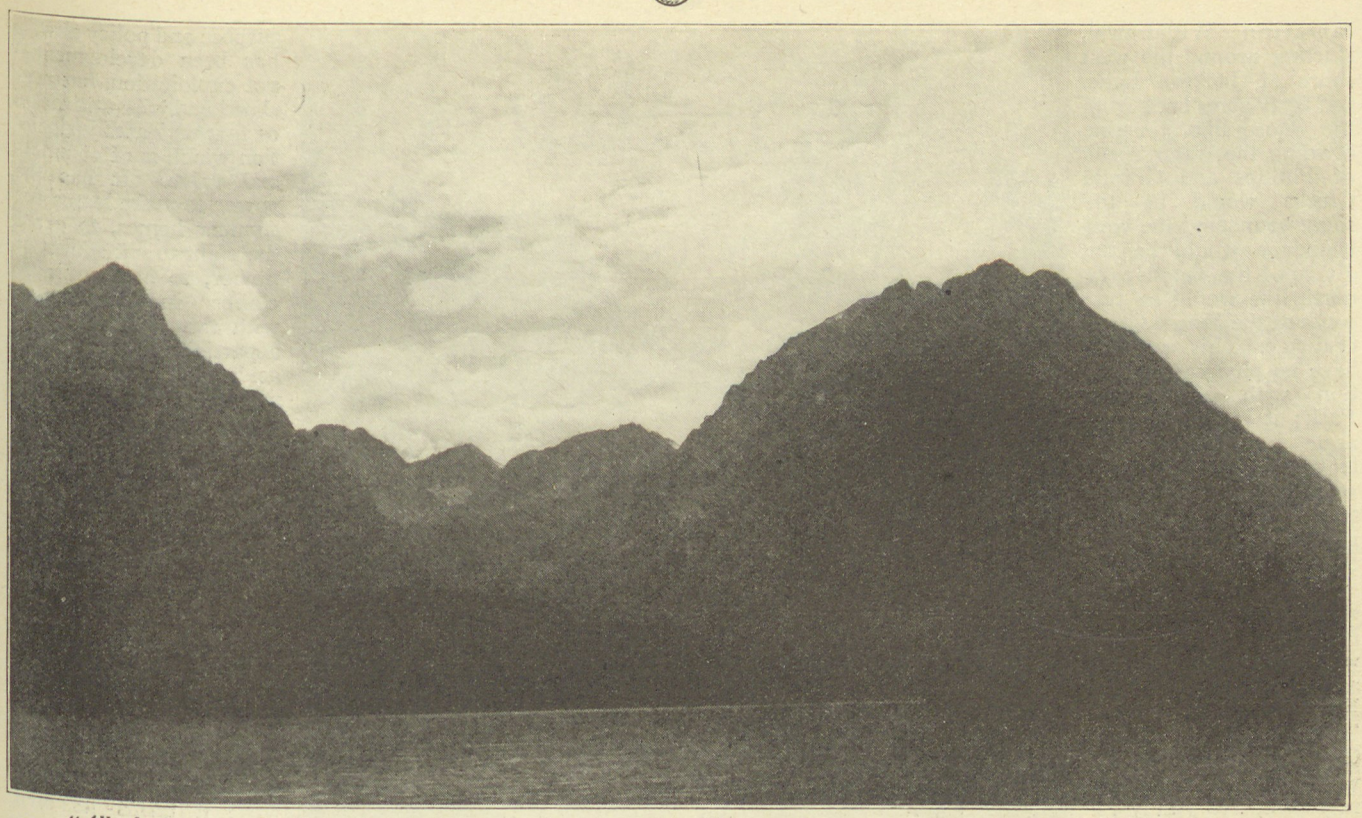
These high minded men, sitting around a camp fire, with no human being nearer than one hundred miles, decided unanimously that such marvelous terrain should belong to posterity, not to themselves. The result was that in 1872 that terrain was made Yellowstone National Park, and at that time the National Park idea was conceived.

That country had never been explored thoroughly, it had never been surveyed. So, in order to make sure that all of it should be included within the proposed park, its promoters decided to make a vast boundary line and over two million acres were thrown inside this line. Still that territory was not as large as it was then thought to be, because it was found later that the Tetons were not included. The result is that now we have the Park Extension controversy.

In 1918, it came almost to a climax when a Park Extension Bill, supported by Mr. Mondell, Wyoming's lone representative, and later majority leader of the House of Representatives, passed the House and was before the Senate for its approval. But a trick of fate postponed the climax. A Mr. Larom, a Princeton graduate, just discharged from the army, a big game hunter, and a friend of Wyoming, who was intending to situate in this state, happened, by chance, to be passing through Cheyenne. At that same time the State Legislature was in session and apparently knew nothing of what was about to eventuate in Congress in regard to an area so dear to Wyoming. Also, at that time Congress was having its final session just before adjournment.

Mr. Larom, a newcomer, immediately stirred up a strong sentiment against the proposed extension, which would have included eight hundred thousand acres of land. He himself drafted a memorial. It was passed on that same day and immediately sent to Congress. Mr. Mondell could not face the counter attack from his own state and at the last minute the Bill was lost. Thousands of acres, which would have been taken away from the settlers and from the control of the state, were saved to Wyoming, which, I think, by its very geographical situation, is a strong believer in the State's Rights theory.

There came then immediately a very pronounced inter-



*"All who have seen the Tetons have been awed by their grandeur. They are the most majestic mountains in the United States."*

est in the settlement of this problem by the Forest Service of the United States, the National Park Service, and the State of Wyoming, particularly that part of its population centered in the Jackson Hole country.

In order to describe clearly the primary reason for this interest, I will state briefly the country that would have been taken into the park under Mr. Mondell's plan of 1918; then the proposed extension as it now stands.

As proposed in 1918, it would have made as the eastern boundary line, the divide of the Absaroka Range extending southeastward from the point where that Range enters the park, twelve miles north of the southeast corner, to Younts Peak, which is the junction point of the Absaroka and Shoshone Ranges. The south boundary line would have been the south fork of Buffalo Creek, which flows almost directly westward toward Moran, a small town at the southwest arm of Jackson Lake. From there the line would have sheered off south to a point just south of the Grand Teton Peak, where the line would have crossed the Teton Range. It would then have followed almost straight northward to a point just above Survey Peak, where the line would have turned to the west and struck the Wyoming line about five miles south of the present park boundary.

The above proposed extension would have included an area of over eight hundred thousand acres, the whole of the Teton Range from the Grand Teton Peak on up, it would have included all of Bob Cat Ridge, all of Buffalo Ridge, where there is the finest of hunting; it would have included all of Big Game Ridge, the north edge of which extends into the park, a ridge where there is the finest hunting in all our territory with the exception of that in Alaska; it would have included not alone the Thorofare country, which is the head waters of the Yellowstone River, but also all of Jackson Lake, Jenny Lake, Leigh Lake, and Enos Lake; all of Pilgrim Creek, and Pacific Creek, including their water sheds, where there is suitable ranch and grazing land; it would have included thousands of acres of patented land belonging to settlers, many of them old timers, who have spent their mature years in that country, and who, in the course of events, almost necessarily would have been driven out. But that bill was defeated; enough for that.

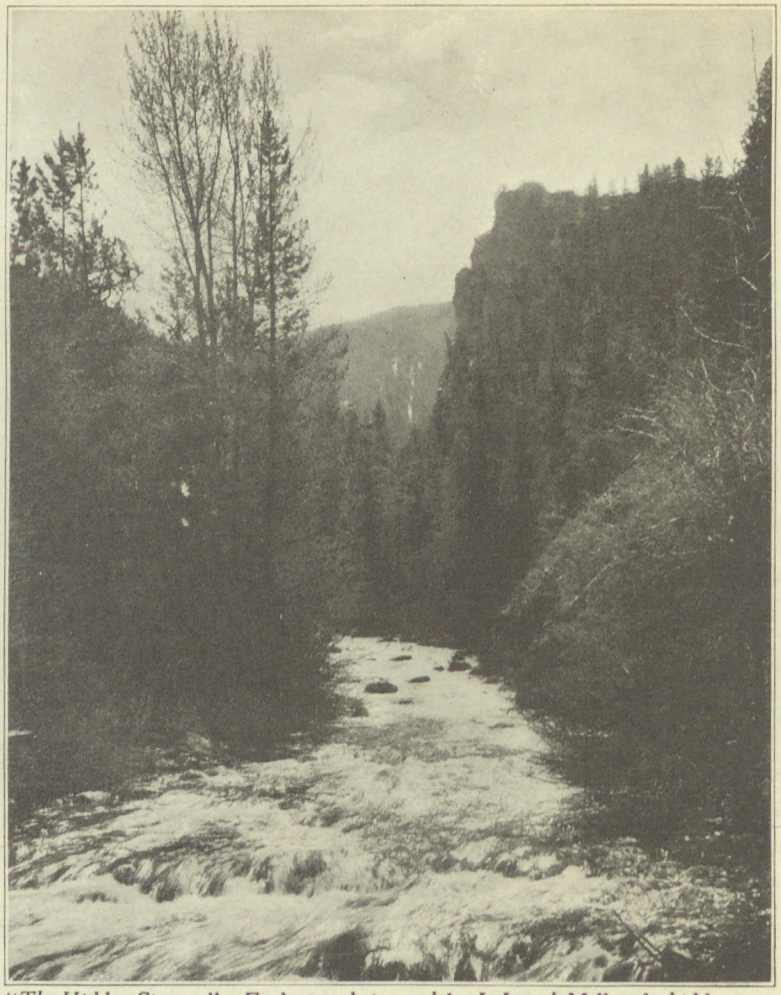
> IT is proposed (and the bill is now in the Congressional Committee on Public Lands) to bite off the southwest corner of the Park and turn the beautiful Bechler Meadows into a vast reservoir for "irrigation and domestic purposes" in Idaho. I do not know what these domestic purposes may be. But as a plain American (of the eighth generation) and a lover of the out-of-doors, as one of the hundred and fifteen million shareholders in the pleasuring-ground of Yellowstone Park, I protest against the ruination of the Bechler Meadows. This protest shall be made as clearly as my reason dictates, as solemnly as my conscience urges, and as vigorously as my pen can write.
>
> —HENRY VAN DYKE.

Now let us take up the new plan. Because of the factional fights arising over this difficult situation, President Coolidge appointed a Commission composed of Mr. Temple of Pennsylvania, a Congressman who is Chairman, Colonel W. D. Greeley, Chief Forester of the Forest Service, Steven T. Mather, Director of the National Park Service, and two others. These gentlemen have made a pack horse trip over the area in question. Hearings were held in Jackson and Moran, the heart of the Jackson Hole country, where all grievances were aired and all protests and suggestions were advanced. The situation was considered then in its full aspect, and the result is the unanimous recommendation to President Coolidge that the boundary line be changed so as to conform as far as possible with the natural topography of the country. It is recommended that the east boundary line follow the divide of the Absaroka Range; that those lands now *in* the park which are drained by streams that flow *out* of the park, such as Jones, Crow, Eagle, and Canfield creeks be thrown *out* of the park into adjacent National Forests; that lands now *out* of the park, which are drained by streams that flow *into* the park, such as the Lamar River, Cache Creek and the Upper Yellowstone River be thrown *into* the park. So the south boundary line will follow the Continental Divide from the head waters at Two Ocean Pass to the head of the South Fork of the Snake River, thence along the Snake River to its junction with the south boundary.

This Commission proposed too, that a part of the Tetons be made an Annex to Yellowstone Park. The boundary lines of this proposed extension are as follows: The eastern line would be that area immediately west of the Rec-

lamation Withdrawal, skirting around the west shore of Jackson Lake, and forty acres back from the Shore line. A line dividing the water sheds of Phillips and Granite Creeks would be the south boundary; the west boundary would be the divide of the Tetons; the north line would be just south of the Moose Creek drainage. This area is to have no physical connection with Yellowstone Park; it is to be a separate entity to be controlled by the Yellowstone Park Administration, whose headquarters is at Mammoth Hot Springs.

Now I have already stated that sitting on the President's Commission were the Chief Forester and the Director of the National Park Service. The reason is that the Government Bureaus which each of these men represent, are vitally interested in this area. This alone would make the fight an interesting one; but judging by the Yellow Sheets, a third party usually is necessary for a sure enough front page story. So the State of Wyoming becomes the third party in the case and completes the triangle. I will attempt to give briefly now, the interests which each of these entities has in the Park Extension issue.



*"The Hidden Stream." Exclusive photograph by J. Joseph Miller of a hidden river in the primeval country surrounding the new Gallatin Gateway to Yellowstone Park.*

It is not generally known, I believe, that as large as the western states are, many of them control but a small amount of their territory. The Federal Government, for instance, owns thirty per cent of the state of Wyoming, one-fourth of the state of Montana, three-fourths of the state of Nevada. It can be seen that they do not control or have a large influence over great stretches of their own territories.

Maps including Wyoming in their scope, usually bound Yellowstone Park alone of all Federal territory in that state; so it is not known to many that Wyoming has within its bounds, millions of acres of Federal lands; it is not generally known that on all sides of that part of Yellowstone Park which lies in Wyoming, the land belongs to the Government as much as the Park in itself; all of the land east and south of the park is controlled by the Forest Service instead of the National Park Service, but still it is as much Federal territory as Yellowstone Park. That land which is included in the proposed extension is in the Teton National Forest, and that is the reason for the interest of the Forest Service.

Until recently the Forest Service and the National Park Service have been the most bitter, yet friendly, antagonists. The National Park Service had asked for eight hundred thousand acres in the proposed extension. Why so much? Apparently it was for trading purposes. The Forest Service had opposed such extension. Why? Apparently that too was for trading purposes.

What then had been the pawns? One pawn had been a tract of land extending from the south boundary line of the park down to the South Fork of Buffalo Creek, a distance of approximately twenty miles. This land has been closed to all control of the Forest Service by Presidential Withdrawal. The Forest Service has wanted that Withdrawal rescinded. Why?

The reason is that the Forest Service is one whose primary purpose and policy always has been development—not exploitation, but regulated and wise utilization of that under its jurisdiction which is of commercial value. It has the power to make leases for summer homes, to grant the right to cut stands of timber, to grant mining claims in conjunction with the state in which a particular forest is set aside, to grant grazing permits, to make commercial use of any of its territory at its own discretion. Its primary purpose, is, as I say, utilization.

But that territory under Presidential Withdrawal, cannot be utilized; when withdrawn it must remain in its exact natural state; in other words, the very policy of the Forest Service is thwarted in its own territory. Naturally, it wants a release from this restriction at what it terms its own right.

The method of rescinding this withdrawal is action by the President on recommendation of the Secretary of Agriculture. Several overtures have been made, but immediately the Department of Interior has taken the pulpit and said: "No. The proposed boundary line of an enlarged Yellowstone Park has not yet been settled; this territory under Presidential Withdrawal eventually may be thrown into the park, and if it is, we want an undeveloped territory unchanged by human agency; we want virgin timber, virgin soil; our purpose is to preserve and conserve, not to develop. Then, too, if the withdrawal is rescinded there no longer will be a moral force to prevent the State of Wyoming from permitting hunting in that territory. "Why, Big Game Ridge is the last refuge of our Elk—and so on, ad infinitum."—And the Forest Service has been thwarted successfully. Not only did the National Park Service ask for that land under Presidential Withdrawal, but also it declared that the natural boundary line should include the head waters of Yellowstone River, what is called the Thorofare country. It declares, too, that it wants the Teton Mountains. Why?

The National Park Service has a primary basis for existence, viz., the conservation of that natural scenery and phenomena, which lives up to National Park standards, so that all the scenery in our country which is the most beautiful, the most majestic, the most astounding, can be perpetuated for posterity. All who have seen the Tetons have been awed by their grandeur; they are the most majestic mountains in the United States; they cannot be described—and the National Park Service is right, they are truly of National Park dimensions. At the same time, they are inaccessible at present to those who would desire commercial advantages there. But eventually that country may become accessible; it is very probable that in time a railroad will be pushed into the Jackson Hole country and if, when it is, the National Park Service does not then have the Teton Mountains, their primal, unmarred beauty will be lost to posterity. Since one Bureau stands for utilization, the other for preservation, the one logical thing to do, in order to satisfy the diametrically opposed policies of the two bodies, is to place the Tetons in Yellowstone National Park.

*(Continued on page 44)*

# The Honker's Return

By
HALFORD J. MORLAN

Photographs by the author

Drawing by Perwyn Morlan

FOR a full twelve months I had lived in hopes and reveled in anticipation of the thrills which I knew would be frequent and exciting when I returned to the environs of Corpus Christi for my annual goose shoot. There is nothing in the category of hunting which gives me the keen throb of exhilaration that comes from a well directed shot which brings down a magnificent honker from a great height. That is a real thrill, yet not altogether a pleasant one. With the knowledge of the kill there comes the pain and the sting of sorrow one realizes at the separation of a goose from its loyal and forever, only mate.

*HALFORD J. MORLAN is so well known as a sportsman and as a writer of outdoor stories that he hardly needs any introduction to the readers of* OUTDOOR AMERICA. *This story proves that Dr. Morlan is also a lover of our game birds with a heartfelt appreciation of their qualities.*

EDITOR.

We so-called human beings are a queer lot that we can so thoroughly enjoy a thing which gives us pain. I am not going to philosophize now or later, but further on I will relate some observations which will illustrate my meaning and give us all cause for reflection. Real lovers of the outdoors are essentially sensitive and sympathetic, and it is due, in a great measure, to the fact that they are so happy with the beauties and opportunities of outdoor life and so enthralled with the fascinating habits of its wild creatures.

This hunt failed to start as auspiciously as we desired, for we gathered troubles as we did momentum. Big Lon, my companion on this same trip last year, was again acting as chauffeur. There is but one road (distinguished from all of the others by being graveled), which leads from Corpus Christi to the Laureles Ranch. Lon had traveled it many times, had lived in that vicinity all of his life, and, as a politician thought he knew his way about, but his sober antics on this night failed to impress Arthur and me with anything but doubt of what might happen to one so utterly lost in his own district. We had stored our heavy cars in which we had arrived in Corpus that afternoon, and rented a Ford for the muddy trip to Laureles. After piling in all of our equipment, the car was literally filled and we had yet to deposit therein the heavy carcasses of three bulky men. Our heads tried to protrude through the none too secure top, as Lon dropped into reverse, and backed out of the only dry spot we found in town. We thought we were off. We were! Both "off" our direction and "off" our chauffeur. We had missed the one plainly visible gravel road which heads out under the ample light of brilliant street lamps, and had taken the one dark and deep quagmire in the direction of nowhere.

Fifty yards and the Ford reneged. Further it would not go.

It boiled and fumed and roared with effort when we persisted in the trial to stimulate traffic through a sea of mud. Lon weighs an eighth of a ton and is over six feet in action—this was his great opportunity. Not altogether golden, yet colorful and not without its touch of nature. I took the wheel, Arthur prayed, and Big Lon entering the mud applied pressure from the rear. Not as strong, so I am told, as his political pull, but nevertheless, with Lon's assistance a greatly encouraged Ford managed to about face and crawl back those few yards into the lights of Corpus and the pavements of the same.

We returned to the garage and it was not without fear of the consequences to his new sedan that Lon transferred our armamentarium to his new car and with this heavier machine we headed again directly into the same slippery, stickery thoroughfare. Experience had failed to endow our (k)night errant with a sense of direction, and, for a time, there were misgivings as to any of us possessing the other five.

Though I had traveled the road but once before and that at night a year ago, I felt we were on the wrong track. I suggested as much to our native born son who was more or less skillfully directing the car's movements through the mud, but he ignored my good offices, and, as they say in Texas, "paid me no mind." Some miles further on we passed over a bridge. Lon appeared worried. Not so much on account of the unnecessary punishment he had given his car through miles and miles of muck and mud, but he must now admit he was lost in his own back yard. But there was no alternative, and he now magnanimously permitted me to wade the deep mud for some distance that I might arouse a contented farmer from his restful sleep and inquire the way to our destination. This man's advice was simple and easily remembered:

"Return to town the way you-all druv out and take the gravel road straight thar."

Easy! We could save four miles if we wanted to "cut through" and drag our axles in deep mud puddles with a likely chance of having to be pulled out by a "span o' mules." However, we saved those four miles.

We had started just as soon as it was dark enough to get lost, and at precisely eleven P. M. Lon unnecessarily decided to experiment with the low sides of a highly graded road, and after pulling up and backing down sufficiently, he finally succeeded in getting us hopelessly stuck (as a minister might have said) "for better or for worse." We, like many husbands, were in doubt which.

There were neighbors, many and formidable, in our vicinity, whose dogs loudly proclaimed their utter contempt at our presence, and their persistence aroused everything for miles around—except HELP, for us.

Conference decided that we could not hunt at night anyway, and as worse roads—if that were possible—were yet to be encountered, we might as well remain in the shelter of the car until daybreak. After Lon and Arthur had made themselves comfortable, I had a place left on the jumper seat the size of a dime, and there I strenuously endeavored to roost for eight hours. For me, that was one time when *tempus* failed to *fugit*.

Came morning at last, and with it, mules, Mexicans, spectators and speech makers. But Pat and his gang of capable and willing "hands" all "heaved to," and with two sturdy mules and some twenty men, we were soon out of our almost solitary confinement. For two miles thereafter it required the full strength of mules and men and the expert direction of "The Big ah Boss," to negotiate the slippery sides of a graded marsh road, water soaked and as tenacious as glue. But finally after the time for morning shooting had passed, we reached the ranch house and were welcomed by our friends and genial hosts of yesteryear: the Messrs. Cody. They seemed glad to see us, though we didn't understand why—we looked and felt like a night out; a total loss.

The day was perfect—of its kind—for it was still pouring rain and cool enough for discomfort. But a grate fire and some warm food revived our fagging interests and brought again to mind the object of our visit. Perfirio, our Mexican guide, whom Arthur insisted on calling "Perfumery," was soon enlisted with his small car for the purpose of transporting our artillery and the spirit of the hunt, to the front line trenches, and how "Perfumery" could juggle that jitney!

About eleven on the morning of the day after the night

before, which was the first day of the hunt aforesaid, as hereinafter described, we three nondescript bearers of burden stationed ourselves in various places adjacent to the natural and almost continuous habitat of water fowl of various type and particularly of the geese and brant which lured us from the necessities and comforts of life and deposited us here in a swamp without shelter from the falling rain. We each crouched in our attempt to hide behind a sprig of mesquite and there remained until we were as wet as a spring freshet. We were internally, externally and eternally soaked. But the geese were comfortable afar out and not flying. I laboriously cut and dragged mesquite for half a mile and set up a temporary blind, trying to protect the shallow ground under me from further soaking. The geese swam farther away and refused to fly. But there we stubbornly remained throughout the day though never a shot was fired. Not even an evening flight materialized to stimulate our moribund interests.

After all of these weeks of contemplation, I still feel this day was one of the most useless of my busy life. It was Sangster's initial day at this sport and his initiation was not altogether promising—not exactly a riot of fun! His spirit, as his body, was damp. Lon was but little more encouraged than Arthur, for I had introduced him to the possibilities of this sport only last year. When morning came it required two calls at four A. M. to arouse Arthur, and Lon refused to hear at all.

I remonstrated and pled and drew vocal pictures for Lon, but to no avail. He sat up and peered out into the foggy darkness of a damp chilly morning, looked pitifully at me and said, "Doctor, I've done unhitched," fell back on the bed and snored on.

The Mexican cook was easily "reached" and it was arranged that he should carry to the recalcitrant Lon a steaming pot of black coffee and stand by until Lon consumed at least three cups. This worked and with sleepiness gone, it was eventually possible to banter him into again going forth and we had better luck. The geese stirred about a bit, and while Arthur made his first kill of a goose, Lon gathered another and I got the limit. It was a different story that night. All hands were up and busy early the next morning.

It was raining again, and the geese were not doing much visiting or feeding. Most of the geese here this year were the snow geese, very few Canadian geese and comparatively numerous brant. But all together, there were not one-tenth as many as were to be found here last year.

I longed to try my old pit of last year, so we all went in that direction on the third day, and had fair success, although the conditions were not the best.

It has been my observation that geese will fly over the same route day after day as long as they may go and come undisturbed. But if shot at profusely, they will immediately change their line of flight. Putting this knowledge to practical use, the next day we changed our location for the shoot and found, by driving many miles over almost impassable marshy places, a location where the geese were feeding and resting in a large open space from which they seemed loath to leave. We were stationed at various corners of this space, and the geese in small flocks came back again and again in their effort and evident desire to command that territory. They came high and fast of course, but occasionally it was possible to reach one and the extreme thrill which attends the precipitation of a great goose from his dizzy height to the feet of his adversary, is supreme in the line of sports.

Arthur, Lon and the guide all did very well and were satisfied, and I got the limit with all of its attending thrills. Each shot was a study, each bird selected. As last year, and before, various sizes of shot was tried from buck shot and BB's down to sevens and a half, and with positive assurance and plenty of experimentation and resultant deductions to prove it, I still maintain that with my double barrel gun in my own hands, number five shot is by far the best as a killer of geese—at any distance.

Heavy shot will carry farther and kill—if they hit. But the pattern is too open. Sixes and sevens and a half will do nicely at close range, even up to thirty or forty yards if the gun patterns well, and it is properly used. But number five shot gets the geese anywhere a shot gun is supposed to kill. It will break a wing even beyond the range of deep penetration and that is all that is necessary. In one instance five geese came over me. I selected one and fired, and though that goose was all of fifty yards above me, at the report of my gun, its head dropped, its wings folded, it crumpled into a ball; a rolling mass, and turning over and over it fell dead at my feet. The goose was instantly killed at that great height with number five shot. Of course I used a heavy load, but number five shot did the trick, and did it completely and instantly.

I have so often experimented with various shot at different game that I am becoming more and more convinced we need but three sizes and kinds of shot. Buck shot for those who desire to kill deer and big game with a shot gun; number fives for the larger fowl and larger game; and number sevens and a half or number eight shot for quail and small game of all kinds. And while it does not give quite the pattern, I have gone back to the dropped shot when shooting eights. It is a far better killer and saves many a quail, for instance, from falling too far away to be found. We use so many different sizes of shot, just because it can be easily had, and from habit, not because it is needed. Now back to the geese:

The last day of this hunt was memorable. Realizing that there would not be much of a flight over the old pit of last year, owing to the burning out we had done there two days previously, I sent the other boys with the guide to a likelier spot and permitted sentiment to direct me to my happy hunting ground of last year's delectable memories.

First, and early, with the whizzing swirl and the speed of an aeroplane, came a flight of sprigs. So quickly had they approached from behind me that their departing speed carried them beyond before I could get a second shot. I dropped one, and it fell more than a hundred yards away. I retrieved that lone sprig and waited rather impatiently for some time. Not a thing gave hope of future shooting. It was early, but getting darker again, and a rain was blowing up. I decided to explore another old pit—the one Lon used last year. About two hundred yards away, just as I neared this pit, something compelled me to look back: a single goose approached from the east. I was in the open, and I stood immobile. But the goose had seen me and turned. It was at least ninety yards away, but I took an only

*"Big Lon" posing as a haystack hiding in needles.*

*Photograph taken by Dr. Morlan of the incident recorded in his story of the efforts made by the wounded goose to revive its dead mate.*

chance and failed. That shot, however, was not without results.

The alarm aroused a curious or nervous flock a mile or so to the southwest, and with many a honk! honk! they came directly and immediately toward me. I had scarcely reached the side of some sparsely concentrated mesquite when they showed up plainly some two hundred yards away. They came over high, but I made it fifty-fifty: A miss and a kill.

Picking up my goose I hurriedly returned to my first pit, staked my goose out in front of me and awaited results. I may not know my onions, but I think I know something of geese. Soon, almost before I was ready, that entire flock came back looking for the lost member. They were fairly low, honking and searching; they saw my dead decoy and came. Two well-placed shots brought down two more of that beautiful flock. I staked out the other two and my sprig, and again awaited the return that I knew was inevitable. Their actions indicated their intentions. Ten minutes or so passed, and then the honk! honk! honk! grew louder and louder and then five of them—they had sent out skirmishers to reconnoiter—came by high and wide, but all looking down at their fallen mates. I kept still, not a tremor, I hardly breathed. Again they came—and a bit closer. Another circle and they would have lit amongst their friends. But then, of all times, I heard the aggravating sound of the inevitable Ford, returning with my friends, seeking me. What I wanted most to see, and what I would have been able to see and photograph—for I carry with me always on such occasions a reliable speedgraphic—was denied me by the approaching sounds. I could yet get a chance shot at this flight: bang! just once, and the number fives had broken a wing of one of the five geese far away to the south. I chased that goose toward my approaching friends, warned them to wait and returned to a spot near my flock of dead decoys. I deposited the injured but thoroughly alive goose—although it had just sustained a broken wing, been hit by other shot and suffered a severe shock and contusion from its terrible fall—and slipped away to my pit where I hid from its view. It immediately gratified me by doing exactly as I anticipated it would do. Alertly and with direct precision, that goose with all of the intelligence for which I had given it credit, walked with dragging wing but keen perception, straight toward the farthest of my decoys. As it approached, the nearest of the three which I thought dead, as were the others, slightly raised its head and feebly, with a dying gasp, honked. Slightly to my surprise, the approaching goose passed on without even looking at the dying goose which had just greeted it, and went directly to the farthest goose which I know must have been its mate.

And then, that goose made me ashamed of myself and the whole human race. The often called "silly goose" stroked its mate's feathers with its bill like a mother would pat her baby. It took a firm hold on the stick which I had used to prop up the dead decoy's head and tried valiantly to force it from between the dead goose's bill. It put its neck over the mate's back and called softly and then loudly, again and again. It threw its body with force against the prostrate form of its mate in a strenuous effort to revive it.

With all of its ability, energy and resourcefulness the injured goose worked to arouse its mate, only stopping occasionally to take hold with its bill its own broken wing and lifting it into another and more comfortable position. After many minutes of fruitless effort and only after it was perfectly assured of the useless effect of its loving efforts, did that loyal mate forsake its pal and investigate the other two dead geese, which were doubtless its cousins, certainly members of its flock. When it again and again met with failure in these attempts at revival, that courageous injured mate, returned to its pal and renewed all of the previous attempts there. Damon and Pythias had nothing on this goose for loyalty, devotion, love and kindly affectionate care. I give the medal to the geese. They are not supposed to have the intelligence of the so-called human race—but I sometimes have my doubts, when witnessing and photographing such scenes as the aforesaid.

*Drawing made from photograph on opposite page of remarkable and touching example of affection and fidelity.*

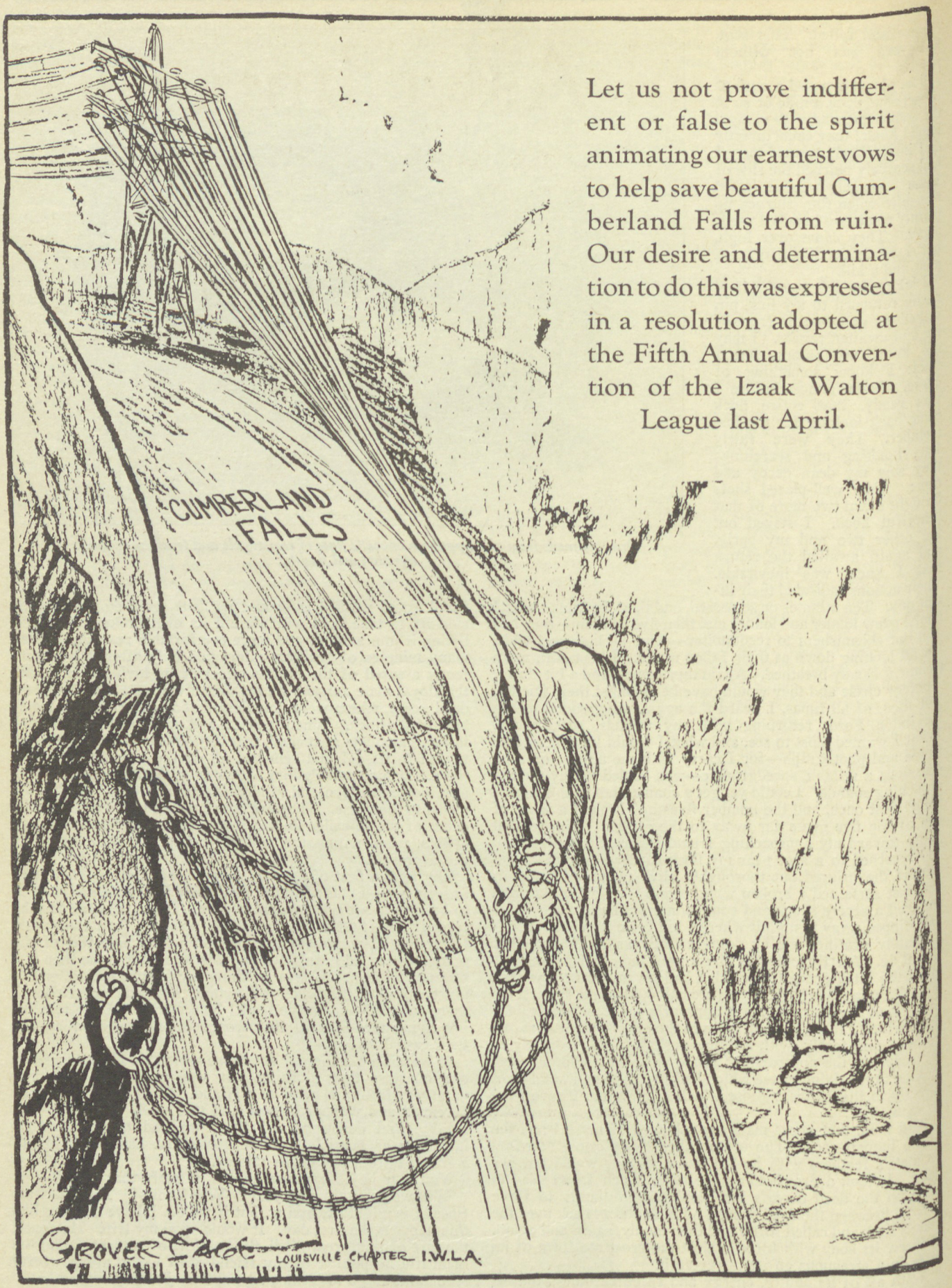
During the first of the caressing attempts at revival I kept in seclusion—I was afraid of disturbing the goose and wanted to be sure to see what would happen. Later, I began to take photographs, first from my hidden position, then closer and closer until I was making exposures within five feet of the goose. It busied itself with no more attention to me than if I was not there. As I was finishing my picture taking, simultaneously with the return of Arthur, Lon and "Perfumery" there sounded—again the honk! honk! honk! of the remaining living members of that wonderful flock, searching for their casualties!

It wasn't a very happy foursome which slowly returned to our quarters that morning. It was more like returning mourners from a funeral of a friend. I had shown them the bereaved and wounded goose and told them of its heroism, loyalty, and devotion, and then, we had quickly and as humanely as possible, put the goose that had taught us all a living lesson, out of its misery.

You may be assured we hunted no more that day.

Will we go again next year? Who knows? The Sunshine Special is mighty tempting, but if we do, I hope nothing like this happens the first day. It would spoil my trip. However, the lure of that great thrill, the comfort of transport, and the bountiful hospitality of my friend Matt Cody, are powerful stimulants to go to Texas, say, about—January.

Other stories by HALFORD J. MORLAN
will appear from time to time in OUTDOOR AMERICA.


Let us not prove indifferent or false to the spirit animating our earnest vows to help save beautiful Cumberland Falls from ruin. Our desire and determination to do this was expressed in a resolution adopted at the Fifth Annual Convention of the Izaak Walton League last April.
CUMBERLAND FALLS
GROVER PAGE
LOUISVILLE CHAPTER I.W.L.A.

Enslaving the Spirit of the Falls

Cartoon by GROVER PAGE

# National Asset Imperiled

*Member of the Board of Directors of the National Conference on Outdoor Recreation. Member of the National Conference on State Parks.*

By TOM WALLACE

**Chief of the Editorial Staff of the Louisville Times**

*President of the Southern Forestry Congress, Honorary Vice-President of the American Forestry Association.*

*"WHEREAS, One of nature's most wonderful scenic assets, Cumberland Falls, the second largest waterfall east of the Rocky Mountains, located on the Cumberland River near the Kentucky-Tennessee line, is in danger of destruction through the proposed development of hydro-electric energy; therefore be it*

*"RESOLVED, That this convention of the Izaak Walton League endorse the action taken by our National President and Executive Committee in opposing this project, and strongly urge continued and unremitting opposition to the destruction of this great natural scenic asset."*

This Resolution was unanimously adopted by the National Convention of the Izaak Walton League of America, in Chicago, May, 1927.

GROVER PAGE, cartoonist of The Courier-Journal, who so forcefully depicts the plight of Cumberland Falls in the accompanying cartoon, has been much more than an onlooker in the fight, against $100,000,000, a fight made without money and without organization, but *not* without hope and inspiration.

The fight has attracted national attention because Cumberland Falls is a national asset, not a Kentucky asset merely, and because Samuel Insull, power magnate, is a national figure.

The Louisville Times published recently a significant letter from a resident of Corbin in Whitley County—the county which, with McCreary, is the scene of Cumberland Falls, a borderline cataract.

The letter writer says that his section almost unanimously advocated the hydro-electric project a year ago, "blinded by the misrepresentation that their scenic beauty would not be marred," but this section is now on the other side of the argument.

As I was writing this article there came to my desk a published report of a meeting of the Cumberland Association, in Middlesboro, "representing all Southeastern Kentucky Counties," at which "vigorous opposition to the hydro-electric project" was voiced.

Seemingly truth, which is mighty, has at last prevailed, in the Cumberland Falls section, over the propaganda of paid press agents, hired lawyers, politicians and business men, who for private reasons, wanted the power plant, and a few others whose impulse is not explained so easily.

It seems to me, in looking backward over the strenuous years, not months merely, that have been devoted to the effort to avert the calamity of the destruction of Cumberland Falls by the Insull interest, that the most persistent propagandist in behalf of the Insull project has been O. C. Merrill, Executive Secretary of the Federal Power Commission.

Seemingly no task as dictator of letters has been too great for Mr. Merrill as an advocate of the power project. Protests have been received by the Federal Power Commission from almost every State in the Union, and from individuals and organizations in great numbers in many States. I do not believe Mr. Merrill has failed in any instance to write an argumentative reply to the protestant. In addition he went to Hot Springs, Ark., in June, 1926, to argue the case in a joint debate, before the National Conference on State Parks, which adopted strong resolutions against the hydro-electric project after hearing him.

Mr. Merrill knows that Governor William Jason Fields has been a steadfast opponent of the power project. He is equally well aware, I believe, that Governor Fields attempted to procure the passage of a bill, in the 1926 Legislature, giving to Kentucky authority to exercise the right of eminent domain to set aside such scenic areas as might be deemed suitable for State parks, and protect them from exploitation by power companies.

Vance Prather, of the Kentucky State Park Commission, published a statement that lobbyists paid by the power group killed this bill. That statement in responsible newspapers, mentioning the names of the lobbyists, was not denied.

Had the bill not been defeated the State could have accepted last October, Senator du Pont's generous offer of the Cumberland Falls tract which the Cumberland Hydro-Electric Company bought plus 2,000 acres on which I had procured an option for Senator du Pont as a gift to the State. The lobbyists who, Mr. Prather says, defeated the bill prevented Kentucky from receiving Cumberland Falls and 2,200 acres as a park. Yet Mr. Merrill writes letters criticising the lack of legislation!

Letters written by Mr. Merrill have been sent to me by indignant recipients from various parts of the United States. In one written in July, to a Kentuckian, Mr. Merrill said:

"Much has been said about 'destroying' Cumberland Falls. I am certain that even if the Federal Power Commission should approve the project, conditions would be placed in the license which would prevent complete diversion of the water from the falls. You are probably aware that the plans as proposed locate both dam and power house out of sight of the falls, one above and the other below, and that the water would be conducted underground by tunnel from the reservoir to the power project. The only effect therefore on the immediate vicinity of the falls will be diminution in the discharge of water over the falls by the storage in the reservoir of the flood waters and their use at the power plant. Most people, I understand, have considered Cumberland Falls most attractive when there is a small volume of water flowing over them," * * *.

I do not know whether this sort of argument originated with Mr. Merrill or with the hydro-electric group, but I do know that Mr. Merrill's letter contains substantially the argument that has been put forward by press agents and lawyers for the hydro-electric company. I think his letters have constituted a substantial part of what the Corbin letter terms "misrepresentation."

Next Mr. Merrill, as a persistent maker of the argument that hydro-electric development would not mar the scenic beauty of Cumberland Falls stands, or stood, Major Harold C. Fiske, Federal District Engineer at Chattanooga, whose utterances were quoted extensively by hirelings of the power grabbers, and for a time printed widely in a few minor Kentucky newspapers which, because they were misled, championed the power project.

Major Fiske was accused of having solicited funds for surveying Tennessee River, from private interests seeking water power leases. Major General Edgar Jadwin, in January, 1927, defended Major Fiske. Chairman James of the House Military Affairs Committee threatened Major General Jadwin as well as Major Fiske with court martial and declared the former "not a fit man to be chief of engineers."

Federal Engineers are highly respected in rural America, and, in unsophisticated circles, deemed infallible. Naturally residents of the Cumberland Falls region were easily influenced by Major Fiske, and by O. C. Merrill.

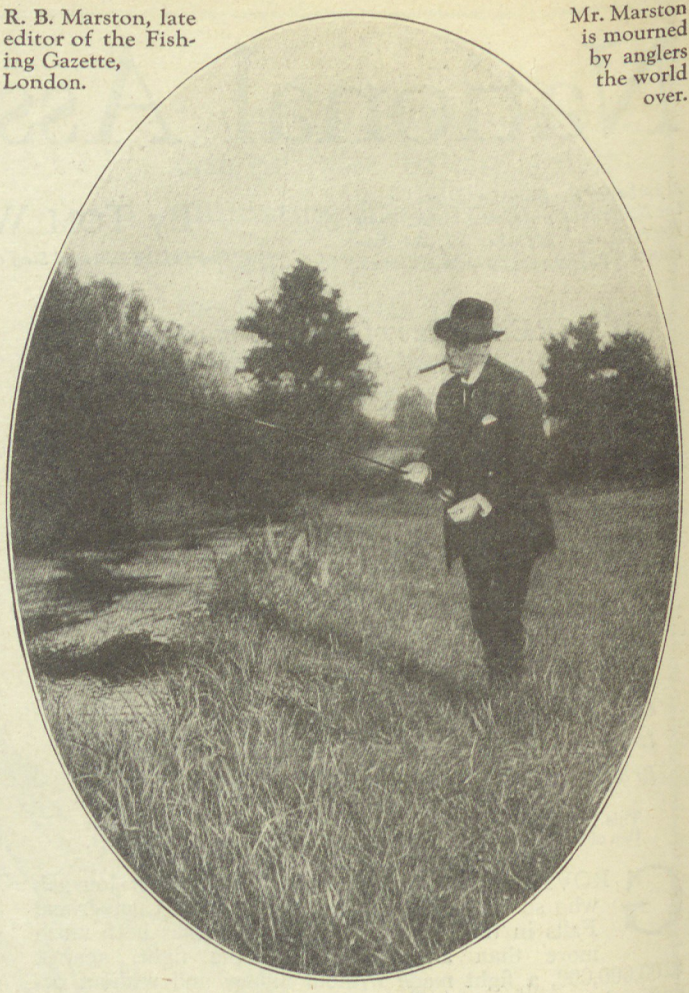
Nearly all of the sentiment in Kentucky for the power project was beaten up by using statements of Merrill and Fiske.

# A Prince Among Anglers

## By HENRY VAN DYKE

*Famous American Author of "Fisherman's Luck," "Little Rivers," etc.*

R. B. Marston, late editor of the Fishing Gazette, London.



Mr. Marston is mourned by anglers the world over.

IN the death of Robert Bright Marston of England, last September, the world-wide fellowship of "honest anglers" lost one of its best-known and most highly honored members.

"R. B.," as we used to call him, was the son of the late Edward Marston of the publishing house of Sampson Low, Marston and Company, a man of standing not only in the world of books but also in the world of letters. His little volume entitled *An Amateur Angler's Days in Dove Dale* was so full of charm and humor that it caught the public fancy at once, and had many editions. It was followed by other books in the same whimsical and philosophic vein—*Fresh Woods, A Sunshine Holyday, Fishing for Pleasure and Catching It, Days in Clover,* and *Sketches of Booksellers.*

His son, R. B., had the same double interest in books and fishing, which gave him at once a vocation and an avocation in which his thoughtful, fanciful, and friendly mind found a two-fold joy. Born in 1853, he was a founder of the Fly-Fishers' Club of London in 1884, and its President in 1897 and 1910. For more than forty years he was the editor of *The Fishing Gazette.* He also edited *The Publishers' Circular.* These two large jobs were enough to overwork an ordinary man; but R. B. was much more than ordinary. He overflowed with energy and gave gifts to men. He found time to go a-fishing, to cultivate warm friendships, to bring up a family of two sons and three daughters, to make his spacious old London home, Surrey Lodge on Denmark Hill, a treasure-house of curiosities and an abode of hearty hospitality, to serve on the joint committee of the Ministry of Agriculture and the Ministry of Transport during the world-war, and to write books about *War Famine and Our Food Supply, Walton and Some Earlier Writers on Angling, Mechanical Traction in War,* et cetera and so forth. He made the splendid "Lea and Dove Edition" of Walton's Compleat Angler.

His was an amazingly laborious and fruitful life. But he never allowed his friendships or his fishing to be crowded out. He was happiest with his wife and children in their summer outings by forest and stream, or with a good brother of the angle on the banks of a little river, or smoking the pipe of peace in genial company beside the fire in Surrey Lodge or in the long, low-ceilinged room of the Fly-Fishers' Club, high above the roaring flow of Piccadilly.

The number of those to whom he did a kindness is beyond counting. The tale of his patient, cheerful work will never be fully told,—unless indeed the Recording Angel should make it known. The tasks to which he gave his unfailing vigor and hopefulness are now carried on by the loyal hands of his sons. And his memory will be long cherished in rooms where good fellows meet to talk of sport and service, and beside flowing streams where the followers of Izaak Walton pursue their innocent recreation in the spirit of Him whose first disciples were fishermen.

# A Prince Among Friends

Reprint from the Fishing Gazette, London

## By WILLIAM RADCLIFFE

*Famous English Author of "Fishing from the Earliest Times," etc.*

THE news of the sudden death of that fine gentleman, that most courteous and considerate man, and that loyalest and kindest of friends falls as a stunning blow on me, as it will on tens of thousands the world over. For wherever I traveled, were it in Africa, Australia, New Zealand, the Pacific, Northern America, the West Indies, or Europe, whenever two or three fishers were gathered together, almost invariably came "Marston says" or "I'll write to Marston."

Whence sprang from people who knew him not this—to me unique—familiarity? From, I am convinced, an unconscious but deep-seated feeling that we fishers are all of one farflung family, of which R. B. Marston from his many years of prominence and experience was the natural or insensibly adopted head.

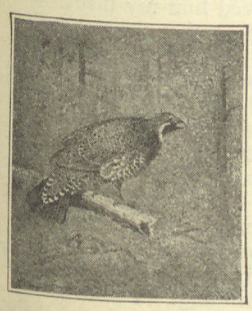
As the Crown is the link which binds the British Empire together, so "R. B. M." and *The Fishing Gazette* united the separated communities of English fishers.

Others will doubtless tell of how he toiled and moiled for pure rivers, clean sport and close *camaraderie,* of which he was a shining exemplar, among fishers. Others, too, will probably write of him as an athlete, or as an all-round fisher, or as the author of many books, or as "the greatest living authority on literature connected with Izaak Walton and 'The Compleat Angler.'"

I, however, confine myself to emphasizing his perhaps most outstanding asset, his well-known kindness and constant readiness to help and illustrating this by three personal experiences. The first, when many years ago needing information on an abstruse point as to fishing and its possible delineation in ancient India, I went to the old office in Adam Street to find "R. B. M." snowed under by letters and proofs for, unfortunately, I had happened on "press day." On my apologizing and saying I would write, he insisted on my there and then explaining my quest, *(Continued on page 43)*

# The Finest of Game Birds

By HENRY H. GRAHAM



Photograph by H. Armstrong Roberts

THE title of this story refers to the grouse. Now keep your seats, don't tear your shirts or all speak at once. I know what you're thinking, you mallard fiends, you quail lovers, you pheasant adorers, you sage hen chasers and you goose hunters. You're thinking things about me that would not look well in print. But when everything is taken into consideration what game bird matches the grouse in sporting possibilities? The pheasant has ruined more bird dogs than any other feathered beauty; duck shooting is not the acme of skill; the sage hen is a clumsy flier, noisy in the extreme and not very palatable as food; the goose is big and awkward, offering no such thrill to the Nimrod as the grouse. Only the quail seriously disputes the grouse's supremacy, and men who have hunted both do not hesitate to pick the grouse as the more sporting of the two.

A brown streak—that is what the grouse proves to be in the course of flight. Many hunters find the grouse too doggoned fast for them, and whenever a fellow tells me that he can put the skids under this bird regularly I realize that the Ananias club is due for an increase in membership. More misses are recorded by grouse hunters than by any others. Nobody gets them all; it takes a darned good marksman to turn in even a passable average.

I have hunted grouse in all sorts of country, in level flats, in timbered uplands and in brushy lowlands. Always I have found them exasperating things to deal with. To bring down a grouse on a long range, circling shot is a real accomplishment of which any man may well be proud.

Having hunted all types of feathered game on various occasions I unhesitatingly name mountain grouse shooting the most exhausting and disposition-spoiling pastime in existence. I shall never forget one hunt I made in the rugged Sawtooth mountains in pursuit of this beauty. The country was all uphill and down, cut up by high peaks, wooded ravines and barren crags. A missed bird here was little short of a tragedy even if the grouse flew no farther than across the narrow canyon. Crossing such canyons is often the work of an hour no matter how easy it looks, for the pedestrian cannot go as the crow does; he has to pick his way carefully, and by the time he gets to the other side the grouse family is very likely to have taken alarm and fled elsewhere, entailing further travel on the part of said Nimrod.

As in big game hunting, every moment of mountain grouse hunting is real, arduous toil. Blistered feet, dry throats, sore muscles, gnawing stomachs and riled tempers are merely part of the casualties. This diversion is intended for those who love to tramp the virgin wilderness and have no thought of physical hardship. Grouse hunting in mountainous districts is exhilarating and all that, but—well, you know what I mean.

On the particular hunt mentioned above I went by my lonesome. It would have been more congenial to have had a companion, and in my outdoor stories I have always warned against wilderness hunting alone, but on this occasion no one seemed to be desirous of going along, so I struck out by myself, intent on trying to stop a few of the feathery arrows I knew to be reposing on the heights.

As is my custom when hunting in the Sawtooth range, I cast my lot in the shady, wooded north side of the range. Springs bubble from the earth at convenient intervals, and it is in such places that grouse are oftenest seen and most at home. Sometimes they come down to the winding canyon roads, but very rarely. They prefer the high places.

Crossing the little brook that lay between camp and the green slopes, I broke through a dense forest of jackpines and scrub cedars, at the base of which grew dark, velvety violets and pretty snapdragons. Dainty ferns of various kinds helped form a regular florist's bouquet, and I was in the midst of happy thoughts when what should fly up but a gentleman grouse. Judging by the location of his aerial exit I must have almost stepped on him.

I did not have the slightest chance to bag the beauty, however, for he was hopelessly lost among the trees before I could slip a shell in the magazine and prepare to shoot. But the sight of that grouse proved one thing if nothing more—that there were birds in the vicinity, probably plenty of them, and I was fairly itching to be up and at 'em. I could admire the scenery some other time.

Consequently I began an ascent of the precipitous cliff ahead after having loaded my gun to its capacity. Well I knew that several shots are often necessary to bring down a grouse, and I had no desire to be caught at a disadvantage.

Half way up the hill I got my first chance. A lone bird flew up from the base of a pine tree. I fired once at the fleeting shape, missed, and then fired again, close upon the heels of the first discharge. Down came the big fellow, bouncing high in the air. When I picked up that bird I knew why grouse hunters are so enthusiastic over the sport, and why this bird is considered the finest of them all. My first kill was a beautiful creature, tender and dainty as the most critical could want.

And then something happened of which I shall always be heartily ashamed. I emptied my gun unsuccessfully on a pair of beauties that flew up from the shelter of a big dead pine that lay rotting away on the ground. I won't resort to the time-worn alibi of saying they were out of range, because such was not the case. It was a series of plain, inexcusable misses. I was glad just then that none of my friends were on hand to give me the horse laugh, though the horse laugh was exactly what I deserved and nothing else.

As I climbed higher and higher the beauty of the day captivated me. The whole world seemed to be basking in a flood of mellow sunshine. Except for those enchanting woods pockets which every lover of Nature has explored at one time or another, the sun's rays were falling everywhere. Not a cloud was in the sky and old dame summer was doing her very best to be attractive, having dressed herself in the gayest, neatest possible raiment. Ah, what equals the charm of a summer outdoor day? There, more easily than in any other place, can worldly cares and troubles be forgotten. One thinks only of the Creator's exclusive magic.

The afternoon wore on and I wore out. I paused frequently to wipe a sweaty brow, gather my bearings, ease my lungs and plan the next move. Unlike Tennyson's famous brook, human beings cannot go on forever. Rest is needed and, in my case, considerable of it.

Grouse number two was bagged at one of the springs which bubbled from the soft earth near the crest of a high mountain. Not always do grouse frequent such places, but on this occasion a pair of them happened to be imbibing a little refreshment at a deep, clear pool. Again I have a horrible confession to make. For the sake of my alleged reputation as a marksman I'm going to whisper it. I missed the first gray streak that arrowed its way over the peak; his mate, however, bit the dust in a manner that both thrilled and satisfied me.

What a feeling that is—seeing them crumple up before your very eyes. It proves several things, among them that your optics are in working order, and that your nerves are not the most unsteady in existence. It causes a warm glow to come to your face, a peace to your mind and a warmth to your heart. And the smile that replaces the frown on your countenance is worth while, too. It is wonderful the way you are revived and freshened, no matter how tired you were previously. The old motto, "Nothing succeeds like success," certainly applies to the sport of wing shooting if not to all branches of recreation.

But I did not blame the gun for my failure to bag all the game I shot at. It is always easy to do this but experience has taught me that most misses are caused by poor marksmanship rather than to the weapon used. My old gun has gone with me on many a long jaunt, and it has always filled the bill to my entire satisfaction. I admit I do not invariably aim carefully enough in shooting, especially the wing variety. Very often I shoot only in the general direction of the bird instead of being as accurate as is necessary. Although a good gun can do much in covering up a shooter's weaknesses it cannot do the impossible, and it has been my experience that if one desires to get birds, the best and really only thing to do is to shoot precisely where the birds are! Otherwise the things won't stop at one's bidding.

*"A brown streak—that is what the grouse proves to be in the course of flight."*

It was almost at the summit of the mountain that I encountered a lone fisherman. He was fully equipped for action, being clad in high rubber boots, and having a leather-trimmed creel, which, judging by its emptiness, was more ornamental than useful. The stream in which he was fishing was hardly larger than a corrugation and surely no deeper, but he told me in a most serious vein about the big one that got away. I had a hard time keeping a straight face.

I wondered why any self-respecting trout would live in such a tortuous stream—one that ran at a furious pace, permitting no pools, eddies or quiet stretches, which all fish dearly love.

If my new acquaintance had brought his gun with him I am not at all sure he wouldn't have forsaken his fishing and accompanied me. His eyes literally popped out when I showed him my birds.

"I didn't know they were that easy to get," he said. I wondered just what he meant. Was he intimating that the birds must be plentiful if *I* had managed to get two?

A nest of springs greeted me on my arrival at the head of the rocky, pine-flanked ravine. They bubbled from Mother Earth in delightful profusion. Long before I saw them their musical song tickled my weary ears. At last I was to have my inning. I was in the home of the grouse—the place where they can almost always be found. Getting there was hard work and all that, but—

I was in the midst of such pleasant thoughts when a sudden whirr! whirr! resounded, breaking the maddening solitude. I was just in time to witness the wholesale exodus of an army of grouse. Napoleon's retreat from Moscow would have looked like a kiddies' picnic compared with the departure of that feathered contingent. Surely all the grouse in the mountains must have been drinking there. The noise of beating wings was deafening as well as discouraging. The sight of spreading wings was darkening as well as tear-bringing. Evidently I was in for a long, tiresome tramp if my imaginary title of the Mighty Grouse Hunter was to be fully realized and fully earned.

But there were a few grouse remaining at those dainty springs when I pulled up wheezing and puffing.

Three beauties got up singly as I arrived. Two of them dropped. The third escaped.

I now had a nice collection of birds, all of about an even size. Each represented many a weary mile. My feet were scorched and blistered. My legs ached. My ears rang and my nose threatened to bleed so high had I climbed. But in spite of everything I was in a happy mood when I sat down on a grassy knoll to munch the sandwich I had been thoughtful enough to bring along. Talk about appetite. That one ham sandwich satisfied me just about as much as one peanut would satisfy a circus elephant. But it was better than nothing. And I was too durned tired to dress a grouse, build a fire and roast one of the toothsome things. At first this seemed a plausible thing to do in view of my terrific hunger, but I looked first at the grouse, then at the inviting green grass, which seemed to say in words that could not be misunderstood, "Come hither and rest," and did what any other sensible young man would have done. I took the easiest way. I promptly and thankfully accepted the lulling invitation of that soft green grassed couch. I pulled my cap over my eyes to shut out the sun and lay down with the sweet babble of a nearby brook to croon me to sleep.

# Dead—One River

*Eleven mile body of stagnant backwater caused by the dam at High Falls on the Peshtigo.*

# Shall Another Die Too?

## By B. A. CLAFLIN

*"And when He was come near, He beheld the city and wept over it. Saying, if thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things which belong unto thy peace! but now they are hid from thine eyes."*

WITH a rapidity equalled only by its cunning, the final act culminating in the destruction of Wisconsin's world famous Peshtigo river has been consummated. Never again will this beautiful stream, with its gleaming Rainbows of unmatchable size and fighting qualities, lure the expert angler of Scotland to forsake the chalk streams of his native heath. Never again will it be spoken of save in hushed tones. It is dead. Killed by the greed of a hungry and heartless mammon.

And now, even as the curtain falls on the last act, leaving a gasping people stunned with grief over its great loss, the dragon of destruction is again afield. This time our incomparable Wolf is to be the victim. The wise and provident Creator never endowed us with a more perfect playground than the land of the Menominees through which the beautiful Wolf winds its sinuous way.

At Big Smoky and at Keshena it thunders and crashes its way down in tumultuous joy; at Shot Gun Eddy and at Sullivan's the constant drone of the rapids are sweet music; and at Five Islands and at Otter Slide it glides along swiftly but quietly, its dark waters forming a beautiful contrast with the emerald setting of the heavy virgin pines which crowd its banks.

And are we to lose this grand heritage too, as we lost the Peshtigo, to gratify the greed of a moment, to make more money for a bunch of big-bellied capitalists, whose hunger for the almighty dollar has robbed them of all decency, and of all sense of love for those to come after us?

Before we go further into details of this most desecrable act, in which we propose to point out some hitherto unknown facts, we deem it best to tell you a few things in regard to the Menominee, for it is through him only, ostensibly at least, that by cajolery and trickery, this latest damnable move has been made possible.

The Menominee reservation contains 230,000 square acres. On this tract of land there is yet, approximately, a billion feet of valuable standing timber, sixty percent of which consists of Hemlock, thirty percent hardwood, and ten percent White Pine. This timber belongs to the Indians. It is their rightful heritage. They, alone, are the true Americans.

Formerly they lived a life of nomadism, subsisting entirely upon the wild things offered by a bounteous nature. Things have changed materially since the establishment of the reservation. Now they live in comfortable little homes, not a few tilling portions of their lands as their white brothers do. However, it is but natural for them to depend more upon the direct products of nature than do white men. Their ways are simple. They do not require much, nor do they waste anything.

In 1908 Congress enacted bill S4046 for the protection of the timber on the reservation, and for the regulation of its marketing. Among other things it provided that no contract for cutting or conducting any logging operations upon the reservation could be let, sublet or assigned to white men. This law stood until 1925. Then an amendment was passed, S3036. This let the white men in on the contracts, and the trouble began. It was the first step in favor of the waiting vultures.

For ten years previous to 1914 the timber was cut at the rate of 20,000,000 feet per year. Prior to 1918 operations were carried on under the selective logging plan. After that date indiscriminate cutting was allowed. You can readily appreciate what that meant—simply wholesale slaughter with no thought for the future. It is easy to conceive upon whose recommendations the bars were let down, one at a time. Were these changes brought about for the aggrandizement of the Indians alone? Judge that for yourselves after you read what follows.

About 1904 the mill which cut the timber into lumber was built at Neopit. This mill stood twenty years. In 1924 it burned. During its operation various managers had charge of affairs. The Indians had no voice in their appointments. They were placed in charge through political pulls, and it was even seen fit to fetch one from Canada. Not one ever possessed qualifications, and every new man appointed changed the policies all around, throwing operations into chaos at the expense of the rightful owners. And among the Indians were individuals of high education, well qualified to pilot this business successfully. They want, and should have a board of directors chosen from tribe members—but they can't get it.

Let us cite one incident which took place in 1924. The salesmanager in charge at that time made a deal with a certain firm in Grand Rapids, Michigan, for the sale of 500,000 feet of Hemlock lumber. The deal was consummated at a loss of $1,300 to the Indians. And

## Protest—and protest vigorously

**Write your representatives and let them clearly learn *your will* before it is too late and the lovely Wolf River dies even as the Peshtigo.**

**"Only *The People*, with their power of the ballot, can put their lakes, their streams, and what wild life and forests they have left into hands capable of caring for them, perpetuating them, and increasing them."**

JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD.

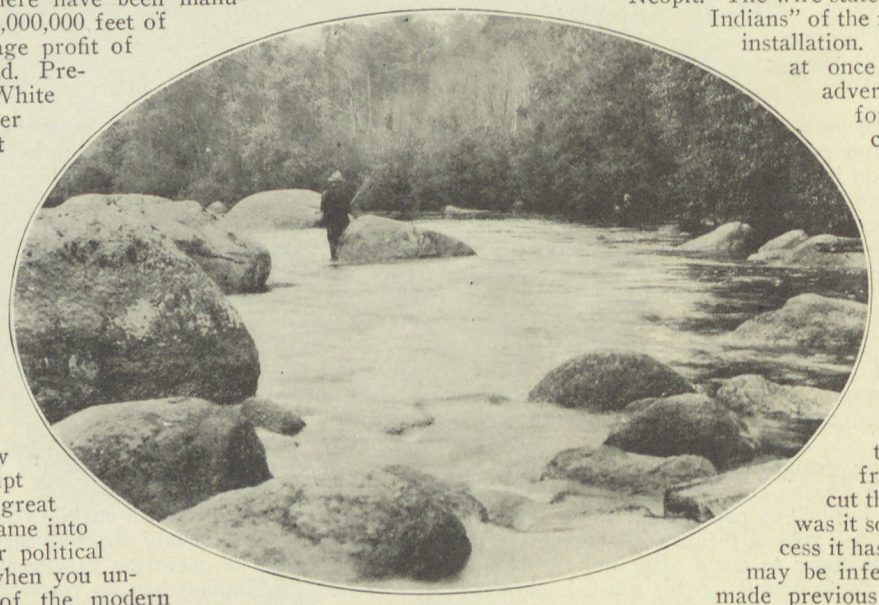
this was done without the superintendent of the reservation having any knowledge of the deal, much less the Indians who owned the timber — at least that was told the members of the tribe.

In spite of these irregularities, and attendant corruption, for eighteen years previous to 1908 the Indians, by reason of their logging operations, built up a tribal fund at Washington, D. C., which, upon passage of bill S4046 in 1908, had reached the proportion of nearly $3,000,000. Records show that during this time the Indians marketed 294,000,000 feet of timber, at a profit of $8.65 per thousand.

*A glorious swirl of waters at Shot Gun Eddy in the Wolf River.*

Since bill S4046 was passed in 1908, and up to 1925, records show that there have been manufactured and sold 348,000,000 feet of stumpage at an average profit of only $4.25 per thousand. Previous to 1908 their White pine brought $19.50 per thousand, and they get that for Hemlock now! Figure it out for yourselves.

Although the Indians are not allowed a board of directors consisting of tribal members, they are supposed to have a voice by vote in matters of importance to them. You wonder, then, how the various nondescript managers of their great lumbering interests came into the job through their political pulls. It is simple when you understand the ways of the modern reservation superintendent, the monarch, beyond whom there is no appeal.



*A pool in the Twenty Day Rapids, Wolf River, as noted as the famous chalk streams of Scotland.*

When, from among the common events of reservation affairs, there stands forth one of significant importance to the monarch, and upon which he wishes some action taken, before this can be done he is supposed to call a tribal conference to first secure the approval of the Indians. And this is done with great ceremony when the crafty ruler knows the Indians favor the matter. However, should the opposite be the case, the matter is referred to a certain few of his favorites only upon whom he knows he can rely to back him up. The recommendation goes forward to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs at Washington, carrying with it the assurance that it embodies the wishes of "representative Menominee Indians," and his point is carried.

Upon the destruction of the mill at Neopit by fire in 1924, the Indians wanted their new mill to be erected with a single band saw, in order to conserve the timber resources. A tribal council was held and it was decided unanimously by a general vote of the tribe to do this. The mill was built accordingly and operated one year. Then, for some unexplained reason, the monarch of the reservation appeared on the scene. He desired the second band saw installed, and another tribal council was called. However, the Indians were firm and voted it down, with the exception of six members. The monarch was not defeated, he was merely checked for the time being, for, shortly thereafter a new character in the drama showed up on the reservation in the person of the Chief Supervisor of Forests in the Indian Service at Washington.

A short and hurried conference with the Superintendent and his six henchmen was followed by a wire to Washington for authority to purchase machinery and other equipment for the installation of a second band saw in the mill at Neopit. The wire stated that "representative Indians" of the reservation desired its installation. The authority was at once granted, machinery advertised for and bids set for a certain date. The contract would have been awarded had it not been for the intervention of a friendly congressman.

This mill was originally granted the Indians for their financial benefit alone, and yet they were refused permission to run their own mill, built from their own funds to cut their own timber. Why was it so? As a financial success it has failed to prove up, as may be inferred from the profits made previous to 1908 and subsequently.

These matters are quoted to show a few of the high lights incident to affairs on the reservation, and as an indication of what may be expected in the future. It will readily be gleaned from the foregoing how much of a factor the Indian, himself, really is.

And now we come to the proposed damming of the Wolf river in order that the ravenous coffers of another mammon may be enriched still further.

The Menominee reservation, through which this wonderful stream flows, is twenty miles in extent from the northern end to the southern boundary. Some idea of the potential power hidden in those roaring rapids may be had when it is known that there is a drop of three hundred feet in the twenty miles mentioned. Secret investigation had long been carried on by the power company, aided and abetted by connivance on the part of the monarch of the reservation. Finally, a few months ago, like a bolt from the blue sky, knowledge of the iniquitous doings of mammon became public property, and the people arose in righteous wrath. But it was too late!

*(Continued on page 55)*

# Old Pate of the Gros Ventre

By
LUDWIG STANLEY LANDMICHL

Photographs by the author

*This story of a man's humanity to an old elk is a true one and will appeal to hunter and naturalist alike. It is written by one who lives his whole life outdoors and knows his subject thoroughly.*—EDITOR.

HE became known as the old patriarch. No one ever attempted to kill him because he was too old and his meat would have been of no value to anyone, so he lived on from one year to the next. And each year made him that much more safe from the bullets of the hunters, and though the booming of guns would startle him and he ran away, it was generally but a few hundred yards, and he would stop to let the hunters pass by within a few paces of him.

It seemed that every hunter, out for his winter's meat among the elk of the mountains, came to know him by his actions no matter how far away he would be. And it also appeared that he came to know each of the hunters through their manner of stalking. He knew some to be cruel and crafty while others were more lenient and of the happy-go-lucky sort. The old patriarch soon acquired the name of Pate, and the sight of man held no terror for him; in fact, he came to look upon man as a benefactor.

Joe Kelly, nephew of old Bill J. Kelly, father of the little village of Kelly, Wyoming, located on the Gros Ventre River three or four miles below where that nationally talked of big landslide occurred in the early summer of 1925, was trapping the upper reaches of the Gros Ventre last fall and winter and came upon old Pate— But this story is about old Pate and not about Joe Kelly, so we'll go back two or three months to the summer life of old Pate.

To begin with I would like to acquaint you better with Pate. He was an unusually large bull elk who had protected cows, calves and himself many times in fierce battles from the blood thirsty wolves that infested the region. He was much battle scarred from their vicious onslaughts, having long marks free of hair along his flanks and neck where the saber-like teeth of the wolves had ripped the thick hide.

If Pate had not shed his majestic antlers every year they could tell of many bloody skirmishes, of many wild flights through dense timber and over broad, open spots in fleeing from the terrorizing wolf pack. Ever since Pate was a tiny suckling calf there had been a constant battle to preserve his life. Mountain lions, wolves, and more deadly than all, the terrific speed of rifle bullets.

But the latter had no more terror for him now, just why, he didn't know; not being able to reason things out, he could only stand and stare at the hunters as they rushed past him, after the younger bulls and cows had whipped away so suddenly. However, in offsetting this safety the wolves became a greater menace than ever. Pate wasn't as fleet as he had been in his younger days and their howling set his flesh aquiver. Then too, the deep snows that he used to forge his way through so swiftly and easily now became a great hindrance to his movements, and instead of breaking trail for the cows as he had formerly done he had to fall in behind the band and let others do the trail breaking.

Many times the band pushed pell-mell through the snow, leaving him to flounder around far behind and then fag out in the utterly useless attempt to try to keep up with them. It was at such times as this that the great dread of the wolves overcame him, and he would look about wide-eyed, nostrils expanded and quivering. In the soft snow up to his neck he was at their mercy!

Besides these disadvantages his teeth were so badly worn that he could no longer properly chew up the willow twigs sticking up through the deep snows along the creeks, now deeply buried beneath the spread of the white mantle. And during his yearly migrations, when the big storms and loose snow drove all the elk from high up in the mountains to the lower country of the river valleys the willow twigs had been his only subsistence. But now he had to seek something that the juices of his stomach could extract the nutriment from without much crushing and grinding of the teeth.

This meant pawing and scraping into the snow for grasses and moss along the edges of mountain sloughs, but the great depth of the snows made this a very uncertain and hazardous means of existence. Then he would be forced to leave and forge on after the band, overtaking them eventually, but in such a weakened condition that he could scarcely stagger along. Though a few days' rest would again put him on his feet, and he would somehow weather through until spring again made the grasses tenderly succulent with nutritious juices.

Last fall, from September fifteenth until November fifteenth, Pate heard the steady booming of guns throughout the heavily timbered slopes of the mountains and echoing within the valleys of the creeks. Among the many hunters whom he saw almost everywhere he went, some going out to make kills, others coming in with pack horses loaded with the bloody meat, was one figure with which he became quite familiar. This was none other than the aforementioned Joe Kelly, who passed the old patriarch almost daily.

And daily old Pate came to look forward to the meeting, the man had such a soft, pleasing voice when he called to him in passing. But when this familiar figure packed bloody meat back to the little log cabin set among a cluster of quaken asp near a large spring at the head of the creek, Pate's nostrils quivered and he would trot off a few yards and snort with fear. But aside from that the man caused him no terror, and even at times would put a handful of salt upon a stump near the cabin for him to lick at.

Usually big snows came before the end of the hunting season burying everything under their soft bulkiness, driving the great bands of elk down into the lower country. But last fall there were no early storms and Pate stayed in the vicinity of the log cabin until after the booming of rifle fire had stopped. He had long ago noticed that wherever man stayed there was almost a complete absence of the wolves, they feared to approach unless direly pressed for food, and Pate came to rely more and more upon this familiar figure's protection.

*"Many times the band pushed pell-mell through the snow, leaving Pate to flounder far behind."*

As the short days rolled by with now and again a storm that added to the depth of the snows, gradually and surely getting deeper, Pate was beginning to have difficulty in foraging enough of the dead grass and moss to keep up his strength. The younger bulls, cows and coming yearlings gathered in small bands and passed him, heading far across the mountains and into the lowlands, where the government had of late years established a feeding place for the elk at the great Leek ranch in the Jackson Hole.

But still Pate hung on near the little cabin, to paw and nose into the snow for his insufficient forage. And the man would come from the cabin, wearing great, ponderous snowshoes, and on his way to his traps would stop twenty-five or thirty feet away and talk to him in his gentle way.

When the big storm broke, Pate's strength was insufficient to carry him along with the sweeping swiftness of that last band of young bulls that had stayed high up until the big storm forced them out. Old Pate floundered around in the swirling snow of the raging storm that obscured everything from sight and he was rapidly becoming fagged out.

Suddenly his muscles went rigid. With his remaining strength he threw up his stately head and his flaring nostrils quivered—the wolves had caught his scent! Nearer and nearer drew the crying pack and Pate made three or four great leaps to free himself from the treacherous obstruction of the snow only to eventually settle weakly into the soft, engulfing mass.

Throwing up his head once more he could see the leaping forms coming—they were now right upon him. He tried to plunge away but it seemed there was no springiness in his legs—then from his flaring nostrils there issued a loud, peculiar whistle.

*"Old Pate could no longer forge his way swiftly and easily through the deep snows. He had to fall behind the band and let others do the trail breaking."*

For from nearby there came another form in sight, a figure that loomed large and bulky against the whiteness of the snow. It appeared more like a huge bear walking on its hind legs, except that it came swiftly and was not floundering about in the loose snow.

Undoubtedly Pate recognized it, for there had come from it an answer to his shrill call—it was *the man!* But he was a long way from his snug little cabin, it was strange to see him here, habit had taught him to expect to see the man only within a few miles of the cabin.

But the wolves had paid not the least attention to the figure coming down the slope and carrying upon its shoulders a huge pack of furs; they were too hungry and intent upon killing the weakened bull for a gorging repast. Forging ahead of one another in their mad, zealous leaping they followed close behind their leader, which, with a tremendous heave of his body hurtled free of the encumbering snow, sweeping past the deadly swing of those ponderous antlers, and landing upon the back of the elk.

Instantly the wolf's fangs had sunk into the old patriarch's back, but before he could tear out the skin and flesh into which he had sunk his teeth, there came the sharp crack of a rifle and he fell dead. With head down, tossing the loose snow from before him, the fighting elk threatened the others, and the boldest of these caught him with a vicious snap at the end of the nose, only to be torn loose when Pate threw up his head with a pain maddened lunge.

On and on came the man until he was within a few feet of the struggling bull. He had the advantage of being able to move swiftly over the snow without sinking into it, while the wolves lunged and leaped in trying to free themselves of the fluffy mass only to sink into it all the deeper. At every opportunity given the man to aim his rifle at a bobbing wolf the gun belched forth death until the three remaining wolves turned to slink away over the broken snow the way they had come.

The man began softly talking to Pate. It seemed good to hear again the man's gently spoken, mellow tones and old Pate allowed him to come near and inspect the wound upon his back from which the blood coursed down over his shoulder.

"Well, well, old fellow," the man said. "It's lucky for you that Christmas is only two days off, and that I trapped plenty of pelts to make a load to start back with—about this time there wouldn't have been a great deal left of you!"

Pate looked at the man in his dumb, wide-eyed stare. The man immediately started away, packing down the loose snow by traversing over it back and forth a few times. Then he came close, got behind Pate, and with a whip he had cut from a clump of willow protruding from the snow, struck him a sharp blow across the back. There was considerable force in the man's ability to use a whip, and it stung Pate smartly. He leaped ahead in his uncertain plunges until he arrived at the end of the broken out trail. Here the man circled him and again packed down the loose snow while Pate stood watching, resting for the next series of plunges that he intelligently realized were to follow.

Again the man came back behind him, but this time it was quite unnecessary for Pate to feel the sharp sting of the whip before moving ahead over the trail. The animal somehow seemed to understand that the man was trying to get him out of his terrible predicament. On through the snow the man went ahead and broke trail, nor was it longer necessary for him to go back to force Pate along.

"Come on, old timer, come on," the man would call to him. "We'll strike across here and drop down into the Snake

river bottoms, then it'll be easier going! Come on, old man."

As they left the deeper snows behind old Pate staggered along faster and the man ahead made trail at a more rapid pace. Night now was beginning to overtake them, and the man, still ahead and breaking trail, swung to the left, dropping down into a small, protected valley. Then soon they came upon a small log cabin. The roof of it was strangely long, sticking out over the door end of the cabin several feet, which was to keep the snow from piling up too close to the door.

Pate was pressed on into this spot beneath the overreaching roof where the snow was but a few inches deep and the man went into the cabin. Shucking his heavy pack and dropping it to the bare, dirt floor of the cabin, the man went to the crude, pole constructed bunk and took from it the sack that served as a pillow. With this he walked outdoors, ripped it from end to end with a long knife and dumped from it the hay it contained. Then he returned into the cabin, taking the bulky mattress that lay upon the poles, returning again to Pate and dumping the clean, fresh hay at his feet.

"There, old timer, that's good, fresh marsh hay—fill up. We've got a long drag ahead of us tomorrow—and we've got to make it tomorrow 'cause the next day is Christmas and I've just got to be home with the family."

Even before the man finished with his talking old Pate was nosing around among the hay and gathering it up in great mouthfuls. The man went back into the cabin and started a fire in the sheet iron stove and set a can upon it. Soon he came out with some smelly stuff and began smearing hot pitch over Pate's wound. Pate didn't relish this act and winced, shrinking against the cabin and threatening the man with his great antlers. Apparently the man had no fear and went right on daubing the stuff over the laceration. When he was well satisfied with his work he went back into the cabin and Pate again turned to the hay.

In a short time old Pate could hear the sputtering of frying meat and the odor was wafted out to him through the half opened door. Also came out through that half opened door the rich aroma of boiling coffee. Pate gave a little snort with a flirt of his nostrils but soon went on again with his gathering and eating of the hay. Within the cabin the man sat down to a crude table built of poles and also began eating.

It was soon dark and the man came out to look at Pate and rake together with his foot the scattered hay. He returned to the cabin and Pate to his munching. Pate was actually gorging himself. The hay was good, sweet and fresh smelling, and he didn't have to dig into the deep snow for it, so it was very easy for him to stand there and eat and eat until it was all gone.

And when it had all disappeared, which was not long after the trapper had gone back into the cabin, Pate lay down to get a much needed rest. Inside the cabin he could hear the man stirring about, getting up now and again to add fresh fuel to the dying fire. The mattress he had cut up to give the hay it contained to Pate was not doing much good in the way of keeping the trapper warm, but it was doing a great deal of good in the old patriarch's stomach.

When daylight came the man came forth, carrying the furry bundle and the snowshoes. The latter he hastily strapped upon his feet, and throwing the bulky appearing bundle across his shoulders, called to Pate to follow him, and started out, breaking trail again as he had done the day before. Pate stood silently at the cabin for several seconds after the man left, then with a last sniff over the spot where the hay had been and another call to him from the trail breaker, he slowly started along the trail, at first rather undecidedly, then as his muscles became limbered up to the task, he moved along faster and faster until he was but a few paces behind the trapper and his smelly bundle.

On and on they went, the snow diminishing gradually as they dropped lower and ever lower toward the Snake river. Finally they were dropping down the long slope leading into the very bottoms of the river. A few miles off the Teton mountains glistened hugely in their remarkable resplendency, looming brilliant beneath their mantle of snow and sparkling frost, clear cut and astonishingly distinct in bold relief against the dark blue of the sky. Within a few hours the odd companions were skirting the great mass of snow covered granite not far distant from the mountains' base.

Ever since they had left the deeper snows of Sheep mountain behind, the going had become easier. However, Pate was unable to stand the furious pace the man set. And in spite of the fact that the trapper was breaking trail for him he began to fall behind, stopping to blow and, as if not knowing what else to do, tear off, in a half hearted manner, a few of the smaller willow twigs to chew upon.

Then the man would stop and wait, but in waiting he was losing valuable time and eventually he would have to retrace his way back to Pate, get behind him and urge him on, not unfrequently with the drastic aid of a heavy willow whip. Pate was becoming seriously fagged long before the sun had sunk behind the glittering Tetons, but the trapper would not go on and leave him. The man waited patiently again and again for the old patriarch to get his wind, then again goaded him on, talking to him all the while in a way that was meant for encouragement.

But Pate could finally do nothing but stop, wabble unsteadily on his feet and look around at the man with the gentle voice as though he were trying to plead with the mountainman to leave him there to die and go on alone, that he might be with his family and loved ones in time for their Christmas merriment. The man, though, was resolute. He waited for Pate to recover a bit of his fast failing strength, then gently urged him to slowly plod on.

"Just take it easy, old timer," the trapper told him. "We'll get there some time, and it'll be better to get there a bit late than not at all."

What the man was saying Pate didn't know, but somehow the words had a magical effect in bolstering him up and renewing his strength to carry him a bit further along the trail. Suddenly they came upon an open spot on the river bottoms where several large, snow covered mounds were quite securely enclosed within a high, pole fence. Straight toward these mounds the man headed, slipped his pack and dropped it at the fence, slid through between the poles and began pulling out huge handfuls of the sweet smelling hay from one of the stacks.

Old Pate was hungry, but he was deathly tired too, and he didn't know whether he wanted *(Continued on page 65)*

# Moose Head on a Restaurant Wall

By MAURICE FRINK

*NEAR-BEER signs dangle from the horn*
*To tamarack and lakeside born!*

*EYES that have looked on trees and grass*
*Now sightless stare where waiters pass;*

*HOOVES that have crashed in the rainy dawn,*
*Or the hush of the midnight woods, are gone.*

*DISHES clatter and loud forks fall*
*Below the moose head on the wall,*

*AND men rush in, and eat, and hie*
*Them back to their little tasks—but I,*

*WHO have forgotten grace with meals,*
*Pay tribute to those horns and heels,*

*TO the wild spirit, long since dead,*
*That one time tossed that antlered head:*

*INTO those glass eyes I look up,*
*And toast them with my coffee cup.*

## The Wilderness Is Watching

# Mr. Backus *and the* Wilderness

**Reprinted from The New Republic, Oct. 12, 1927**

CANADA and the United States have before them a question of unusual interest and importance. The International Joint Commission, composed of representatives of the two governments, must decide before long whether to consent to the stupendous and breath-taking proposals which have been made by Mr. E. W. Backus of Minneapolis.

Mr. Backus is an old-timer in Minnesota. He is a pioneer in the development of that state, a man of large wealth and unusual personality, who is listened to with deep respect not only in his own community, but across the border in Ontario, as well as in Washington and Ottawa. Among his varied industries is a huge pulp and paper production, and every year he takes a train-load of newspaper publishers on an elaborate jamboree in the north woods, as a result of which—doubtless quite innocently—they are kept eating out of his hand. His present proposal is one connected with the paper industry. He proposes to make drastic changes in the water level throughout a series of lakes and rivers along the Minnesota-Ontario border, over an area of more than 12,000 square miles.

The chief lake involved is Rainy Lake, which is fed by a series of smaller bodies of water, beginning a few miles west of Lake Superior, and flowing west and north. More than 14,000 square miles of forest, river and lake land are included in the Rainy Lake watershed. Rainy Lake in turn flows into Rainy River, through Lake of the Woods and at last into Hudson Bay. This region, both in the United States and Canada, is described by those who have visited it as a fairyland of natural beauty. Its scores of lakes and ponds are dotted with wooded islands; its rivers run in wild rapids through mile after mile of forest. Fourteen Indian reservations are found in this district, and many of the wild tribesmen speak no English and rarely see the face of a white man. The section is filled with wild game, from moose to muskrat, and its rivers are full of fish. More than 3,000,000 acres of land in this area (larger than Massachusetts, Connecticut and Rhode Island) have been set aside by the United States and Canada for public purposes. The more accessible of its lakes are beginning to be fringed with summer cottages, and every year, new thousands of tourists find pleasure in contact with this savage wilderness whose edge is only overnight from Chicago by sleeping car.

For purposes which have never been very clearly stated, Mr. Backus proposes to construct a series of dams on various lakes and rivers in this chain. One alleged reason is that it will "improve navigation," though how this can follow the construction of dams without locks is not apparent. Another reason is for the development of hydro-electric power. Several dams have already been built in this region by Mr. Backus, and the water level somewhat raised already on some of the streams and bodies. What the International Joint Commission must consider is whether Mr. Backus' additional dams are desirable, and whether any harm will be done by the new water level he proposes to create throughout four-fifths of a region one hundred and twenty miles square.

Surprising as it may (or may not) seem, many individuals and organizations, on both sides of the border, are fighting Mr. Backus with all their might. Since Minnesota is thickly populated and Ontario is not, most of the organized protest has come from south of the border. Bodies included are the Minnesota American Legion, the Izaak Walton League and the Arrowhead Association (of those concerned with tourist traffic). Those who oppose Mr. Backus say that to let him have his way would be a calamity, for these among other reasons:

1. The property of many individuals would be gravely damaged by raising the water level; and judging by the experience of those whose land *(Continued on page 31)*

# Outdoor America

Member A. B. C.

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THE IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE OF AMERICA

DEFENDER OF WOODS, WATERS AND WILD LIFE

Founded by WILL H. DILG

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## Our Game for Aliens?

RESPONSES have been coming in, especially through the West, strongly favoring the federal reservation for antelope which William L. Finley has proposed, and which is advocated by the Izaak Walton League.

Mr. Finley has recently received an enlightening letter from a prominent citizen of Wyoming, part of which is as follows:

"I have made a quiet survey of the local status on this subject and find out that the sheepmen, the herders, and the trappers they employ, are the biggest menace to the conservation of the antelope. Their herders and trappers are invariably turned loose in camp with no fresh meat and little cured meat, and with the instruction "Do not kill any sheep." This policy is taking a mean advantage of the rest of the law-abiding element of our nation. The antelope mix with the sheep and it is but with little effort of precision that they are bowled over regularly."

Complaint has been made that while the laws in several of the western states protect antelope yet those animals that remain are in the wilder sections where the states have no game wardens, and many antelope are killed by alien sheep herders.

## Does Beauty Matter?

HENRY VAN DYKE said of the Bechler Meadows, "Here is a meadow fit for giants to play in, a pasture where the untamed cattle of a thousand hills might feed. The tall rich grasses are interwoven with flowers—through this tangle of beauty flows the Bechler River—what a stream for fly fishing! Clean banks, fine pools, merry ripples. There are big red-throat trout in it, too. Unless I am mistaken, the Bechler would be a magnificent stream for the introduction of grayling. The attempt to purloin the Bechler Meadows from the Yellowstone for the purpose of a local reservoir looms sinister and menacing. Remember, once spoiled, they can never be restored."

Senator John B. Kendrick of Wyoming says, "The Bechler is the most beautiful meadow I have ever seen."

Many other admiring comments could be quoted. Against them, plans for the commercialization of this beauty.

Do we ever stop to think what this America of ours would be with all its beauty spots turned into money pots? Could a land survive shorn of its loveliness, bereft of every vestige of its beauty?

Would armies of ardent patriots rise up in time of danger to defend a country in which there were no swift clean rivers, no majestic forests, no peaceful meadows, "the most beautiful I have ever seen"?

What sort of hauntingly tender memories could inspire the soldier of such a country to fight for her safety and her freedom?

Wealth, prosperity, progress give a man cause for civic pride, but love of country, patriotism, is bred alone of the surpassing beauty of one's country.

We are proud of our great cities, but we *love*, and if necessity arises, we *fight* not for the smoke-laden, money-making towns, but for "our woods and templed hills."

## Sport for All or a Few?

EACH of us criticize and abhor the British system of private ownership and rental of streams and preserves. Free America we boast has fishing and hunting for all, not for the favored few. But *shall we always have* these blessings? Let us, in the immemorial warning of Emerson Hough, "call a halt" before it is too late. Let us *assure* our game and outdoor sport for a perpetual possession and an inheritance for all future American sportsmen. Let us more carefully hoard what we have left and sensibly provide for more. Let us protect our game, build refuges, hatcheries, fish ponds, so that American sport may be safe.

It is not a species of radical "alarmism" to prophesy that unless drastic measures and definite steps are taken by true conservationists that some day America's sports astream and afield will have to be doled out to the few sportsmen able to pay high prices for the privilege of fishing and hunting.

To avoid so hateful and unthinkable a condition is the reason for the founding of the Izaak Walton League; to prevent so un-American a method is the League's task.

We are a country rich in money, but the things of true value we used to possess in boundless quantity, we are in danger of losing—our wild green places, our high dark forests, our clean quiet lakes, our trout filled streams.

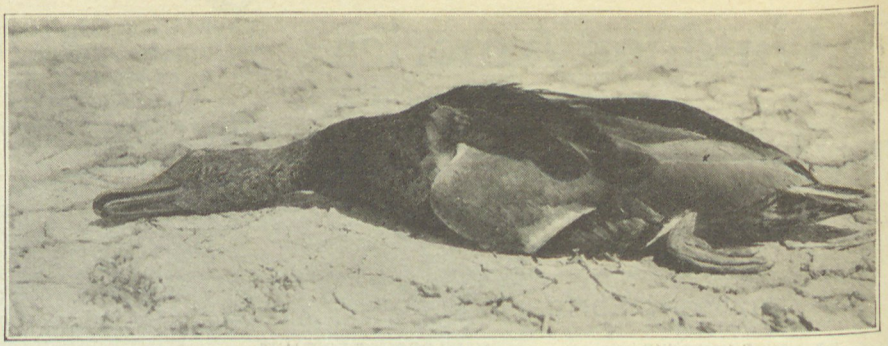
In danger of losing, but *not lost*. A firm, forbidding hand to grasp the destroyers, to throttle greed; a voice to warn, teach, inspire, and regenerate and America's outdoorland shall be saved for "the healing of the nations."

## A Fair Chance?

WE have received the following telegram from Mr. Walter Pocock of Madison, Wis. "Is not your sense of fair play uneasy at your editorial criticism of Governor Zimmerman's Conservation Commission in the November issue of OUTDOOR AMERICA? All I ask is that you give the Governor, his commission and its chairman a fair chance and time to make good."

We are perfectly willing to give Governor Zimmerman and his Conservation Commission "a fair chance." We are praying that they "make good" and are ready to render them every possible aid to that end. We are also willing to give them a certain amount of "time," but may we remind them that time in this case is not eternity. The outdoors needs help and rescue NOW. We do not doubt that the members of this Commission are well meaning. We do doubt their training and fitness for the job. We hope we will be proven wrong. We wish that by the choice of a trained conservationist as **Director** that Governor Zimmerman had given his Commission less of a handicap. However, we will try to bear hopefully in mind the glorious turning of many a tide of battle, the happily reversed scores of many a ninth inning and many a last quarter.

# Western Ducks Facing Crisis



*Mallard at mouth of Bear River sick with duck sickness and unable to move*

## *Walton League Pledged to Help Save Them*

By SETH GORDON

Photographs courtesy of William L. Finley and Biological Survey

THE question of saving the western waterfowl and many species of shore birds from extermination has been before American conservation leaders during the past eight years, but up to this time public interest has not been sufficiently aroused to result in the actual application of a remedy. There has been considerable talk but little action. Now it is time to stop talking and go into action.

Only recently the Izaak Walton League, at the request of western Waltonians, decided to make this western waterfowl crisis one of its national campaigns, and to use every means at its command to secure action quickly. When the dying elk of the Jackson Hole needed help, the Walton League jumped into the breach and saved the day. The sick and helpless ducks of the West are now calling, and we must not fail them!

The western waterfowl tragedy is of first importance to western people, but it affects the sportsmen of all America, and the sportsmen of the whole country must respond quickly. Millions of ducks have already died—more ducks than the sportsmen in that area have killed—from the terrible malady known as "duck sickness" or alkali poisoning. More millions of unhatched and downy baby ducklings have been baked to death under the rays of a scorching sun because the mother ducks were stricken and paralyzed by this malady while searching for food. Picture if you can millions of helpless and dying birds calling for help, and fresh water is all they need to escape from the terrible death traps existing.

The westward march of the white man's civilization created demands for more and more water for irrigation and hydro-electric purposes. Drainage promoters created false demands for more tillable lands. These combined demands have wiped out, or materially reduced, the safe waterfowl breeding, resting and feeding marshes of former years. Today the waterfowl of the West are either crowded into the few remaining safe breeding and feeding areas, or are forced into areas where duck sickness develops very speedily, resulting in the loss of millions of birds.

It has been proved that the waterfowl west of the 100th meridian constitute a separate group, that there is very little intermixing of the ducks west of the 100th meridian with those east of the meridian. If prompt action is not taken, the ducks of the West are bound to go the way of the passenger pigeon. The experience of trained naturalists at Lake Merritt in the City of Oakland, California, demonstrates very vividly what is happening to the western waterfowl.

Lake Merritt has become known throughout the world as a most unusual wild waterfowl refuge. The ducks wintering on Lake Merritt are one of the biggest attractions of the City of Oakland. Joseph Dixon, one of the best naturalists in the West, residing at Berkeley, California, in a recent issue of Bird Lore, the official publication of the National Audubon Society, in discussing the Lake Merritt waterfowl refuge and the decline in the number of waterfowl says:

> "During the past ten years there has been a decided decrease in the total number of wild ducks that have wintered at Lake Merritt. On December 28, 1918, there were 5,000 wild ducks on the lake and adjacent lawns. This winter the number has been considerably less, this year's census totaling only 2,138. Fortunately, an annual census of the ducks has been taken by members of the Audubon Association of the Pacific. This, together with comparable photographs which the writer has taken over a period of ten years, affords a fair basis for the statement that there has been a general decline in the duck population. It is thought that this indicates a general decrease in the numbers of ducks wintering in California. In other words, Lake Merritt is believed to be a fair barometer of our duck population."

Just think of it! A decline of 60% in the western duck population in less than ten years, and Mr. Dixon says that this is a fair barometer of what's happening in the West.

Since the ducks are fed and absolutely protected on Lake Merritt, the number of ducks coming there should show a decided increase from year to year rather than a decrease, as Jack Miner has proved beyond all question of doubt that more ducks and geese come to his wonderful sanctuary every year. Ducks and geese know where they are fed and protected, and if there are any of them in the country they will concentrate there. This fact makes the Lake Merritt observations by trained naturalists all the more significant.

Of all the large waterfowl areas in the West, the Bear River Marshes in Utah have probably been given the most prominence. It has been found that ducks banded on the Bear River Marshes furnish waterfowl shooting to sixteen different states as well as Canada and Mexico. A goodly portion of the waterfowl supply of the States of Washington, Oregon, California, Nevada, Idaho, Utah, Arizona, Montana, Wyoming, Colorado and New Mexico are either bred on the Bear River Marshes, or rest and feed there during their migrations.

Irrigation has for many years taken much of the water supply of the Bear River during the very season when the ducks need it most. To make matters worse, storms periodically drive the salt water from Great Salt Lake back over the low-lying marshes, creating death-dealing poison pots in all of the many marsh depressions.

Commissioner David H. Madsen of the State of Utah has done more to bring the true conditions on the Bear River Marshes to the attention of the conservationists of America than anyone else. In an article in the November issue of OUTDOOR AMERICA, Mr. Madsen has clearly shown that the waterfowl which are perishing on the Bear River Marshes can be saved by building dykes to flood the marshes with fresh water, at the same time keep out the salt water, at a cost of $1 a yard—the price of a box of shotgun shells.

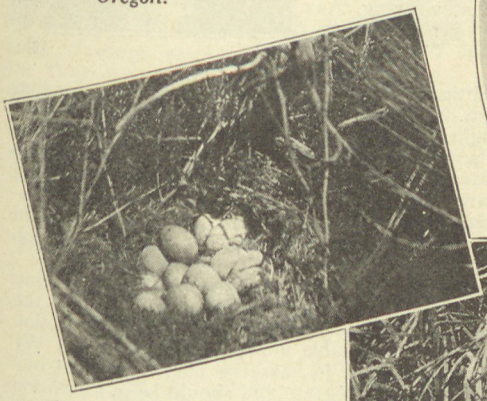
Mr. Madsen has flooded 17,000 acres but the problem is too great for the State of Utah alone to handle. There are about 100,000 acres additional which should be flooded with fresh water just as quickly as possible. Engineers are now making surveys, and reclamation work on the Bear River Marshes can be started just as quickly as funds are available.

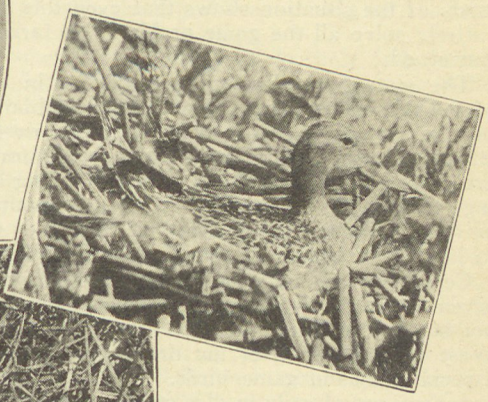
In the Klamath Basin, and on Malheur and Tule Lakes the drainage and hydro-electric promoters have done a good job; that is, if one calls spoiling a large area, formerly a decided asset to the country and now just about that much waste, a good job. The land drained, just like many other unwise drainage projects, has proved a failure from the standpoint

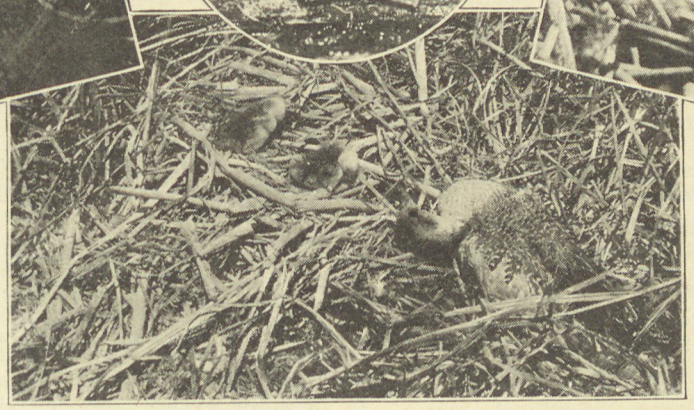
# Help Save Our Ducks

*Death claimed the mallard hen before the eggs were fully incubated. Result of "duck sickness," Klamath Basin, Oregon.*

*Female pintail duck on nest at edge of Tule Lake, Northern California.*





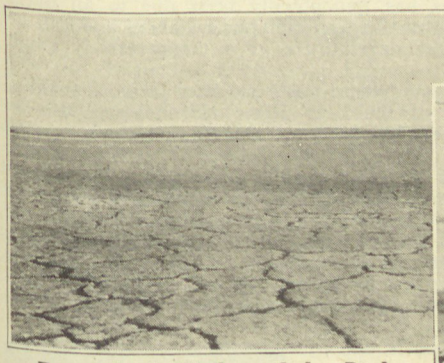


*Oval—Pintail duckling, Malheur Lake.*

*Left—Female redhead and young dead on nest from alkali poisoning.*

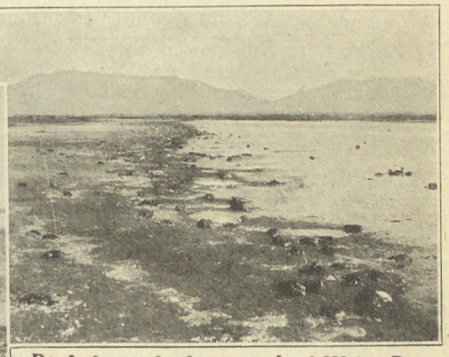
of agriculture. From the standpoint of the drainage promoters it has been a colossal success. These areas can be restored to serve the purpose the Creator intended by reflooding and the waterfowl will again increase.

The Federal Government has spent considerable time and money studying the western duck problem. State and Federal wardens have laboriously searched out stricken ducks from among the Tules, placed them in pens of fresh water, and in a few days they were again able to care for themselves. Therefore, it can readily be seen that these methods of



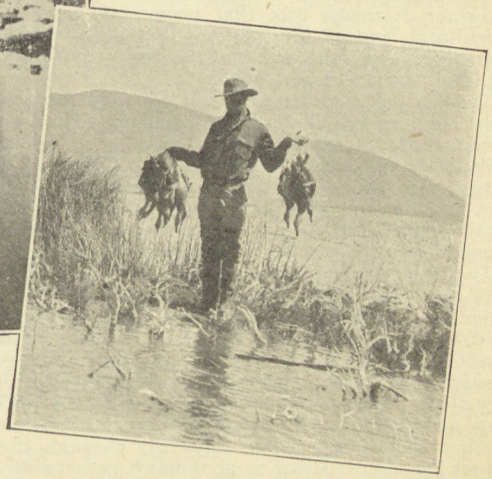
*Dry bed of Malheur Lake Bird Reservation, Oregon.*

*A boat load of sick ducks, Brigham, Utah.*



*Birds lying dead at mouth of Weber River, Utah. A few still alive, but helpless.*

*Two mallards, one sick and one dead. Mouth of Bear River.*



*Salvaging sick ducks, "Government Sump," Klamath Basin, Oregon.*

saving the ducks of the West are too slow to make any worthwhile progress. Permanent relief is the only sensible solution.

The western states can't possibly be expected to solve this gigantic problem unaided. They must have outside help. California is now setting aside one-third of all funds derived from hunting licenses for a period of five years to be expended in the acquisition of lands suitable for refuges and public hunting grounds. While about $1,000,000 will thus become available for such refuge purposes in California, a study of the situation shows that even this amount will not entirely solve all the game problems so far as California is concerned.

The waterfowl shooting possibilities in certain sections of the West have for years been restricted largely to wealthy private clubs and individuals. As the western waterfowl situation becomes more acute the demands for good shooting areas are bound to increase. The remaining desirable shooting areas will be gobbled up at an astounding pace for private shooting grounds, leaving thousands upon thousands of hunters of average means "out in the cold, high and dry."

Certain classes of western sportsmen have not heretofore given the duck situation serious consideration. They have not stopped to think that the scarcity of waterfowl in the West is creating a terrific drain upon game of all kinds, especially upland game birds. Those game birds, in many instances, are already in dire straits, and can't possibly stand additional demands and survive.

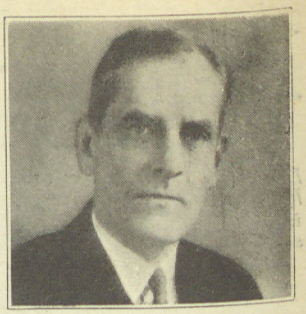
Middle West and eastern sportsmen have not given this western waterfowl situation the attention it deserves. Because the ducks in the Mississippi Valley, on the Gulf Coast and along the Atlantic seaboard seem to have shown an increase since spring shooting was stopped under the treaty with Canada, they have sat idly by, satisfied. They do not seem to realize that as the shooting in the West becomes poorer and poorer, men of unlimited means and ample time on their hands will move eastward and southward and buy up the choicest shooting areas on the Gulf Coast, in the Mississippi Valley and even on the Atlantic Coast. Then many of these same self-satisfied middle western and eastern sportsmen are the ones who will be left holding the bag, while others more fortunate in life enjoy the sport they now cherish.

### League Commended for Taking Hold

"FROM time immemorial these wide alkaline lakes and the Tule marshes surrounding had been the resting and feeding retreat for myriads of migratory birds, and were widely known as two of the greatest wild fowl nurseries in the country," says William L. Finley, of Oregon, internationally known naturalist and lecturer. "Since then Lower Klamath Lake has been dried up, the Tule marshes destroyed, and in return we have lost one of the greatest natural assets on the Pacific Coast. Tule Lake, an equally large body of water on the east of Lower Klamath, has also been dried up. The reason for the drying up of Lower Klamath was that promoters wanted to put more agricultural land on the market. Yet little cultivation has been done since this lake and marsh land, containing over eighty thousand acres, was destroyed.

"During the summer and fall of 1925 some fifty thousand birds died in the Tule Lake country. That same year and during 1926 several times this number of birds died in the Malheur Lake country of southeastern Oregon. The warden in charge told me he counted twenty-five dead ducks every ten steps and this extended along the border for about four miles. Thousands of ducks died during the breeding season with corresponding losses in eggs and downy young.

"If the sportsmen of the Pacific Coast had been organized ten years ago such a crime against conservation could not have been committed. We now have sportsmen's clubs on the Pacific Coast carrying on active and effective work in different communities. These clubs, however, are not joined together in an effective way to solve interstate problems. Other organizations, as well as the game commissions of different states, have been doing good work but the Izaak Walton League is needed to weld together sportsmen's clubs, especially through the middle-west and on the Pacific Coast to accomplish nationwide results in the protection of bird and animal life. Funds are needed for such a campaign. It will require state legislation as well as federal."



"TO remedy the situation which has existed for many years at the Bear River Marshes in Utah is a most imperative duty to be performed at the earliest possible moment," says Paul G. Redington, Chief of the U. S. Biological Survey. "The relation of this area to waterfowl conditions in other Western States is well understood. We might paraphrase the old political adage concerning Maine and the Union by saying, 'As go the Bear River Marshes so go the waterfowl of the Western migration.'

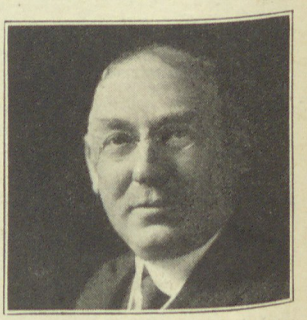
"To give an additional one hundred square miles of feeding and resting grounds to the harassed and diminishing waterfowl of the Western flight is something which should have a mighty appeal to all sportsmen and bird lovers. The ducks and geese of the United States, already bereft of many of their age-old habitats by the march of our civilization, are entitled to recompense. Man's obligation to these birds can in part be fulfilled by the timely and energetic handling of this restoration job on the Bear River Marshes.

"The Biological Survey is pledged to do what it can within its resources to assist sportsmen in their endeavor to reduce the ravages of the dread disease which in the past in this region has taken its toll of an incalculable number of waterfowl. We expect within a very short time to have the final reports of our engineers on the construction program and should be in a position to proceed with the actual rehabilitation work as soon as funds are available."

"I KNOW of no major activity to which the Izaak Walton League could better afford to lend its great influence than that affecting migratory wild fowl," says David H. Madsen, Fish and Game Commissioner of Utah. "More American sportsmen are interested in this phase of conservation at the present time than in any other. The great loss of migratory birds which has occurred throughout the West during the past ten or fifteen years has had a disastrous effect on the shooting in all of the western states. This loss has undoubtedly been due to an over-concentration of birds on certain well known areas and can be easily remedied by the expenditure of a comparatively small sum of money.

"I am certain that government engineers now at work making a preliminary survey of the Bear River Marshes will recommend to Congress the advisability of reclamation work in this area at once.

"The sportsmen of America should unite with all the conservation organizations of the country in securing the passage of needed legislation; and the Izaak Walton League should have the support of all of its chapters and of sportsmen generally, and especially of sportsmen throughout the West in its endeavor to secure the necessary legislation to bring about the early completion of the reclamation program throughout the West."

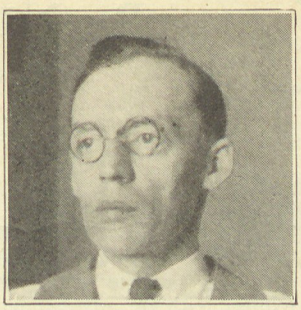


"THE duck situation is one of the most important problems facing conservationists today," says I. Zellerbach, President of the California Fish and Game Commission.

"The duck problem is not only of local interest, but is of national importance. It is doubtful if a complete refuge program could be financed by either the Federal government or by the states; but this does not lessen the obligation of either. It is generally agreed that Federal aid is essential but there is great difference of opinion as to the manner in which it should be effected.

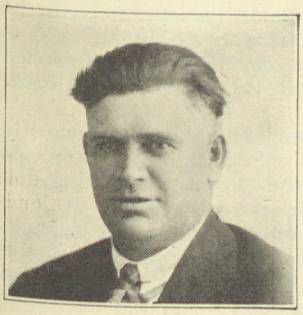
"During the past five years, it is said that 1,000,000 ducks have died annually on Bear River marshes. $350,000 will reflood this area and probably eliminate this disgraceful loss. It is too much for Utah to finance alone. To remedy the situation on Bear River marshes is the first need of the west. A comprehensive refuge program, prosecuted to completion, is the national need.

"The work of the Izaak Walton League is well known. Especially worthy of commendation is the pledge to make the western waterfowl situation one of its national issues. With its nation-wide organization, there is opportunity for accomplishments of lasting value."



"IT is certainly mighty gratifying to know that the League is swinging its tremendous weight into the fight on the side of the ducks. It has been my observation that things usually begin to happen when the League rolls up its sleeves and begins looking for the best place to hit, and I am very confident that this case will prove to be no exception," states E. L. Perry, State Game and Fish Warden of New Mexico.

"Whatever the reasons for the duck shortage elsewhere, here in the West we know that one of the principal ones is the terrific death loss on certain marshes and lakes in Utah, Oregon and California. A million dead ducks that can be seen constitutes a fact that requires no theorizing. The Bear River Marshes belong to Utah, but the ducks that die there belong to every sportsman west of the 100th meridian."



Robert H. Hill, State Game Warden of Montana, says: "Montana's ducks and geese, with the exception of comparatively few hatched on local lakes and ponds, are migratory birds. They cross the boundaries of the state from Canada, Idaho or Utah. In their flights north and south, they are dependent on proper feeding grounds and protected areas in these regions. Hence, Montana is vitally interested in purification of the famed Bear River Marshes in Utah, for there it is that ducks, in their flight northward into Montana, find required feed and sustenance to fortify them against rigors of the flight over humps and crags to the northward.

"The Izaak Walton League is piloting the way in a cause that has the indorsement of thinking men of the nation. Montana sportsmen are universally behind the Izaak Walton League in its courageous activities to work out ways and means to purify Bear River marshes in such manner as to conserve migratory birds. State and federal authorities, sportsmen of the west and commercial captains generally are practically unanimous in expressing the hope that the Congress of these United States will set aside a federal appropriation adequate to meet pressing demands that cry for conservation of migratory waterfowl for future generations."

From the foregoing it is clearly evident that while the conditions on the Bear River Marshes, Klamath Lake, Malheur Lake, Tule Lake and other western feeding and breeding grounds primarily affect the western sportsmen first, sportsmen in other parts of America must help their western brothers to solve these problems quickly as a matter of self-protection.

Western sportsmen have pledged to do their full share; they have come forward and offered full cooperation with the Izaak Walton League in this nationwide campaign. Chapters out there are being strengthened, many new chapters are being organized. We must strengthen our battle lines all over the United States, buckle on our armor, and get ready to fight this issue to a standstill. *Don't fail to confer with your U. S. Senators and your Members in Congress.* Have them understand what the situation is, and that you and your friends are intensely interested in helping to solve this western duck crisis without further delay. Bills are now being drafted for introduction in Congress which will correct the existing evils just as rapidly as funds become available. Further details will be announced later. In the meantime, *be sure to confer with your Senators and Members and get ready to do your bit. We must help save these western ducks now!*

## Save Money and Ducks

**Have you arranged to plant food for the ducks in your locality? If not, write National Headquarters at once.**

## Dr. Robert T. Morris, author of Editorial Silence, is one of America's foremost entomologists and the following opinion from him is of much interest.

IN the September number of OUTDOOR AMERICA, Mr. Robert Ransom wrote an article under the caption of "Florida in the Spoiling." He told of millions of dollars already wasted in draining the Everglades and of millions more that may be poured into a rat hole. According to Mr. Ransom the whole scheme of reclamation has degenerated into political robbery and the east coast towns are spending large amounts of money for water from inferior sources which they might obtain from Lake Okeechobee.

In the October OUTDOOR AMERICA, Dr. J. C. Crist answered Mr. Ransom under the caption, "A Protest." He made general denial and refutation of Mr. Ransom's points.

Who is to decide this question? It cannot be done thoroughly and well excepting by way of a Fact Finding Commission to be appointed by the President. From what I know of the Everglades as a visitor years ago and from what I have heard of the subject in general discussion, Mr. Ransom is the one whose points seem to meet with general agreement. Allow me to state a general proposition in the abstract under four heads.

(A) Drained land is unsuited for upland crops which in the course of evolution have adapted themselves to upland soil. In drained land there is unbalanced food ration for plants. Sometimes the excess of organic matter gives wonderful crops for a few years and then the bottom suddenly drops out, leaving the farmer with such an expensive proposition that such lands have been abandoned many, many times. In other cases organic matter has been washed out so largely that we are dealing with little more than the cellulose of peat. In such case, complicated fertilization is required and is often a failure.

(B) Drained lands containing a thick bed of humus which becomes dry are tinder boxes and are frequently destroyed by fire. Furthermore, the fleas which like to live in such humus may carry as much disease as mosquitoes of wet lands—healthfulness of a locality not being improved by drainage.

(C) Wet land crops of plants and animals of the sort raised extensively in the Old World and recently under way in Louisiana, Texas and Canada, may furnish much larger income than that which could be derived from crops of any sort upon arable upland. In the Sunday New York Times for October 2nd, Secretary Jardine publishes an important article entitled "Stabilizing Farm Prices." According to one item, "Land that ought not to be farmed should be put into forest production wherever possible. We should not spend millions to put more desert and swamp land into cultivation while land that is as good as nature made it yields an unsatisfactory return." So far, so good. Secretary Jardine would doubtless have added an item about large income from wet land products had he believed the public to be sufficiently well informed to receive facts which would be startling. The public is already "sold to the idea" of reforestation and a Secretary of Agriculture cannot afford to spring surprises upon a public although he may be well informed as to facts like those relating to the profit from wet land crops like muskrats, beaver, water fowl, fish, lotus, spike rush and the so-called water chestnuts.

(D) Vast sums of money are now invested in drainage machinery, drainage bonds and drainage contracts. The drainage question has gone so largely into the hands of promoters and politicians that their trail of ruin may be traced from Minnesota to the Gulf of Mexico and from California to the Atlantic Coast. The public at great expense is trying to undo some of their work in what hunters of deer would call a tail chase. An effort is now being made to reflood the great Klamath Marsh, the great Horicon Marsh and hundreds of smaller marsh lands from which drainage promoters took their profits, leaving farmers in distress, depriving water fowl of natural breeding grounds, ruining natural scenery and bringing about such a disturbance of the balance of nature as may be done only by man actuated by motives of greed parading under the name of "Progress."

Whatever Mr. Ransom may say, whatever I may say or hundreds of impoverished farmers may say, will count for nothing in the face of established moneyed and political influences that are at work upon drainage. A Fact Finding Commission appointed by the President opened our eyes to the waste going with unwise irrigation projects. A similar commission appointed to make inquiry into the facts about drainage might astonish a mulcted public that likes to hear and talk about things in terms of millions.

ROBERT T. MORRIS.

# The POOL

By NITA NALLE

Drawings by Uldene Trippe

THIS is a fish story. You can tell that by the title. It sounds fishy, don't you think? Of course, it might be a story of the races, but that too, in a way, would be fishy.

This especial pool was created by an arrangement between the river and a lovely old elm tree. The elm must have been coerced into the plan against its better judgment, because the pool was evidently undermining and bringing to ruin the Lovely Old Elm. The river proceeded with lappings and gurglings, in quite the usual manner of rivers, until it came to a curve in its banks guarded by the Lovely Old Elm, which leaned far out over the water, as if entreating the river to have mercy and spare its pied de terre. But the river only laughed, a low gleeful chuckle, and let its waters slide into the curve, making a swirl like the cowlick on a country boy's head.

Here, the waters were so clear and of such a dimpled brownness that you could see the fishes swimming lazily halfway down, or holding themselves status quo near the round rocked bottom by finnish movements. It was enough to make your mouth water and your blood boil to see such very desirable fish in such a high state of visibility and so very indifferent to lure of every kind. From a worm-baited hook, they merely backed away; forming sometimes in a circle to watch the wiggling bait with blank and fixed gaze. Minnow bait, dropped ever so gently, and allowed to sink with seductive languor into their midst, caused an instant retreat to subterranean pools covered by the elm roots. Evidently, they were pained to see a diminutive member of their own tribe impaled upon a hook.

But not always were these fish so sated and indifferent. And therein lay the lure of the pool. To be sure, nine times out of ten it appeared that the denizens of the pool had all been smitten with lockjaw. But that only added zest to the tenth time, when hunger, that most understandable of all human traits, seemed to seize upon the fish.

Upon these rare occasions, Mrs. Goozle, plus a beanpole, ordinary cord, worm baited hook, a backache, blisters and various mosquito bites, was apt to catch more fish in ten minutes than her worthy spouse did in an entire day of expert casting over rough water, where the fish are supposed to hold their own against the current and lie in watchful waiting for highly colored flies that skip gracefully over the waters and are teasingly loath to be swallowed by hungry fish. Mr. Goozle's equipment was always the last word from the fishing world, but Mr. Goozle was never allowed to fish in the Pool. It was understood, by word and otherwise, that he was to stick to rough water and up-to-date fishing tackle. Worms, beanpoles and pools were Mrs. Goozle's exclusive property—and most especially the Pool.

They were on the eve of a holiday, and the Goozles were all set for a fishing expedition on the morrow, and each was equipped according to individual preferment.

The Goozles, unfair, fat and forty, were enjoying a quiet digestive period after supper, while they fondly inspected their respective fishing outfits. Mrs. Goozle's was painfully simple. A beanpole that was not too upright to admit of a few gentle curves of beauty; a cord wound around its tip bearing a movable cork, two iron nuts, and, on its tipmost end, a fish hook. Mrs. Goozle unwound the cord, pushed the cork up and down it experimentally, inspected the nuts and the fish hook, wound the cord neatly about the end of the pole again, and with a sigh of satisfaction, was ready for any emergency in the gentle art of angling.

Mr. Goozle's problems were greater. Wrinkles of perplexity furrowed his fat forehead as he made troubled selection from the books of wet and dry flies spread before him. Mr. Goozle was somewhat temperamental. Out of his whole collection there were, possibly, no more than two flies that he would under any circumstances consider fishing with on any particular day. So far as he was concerned, all the other of the myriad collection, simply did not exist. Another day, and all that would be changed. Whole loads of care rolled from his shoulders after he had selected these two flies and isolated them. He then turned his attention to the welter of rods and reels and silk lines that surrounded him. The collection comprised every known variety, and among them lay the one and only rod and reel for this particular expedition. He attacked the problem with vigor, and in due time emerged triumphant, and sat back sucking contentedly at his pipe, the chosen outfit laid to one side.

The Goozles sat in silence and mused. They were too deeply steeped in anticipation to indulge in mere words. According to their different lights, each was an angling creature from the heart out and the skin in.

Their happy thoughts were interrupted by the swinging wide of the door as the other member of the family entered, Plato, the huge tame raccoon that the Goozles had raised from babyhood. He snooped around under the table hunting crumbs, and poked about in the fishing tackle quite unrebuked, wrapping inquisitive fingers around everything within reach. Nearly every household misdemeanor was directly traceable to Plato. He was a very devil for mischief of all sorts, but he was the core of the Goozle hearts, just the same.

Mr. Goozle regarded him now with a benign eye. "How much do you suppose Plato weighs, Emily?" he asked idly.

"Enough," said Mrs. Goozle. "Plato's never stinted."

As the 'coon paced close to his chair with that hump-backed gait peculiar to the species, Mr. Goozle seized him expertly by the nape of the neck and hefted him experimentally.

"That 'coon weighs near thirty pounds," he declared impressively.

Mrs. Goozle snorted. "Thirty-five, at least!"

"Good grief, Emily, what do you think you are weighing,

*"He hefted the 'coon again. 'I'll bet you a new hat against an hour's fishing in your old Pool that he'll go over forty pounds.'"*

a hog? 'Coons don't weigh that much." He hefted the 'coon again, while Plato snarled and hissed in protest. "Sure is a lump of lead, though." He considered seriously, hefted, and considered again. "Emily, he'll go over forty pounds," he pronounced calmly.

Mrs. Goozle shook with mocking laughter. "You've lost your mind, Sam. Did you ever hear of a 'coon weighing over forty pounds?"

Mr. Goozle was obviously nettled by her ridicule. "Well, I'll bet you, Emily. I'll bet you anything you say that he'll go over forty pounds. Let the scales say."

"I'm willing, Sam. It takes a powerful animal to weigh over forty pounds. What'll you bet?"

"Just to show you how game I am, Emily, I'll bet you a new hat against an hour's fishing in your old Pool that he'll go *over* forty pounds!"

Mrs. Goozle considered deeply and at some length. The stakes were high. Her eyes glistened at the thought of a new hat—with no price limit set. But on the other hand, her heart smote her when she thought of Mr. Goozle fishing for a whole hour in the Pool. Suppose—and she had a hunch that it would be—it happened to be one of those rare days when the fish were biting; her prestige would be gone in a trice. Still, the 'coon couldn't possibly weigh over thirty-five; she felt that it was safe enough.

"All right," she agreed finally, "but remember he's got to go *over* forty pounds."

In the kitchen there was a hanging scale. After a bit of difficulty, the growling, hissing 'coon was strung up, Mrs. Goozle slowly releasing the 'coon's weight against the scale.

They watched breathlessly as the pointer crept lower and lower. Twenty-five, twenty-nine, thirty—a lurch, and the pointer reached thirty-nine, then forty, not quite.

"Let go of him, Emily!" Mr. Goozle wheezed.

Forty—and a quarter.

Mrs. Goozle stared as if petrified, Mr. Goozle shouted, and the 'coon jumped. The scales fluctuated wildly, then stilled again at forty and a quarter.

Very slowly, Mrs. Goozle straightened up and looked Mr. Goozle in the eye. "Honeybunch," she said calmly, "I was betting on 'coon weight, and you know Plato had a quarter pound of sausage for his supper."

Mr. Goozle sighed and wilted. He had expected to have the hat to buy later, anyway—preferably later. And he had had little hope of fishing the Pool. Mrs. Goozle was sure to think of some plan to foil him, he felt. But to comfort himself, he turned back to a contemplation of his fishing tackle.

*"Worms, beanpoles and pools were Mrs. Goozle's exclusive property, most especially the Pool."*

Mrs. Goozle, in a mood of high satisfaction, was releasing the 'coon, when she was interrupted by a yell of anguish from Mr. Goozle.

"Emily, both my flies are gone!"

"Where'd you leave them, Sam?"

"Right here, sticking in that hunk of pork I had for bait."

With one accord they turned accusing eyes on the 'coon.

"You might have known, Sam, that Plato'd eat the pork!" The corners of Mrs. Goozle's mouth twitched. That piece of pork had helped save the day for her. Every ounce counted.

Mr. Goozle was moaning feebly. "They were the *only* flies I could possibly use tomorrow . . . I simply can't go, that's all!"

A sportsmanlike feeling moved Mrs. Goozle—especially when she thought of the hat. "I've got an extra hook, Sam, and you can get a pole anywhere—"

Wrathfully, Mr. Goozle waved her into silence.

"Suit yourself," said Mrs. Goozle, haughtily having the last word. "Stay here and nurse Plato, if you like. He may need it. That sort of fly was never intended for 'coon food. But I'm going fishing."

And this is where the Pool comes in. You see, it's still there. But there aren't any fish in it. Mrs. Goozle caught them all.

# Mr. Backus and the Wilderness

*(Continued from page 24)*

was hurt by the installation of other dams, in this region and elsewhere, there is little likelihood that they will ever be adequately reimbursed.

2. The dams would not mitigate the danger of floods as is claimed, but augment it, by raising the level to such a height that, in case of heavy rains or melting snows, the waters could not be held back.

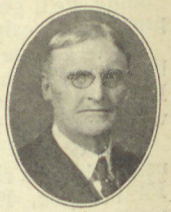
3. The new high level would inundate existing beaches, submerge many islands, kill timber in a strip around the shores hundreds of miles in length, would wipe out the many beautiful rapids and small waterfalls. The standing dead timber would create a grave fire menace. State experts have testified that serious damage would be done to wild animal and fish life. Water over the dams would, of course, be regulated for the purposes of the power plants downstream, the lakes might be flooded at one time or drained at another. The same fact would hamper the navigation by which Mr. Backus sets so much store, although there is little traffic in the region which cannot be served perfectly well by canoe. The proposed dams would actually change the course of some rivers, leaving several lakes permanently dry.

If these charges are correct, it is obvious that the Backus proposal is as deleterious to Canada as to the United States. That this is the case was indicated at a hearing in 1925 on a proposal by Mr. Backus which was of the same character, but not so extensive. Two hundred delegates appeared at this meeting to protest and only Mr. Backus and his allies to support. Those in opposition included representatives of the State of Minnesota, the Province of Manitoba, the City of Winnipeg, several towns in the district affected, the Izaak Walton League, the Arrowhead Association, and farmers and others living in the region. What the outcome will be it is impossible to predict. Mr. Backus is a powerful man, with powerful friends. Associated with him in this enterprise is another man equally influential—William F. Brooks, National Republican Committeeman from Minnesota and intimate friend of Secretary Kellogg.

The whole incident furnishes an excellent example in support of the case for power development under governmental as opposed to private auspices. Mr. Backus' scheme might be for the best interest of the region; but if this were the case, it would be purely accidental. His purpose and his only purpose is to make as much money as he can, by selling electric power, and manufacturing pulp and paper. A wise social policy would place dams at points where they would ultimately be of most benefit to the region as a whole; it would weigh the advantages of power production against a low water level which would decrease the danger of flood; it would consider the economic value of an industrial development which at best must be comparatively small, against a tourist traffic which already amounts to many millions of dollars annually on both sides of the border.

# POLLUTION

## *A problem of nation wide importance which the Izaak Walton League of America is pledged to solve*



Edited by DR. HENRY BALDWIN WARD

*Head of Zoological Department, University of Illinois*

*THE Portland City Club might with justice lay more emphasis upon the effect of pollution on recreational opportunities and thus indirectly upon general public health and the maintenance as well as the development of a virile type of manhood and womanhood, both in the city and in the State. The serious pollution that exists in the Willamette River and in some other places constitutes, as emphasized in their report, an evident menace not only to the utilization of the water for drinking purposes and for bathing, but also for all other forms of recreation which bring its citizens directly or indirectly in contact with the river. Boating and fishing give evident opportunities for infection.*

*Every rise in water levels overflows shore districts which after the water recedes are dangerous. Children like to play along shores and boys can hardly be kept from visiting the banks and coming into contact with polluted objects even if they are prevented from swimming by strict policing of the possible bathing beaches. The drawing of wash water for boats, or at the docks is often the source of infection, and will be practiced for convenience by ignorant persons however much effort be expended to stop such practices. Pollution will be carried by flies and perhaps by other insects around polluted water to adjacent buildings and may affect food supplies held even temporarily in districts near the shore. Thus in a myriad of ways the polluted stream exercises its evil influence on the community.*

*While as the committee suggested, education is important yet it should be remembered that delay is serious. Disease and death follow failure to handle such situations promptly, and the increased cost which results from postponing the work is sufficient to add appreciably to the burden. Here as elsewhere action is the feature requiring primary emphasis. The community which acts promptly acts with double efficiency.*

HENRY BALDWIN WARD.

# Report of Portland City Club on Pollution

THE Public Health Section of the City Club of Portland, Oregon, have recently published a most complete report on stream pollution in Oregon. The very excellent work of this section and its splendid report deserves the highest commendation by all organizations active in Public Health and anti-stream pollution work. The work is so good that we feel like abstracting parts of the report for our readers as follows:

### Consequences of Pollution

FIRST in importance is the danger to public health which arises as a result of the use of rivers and streams as a source of domestic water supply, and from bathing in contaminated streams.

A second consequence is the impairment of the natural beauty of the streams. This is a result of gross contamination at some particular point. Unfortunately, no printable statement can adequately describe the actual conditions at the sewer outfalls.

A third consequence is the fact that pollution, at least extreme pollution, results in conditions which make the polluted stream an unfavorable habitat for fish. This follows in part as a result of diminution in the supply of dissolved oxygen upon which all fish life is dependent; and in part as a result of changes in the abundance of those lower forms of animal life which constitute a principal source of food for game fish.

Both the Fish and Game Commissions are spending large sums in the restocking of Oregon streams, and it is certainly desirable that they should know that their efforts in this direction are not being neutralized by pollution.

### Sources of Pollution

IT will be noticed that this survey shows more than one-fourth of the urban population outside Portland to be exposed to danger from polluted water.

### Need for Sewage Disposal Plants

EVERY one should understand that the possible purification of drinking water by chlorination and filtering solves only one of the problems which arise from the use of rivers and streams into which domestic waste is discharged. Bathing in polluted water is hardly less dangerous than drinking it, and gross nuisances must always exist at points where large quantities of untreated sewage are discharged. As will appear from the data presented later these are perhaps even more serious matters than the pollution of drinking waters, so far as present conditions in Oregon are concerned. A city having a water supply rated as safe has had a typhoid epidemic which seems traceable to infections resulting from swimming in the diluted sewage from an upstream city. Gross nuisances exist at present along the Portland water front, and we are in a fair way to create an intolerable nuisance through combination of lesser ones.

### Cost of Disposal Plants

EVERY one should know that the construction and operation of satisfactory sewage plants is not an economic impossibility nor an untried experiment. The expense is considerable but not prohibitive and it is somewhat closely proportional to the population served. Seven cities in Oregon with an average population of about 4,000 have already installed plants that adequately serve for present conditions, and one city has built a modern and complete disposal works. While each plant must be an engineering problem by itself it may be said that costs range from perhaps ten dollars per capita.

### Pollution Not a Local Matter

PORTLAND has a water supply of ideal purity and safety. Why, then, should we concern ourselves about the pollution of water supplies in other parts of the state? Partly because we do not stay at home, and partly because the residents of other cities do not stay at home. Many a case of typhoid is brought home from a vacation, or from a business trip. Hundreds of Portland boys and girls are living in the college towns. Approximately three-fourths of the typhoid cases admitted to Portland hospitals during 1926 came from outside the city. A man may contract typhoid in one city, recover but remain a carrier, and start an infection in another city.

### Portland's Sewage Problem

BECAUSE of its larger size Portland is by far the worst offender among the cities of the state in this matter of stream pollution. We are very critical of certain foreign cities which carry their sewage in open gutters through the principal streets; but we are doing practically the same thing when we use the Willamette River as a trunk sewer through the heart of the city. It is true that at medium and high water the flow of the river dilutes the discharge of these sewers (there are more than fifty of them), sufficiently so that the pollution does not constitute a gross nuisance. During the summer months and with rising tide there is little current, and with these conditions sewage gathers at the outlets with results which must be left to the imagination.

During the construction of the Burnside Bridge the contractors were forced to divert a 24 inch sewer which discharged at this point because the conditions near its outlet were so disgusting that the workmen very properly refused to continue on the job until this was done.

# Rivers, "Cricks" and Swimmin' Holes

## By EVERETT E. LOWRY

ON a day before bathing suits and typewriters were invented, a country editor, opening his morning's mail, shucked out a MS bearing this unusual caption: "'The Old Swimmin' Hole,' and 'Leven Other Poems."

Now if one wants to make an editor mad it is necessary to drop only one poem into his morning's mail—a dozen is just 'leven too many—but this editor must have been a real outdoorsman. At any rate, he ran, "The Old Swimmin' Hole" in his paper, and by so doing, not only honored himself as the discoverer of James Whitcomb Riley, later to be known as "The Hoosier Poet," but through said publication gave a permanent name to what, at the time, must have been one of America's most popular outdoor institutions.

Along about this gay period there used to be a saying down where we learned to dive, fight and crack rocks under water that, "anyone who ever took a drink out of our river was sure to come back." The "saying" didn't exactly specify as to when, or from whence. It simply and tersely stated that sooner or later, the quaffer would come back, presumably for another ambrosial drink.

But that was yesterday. Pollution has since done for the deep hole under the sycamores, and the happy, hungry, stone-bruised gang that Riley sang of has given place to a generation that must needs take its synthetic swim in a tub, and dry itself with a towel. Also, people have gradually quit coming back for that "other" drink. Even the local fisherman no longer goes forth to fish on our river, and the small boy can now be located at the garage; lovers have ceased from admiring the celebrated moonlight from a rowboat on its surface, and only a few rude persons prompted, no doubt, by the hope of gain, may now and then be seen along its shores, hurriedly removing adenoids from clams.

Surely the old river must sometimes wonder about all this, and if its very best friend refuses to tell what the reason is, it's about time someone stepped forward and announced what everybody already knows—that its breath is awful!

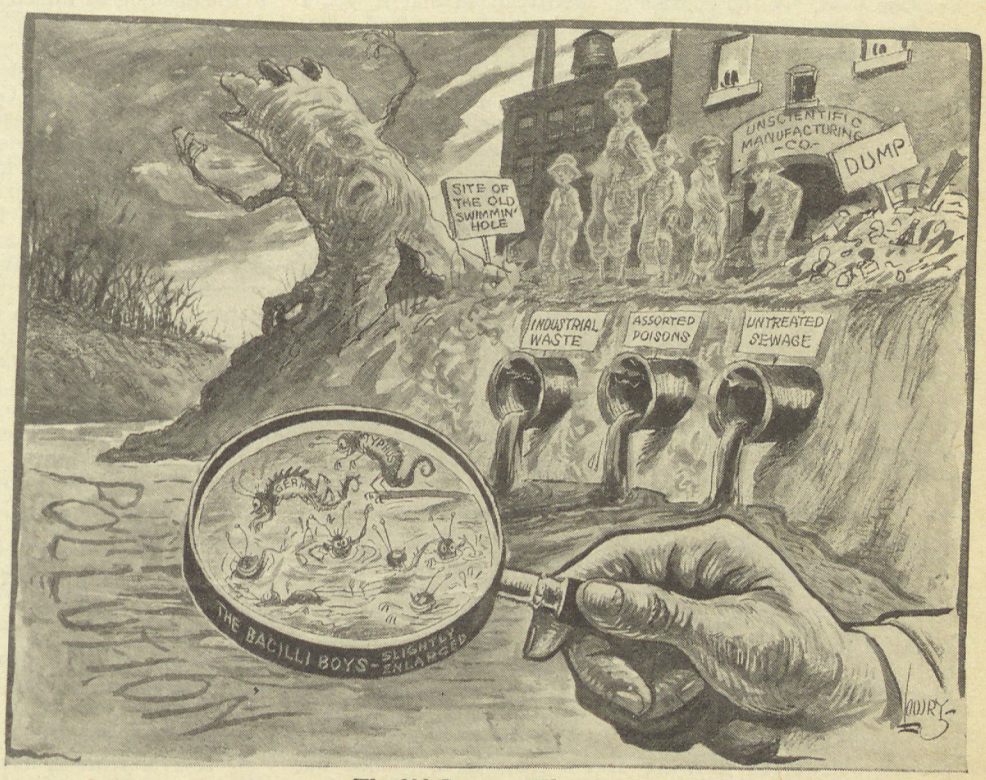
But getting sentimental, or getting satirical won't stop Pollution, and we've got to put a kick in this fight or we're sunk. Many of us, like Dr. Forbes, who for forty years has kept faithful vigil at the bedside of a dying river (the Illinois), have watched the sparkle fade from some favorite stream. Full well we knew this creeping death could be checked only through the courage and fighting spirit of an aroused people. Now whether old rascally Pollution slipped over into the statistical columns, or simply succeeded in losing himself among the charts and test tubes it would be hard to say. The fact remains that Pollution is still on the job, and we, as individual members of the Izaak Walton League, are mostly not on it.

But to quit this fight now is unthinkable. Such an idea never could enter the head of a true Waltonian, and yet, the delay is giving the enemy an advantage that will be hard to overcome.

It has been suggested that a good way of dealing with the Pollution problem is to take the map, pick out your favorite river and divide it into convenient assignments. Begin at the source of a stream and pass a finished job on from each chapter of the League along the stream down to the mouth. Where the enemy is strongly intrenched, shock troops may be brought up from the League's State Division. The pretty part about this plan is that it gives each chapter, and each member of a chapter a chance to put in some good, hard licks for the stream that is nearest his home, and, incidentally, nearest his heart.

Pick out your own river, Brother. I have picked mine. I choose to nominate the Wabash for the cleaners.

Though born in Ohio, the Wabash is distinctively a Hoosier stream. Like a great artery it rambles through the very heart of Indiana, and so important is it that its name is almost inseparable with that of the state. Along its course the first explorers penetrated the wilderness, and upon its banks and among its sycamores were reared the cabins of its first white settlers. *(Continued on page 43)*




*The Old Gang and The New.*

# What's Happening

*Important information of national interest will appear in this department each month to keep our readers in touch with conservation activities*

By SETH E. GORDON
Conservation Director, Izaak Walton League of America

## Too Much Game?

TO speak of too much game is bound to make one seem ludicrous. And somehow it just doesn't seem possible that in a thickly settled industrial state like Pennsylvania, with more than 600,000 sportsmen, about 100,000 of them large game hunters, there should be a surplus game problem. The Pennsylvania system of restoration has won universal recognition; how to best handle the surplus is the next problem.

Deer in Pennsylvania were practically extinct twenty years ago. The market hunters had done their nefarious work well. Predatory animals, deer-chasing dogs, and forest fires finished the job. A hunt of a week often failed to result in even the sight of a deer.

### Restoration Actively Started

THE Pennsylvania refuge system was inaugurated in 1905, and in 1907 the one-buck law was enacted. Even though the market hunters and the deer hound had been eliminated a number of years before, the kill of bucks in 1907 was only 200 for the entire state.

Beginning in 1915 an extensive system of properly controlled game refuges was developed. This was followed up by an intensive restocking program and a vigilant, unceasing campaign against predatory animals, including stray dogs.

When the buck law was first passed there was bitter opposition to it, but the sportsmen soon realized that it would produce better future hunting and that it *guaranteed a security from careless hunters never before enjoyed.* Observance of the law is sufficient reason but human life is too precious to take chances. The kill has increased yearly, and shooting at persons in mistake for deer in the Keystone State has been extremely rare.

### Season Open Every Year

PENNSYLVANIA has never found it necessary to close the deer season, or to have alternate close and open seasons. By 1913 the annual kill of bucks increased to almost 1,200 and the sportsmen so generally approved the buck law that they obtained further protection for the young bucks. During the season of 1926 the kill of legal bucks, all with two or more points to one antler, *trophies worth mounting,* was almost 12,000. Experienced sportsmen claim there are at least fifteen does and young bucks for every legal deer taken. If weather conditions are favorable, the 1927 kill will probably be about 15,000 bucks.

### Breeding Stock Increased Rapidly

FEMALE deer were zealously protected, and the sportsmen learned to abhor the killing of any deer except legal bucks. This attitude was encouraged; the hunters were really "over-educated" on it. Deer have now become so plentiful in the vicinity of refuges that it is not an unusual sight to see thirty to fifty deer in one herd. Instances of over a hundred deer being seen in an open field at one time in the summer or early fall months are not infrequent.

Forest fires have been much better controlled, and over considerable areas growing forest trees have shaded out succulent sprouts and other undergrowth upon which deer browse. Deer, like humans, usually scatter out when not confined by insurmountable barriers if rations become short, but many stay in the vicinity where reared regardless. Pennsylvania's large herds of deer soon began encroaching upon adjacent agricultural lands, and raised havoc with many crops and fruit orchards. Many landowners suffered in silence; others grossly exaggerated their losses. Most of them insisted that they be reimbursed in cash and that the deer be removed.

### Special Seasons Tried

TO pay all the damage claims was regarded as utterly impracticable. Special legislation permitting the control of the surplus deer was enacted, and the Game Commission was given authority to thin out surplus animals by trapping, by special open seasons, or by having the marauders killed. Trapping proved too slow and expensive. Farmers and orchardists were given permission to kill marauding deer and to use the carcasses under certain conditions. Special seasons on does were declared in several of the most seriously affected areas. The sportsmen who had learned to save the does and fawns protested. Farmers and orchardists on the other hand insisted upon relief, thus placing the game administrative officers in an embarrassing position.

### Commission to Direct Killing

LAST spring the Game Commission estimated the total deer herds at more than one million animals, and tentatively decided to open the entire state for one week prior to the opening of the buck season, during which special week female deer could be killed to reduce the herds. The sportsmen protested bitterly against a general statewide open season, because in at least half the state deer are not yet too abundant. Later the Commission decided to abandon the statewide open doe season and to employ special agents to go into areas where deer are materially destroying farm crops or orchards and kill off the surplus animals, the carcasses to be sent to charitable institutions.

It is the intention of the Commission to first thin out old barren does, but a State Game Department, whose regular function is to protect and increase the game for the sportsmen to hunt, now directing a "killing squad" is an innovation which is bound to create a trying situation. The outcome of this experiment will be worth watching, as few of the complaining farmers want the ignominy of ordering the official firing squad into action.

Ultimately the sportsmen must "swallow their pride," stand for a reversal of seasons in about half of the state, and help kill off the surplus does. If anybody is to enjoy "special hunting privileges" the farmers and licensed sportsmen should have first chance.

## Are Woodcock in Danger?

THERE has been considerable agitation during the past several years to have the Secretary of Agriculture close the season on woodcock throughout the whole country for

# *in* Conservation

*Seth Gordon is acknowledged as one of America's leading conservationists. His knowledge of conservation affairs is exceptional and nationwide. He will gladly answer any inquiries from readers of Outdoor America.* EDITOR.

from three to five years. In the New England States, New York and certain southern states woodcock hunters insist the birds are staging a fine comeback; elsewhere the sportsmen want them protected. This agitation resulted in Uncle Sam's cutting the bag to four birds per day instead of six.

Certain old seasoned woodcock hunters who rove about and hunt in many states, including eastern Canadian Provinces, during their ramblings say that woodcock are not decreasing but that under the changed conditions resulting from farm drainage, varying weather conditions, etc., woodcock can't be found in numbers in sections of the country where heretofore they were quite common, and that this is responsible for false unfounded alarms.

Regardless of the causes, the Biological Survey wants facts. The Middle West is much perturbed about the woodcock scarcity, and the recent announcement of Paul G. Redington, chief of the Biological Survey, that a nationwide, in fact, an international woodcock survey is to be undertaken at once is hailed with much joy.

Chief Redington wants the sportsmen in every section of the country who have knowledge of woodcock to give the Biological Survey their views on whether woodcock generally are increasing or decreasing. How are present breeding conditions in your section as compared in the past, say five to twenty years ago? How does the number of woodcock now visiting your section during the autumnal migration compare with former years? Is it your opinion that woodcock are entitled to still further protection by reduction of bag limit; shorter open seasons; or an absolutely closed season for a term of years? Mr. Redington states that "this cooperation from the sportsmen and sportsmen's clubs of this country and Canada will be of great benefit not only to the birds but to the sport as well."

Help the Biological Survey get the facts. *Write Paul G. Redington, Chief of the Bureau, Washington, D. C., immediately* what you know about these great little game birds. *Don't let's take any chances. Write now!*

## Western Game Commissioners Confer

THE Western Association of Game and Fish Commissioners representing the eleven western states met in Seattle this year, where Doctor Samuel F. Rathbun, Supervisor of Game and Game Fish in Washington, was the host. A telegram from Governor Hartley welcomed the delegates to the State of Washington. Among other things, the Governor said: "No more splendid recreation can be provided than that afforded by our game, and if it is to be preserved, constant vigilance on the part of public-spirited men is necessary."

The conference was attended by representatives of several Canadian Provinces, by Paul G. Redington, Chief of the Biological Survey, and Colonel H. P. Sheldon, Chief United States Game Warden, both of Washington, D. C., by Doctor T. Gilbert Pearson, President of the National Audubon Societies, New York City, and others.

### Need for Refuges Stressed

Mr. Redington stressed the need for a general system of wild waterfowl refuges and informed the conference relative to the activities of his Bureau. This was followed by a stirring address by David H. Madsen, the Commissioner of Utah, in which he again called attention to the waterfowl conditions in his state, and what he has done to save the ducks and geese. This subject vitally affects all the western states and much enthusiasm to follow out the plans suggested by Mr. Redington and Mr. Madsen was aroused.

Among the resolutions passed was one favoring the enactment of legislation by Congress for the establishment and maintenance of migratory bird refuges; one urging an appropriation to restore Bear River Marshes at once, also an appropriation to restore Lower Klamath Lake.

Due to the fact that the 1928 annual conventions of the International Association of Game, Fish and Conservation Commissioners and the American Fisheries Society are to be held at Seattle, the Western Association of Game Commissioners decided to again return to Seattle at the same time and hold joint sessions.

## Coordination of Conservation Agencies

ON October 17 representatives of all the large conservation organizations in the United States, including many of the Nation's foremost citizens, assembled in Washington under the auspices of a special sub-committee of the Outdoor Conference on Recreation to consider the coordination of federal conservation agencies. Mr. Charles W. Folds, of Chicago, Chairman of the sub-committee calling the conference, outlined the purposes of the gathering. He informed delegates present that while the Izaak Walton League at its last annual convention passed a resolution urging consolidation of all federal conservation agencies in one of the present departments, because it was thought such coordination might be effected within a reasonable time, this conference representing all conservation organizations shall feel free to study the question from all angles and proceed accordingly.

### Federal Advisory Board Considered

Bills introduced near the close of the last session of Congress to establish a separate executive department in charge of conservation matters, including national parks, were freely discussed as was the proposal of the Izaak Walton League. It was decided that neither proposal is feasible at this time and that it would be well to consider the wisdom of a federal advisory board on conservation similar to the Fine Arts Commission, a body of seven well-qualified men appointed by the President.

This suggestion seemed to meet with considerable favor, but there was much sentiment in favor of better coordinating all conservation agencies of our federal government as soon as feasible.

### Committee to Make Study

A SPECIAL committee has been selected to cooperate with a sub-committee of the Executive Committee of the National Conference on Outdoor Recreation to make studies and recommendations in these matters. Mr. Folds was requested to act as chairman of this special committee.

It was the sense of the conference that the Joint Legislative Committee, of which Mr. George D. Pratt of New York City is Chairman, shall continue to represent the various conservation organizations in connection with approving and promoting the passage of conservation measures before the coming session of Congress.

The conference was decidedly valuable, as it helped to clarify the general situation and brought about a much better understanding all around.

# The Days of the Wild Pigeon

**David Whittaker is 89 years old and looks not a day over 60, thus proving the practical value of an outdoor life. His memory of the days when our game was plentiful is vivid and accurate. It is the mission of the Izaak Walton League to bring back in some degree these days of plenty.** EDITOR.

By DAVID WHITTAKER

Drawings by CLEMENS GRETTER

*"Their spokesman faced the moon and stretched out his arms. I did the same. I never knew to this day what I did it for, but I guess it was all right."*

FOR three days we tramped northward, following the flight of the wild pigeons through the bluffs and over the rocks to the north. The fourth day we came to a hilly piece of timber, and in that the pigeons had started to build their nests. This was a grand chance for me to study their habits. So we found a good place to camp, near a spring. We made a bow-house to keep off the rain, and I told Honkepoti, Nolegs and the Oneida to take the dogs and go and get some meat for us, as we were always short of meat, and always hungry. They were glad to go. Indians are always glad to go on a hunting trip.

When they had left we took a survey of the roost. It ran along for about a mile over the hills and through the bluffs, and at a rough estimate I think from two to three thousand pigeons were nesting there.

We wanted to get in amongst them, to watch them, but not to disturb them. We came on an open glen down in the woods, with about two or three acres as round as an O, with a clump of bushes—an ideal spot from which to see them build their nests and watch their manoeuvers, fighting and love-making.

To get there without being seen was the puzzle. If the birds saw us, they might take fright, and leave and never come back—as they often did—and I would not like that to happen.

I said to Ahmoor, "Let us go to camp and get some grub and water, and sleep in here tonight and stay here all day tomorrow and watch them. Then we will come out tomorrow night when it is dark."

"No good," said Ahmoor; "no good; he much scare at night. Pigeon he see good in the night; he hear good in the night; he much scare in the night. He fly away and never come back. White man sometimes catch pigeon in the night; he get big scare and never come back. Indian never catch pigeon in the night. Pigeon never scare so much in the day; he come back. I show you."

### Stealthy Observers

HE made me get down on my elbows and knees. Then he blackened my face and hands with the black mold of the woods, and where my clothes were torn and my skin was visible, he blackened it also. He patched my skin with

handfuls of dirt. He took my hat off and shoved it under my shirt, and put a patch of moss on my head and stuck small green twigs into it. He disguised my legs and body with brush. Then he laughed, and said in the Indian tongue, I made good rabbit-jump. He meant a good place for a rabbit to hide in—a place where they are so well hid that you have to kick them out of it, and they go out with a jump; so they call it a rabbit-jump.

When Ahmoor had made a rabbit-jump of me he fixed himself in the same way. I looked at him and thought, "What a good mask that would be for a duckhunter!"

Crawling on our bellies, we started for the cover in the glen, and made it without arousing any suspicion on the part of the pigeons. Once there, we were perfectly safe from the eyes of the birds.

*"The moon shone through the tree tops and lit up the shore around our smouldering fire."*

Ahmoor took the brush we had carried in on our backs and made a blind, so we were secure from the keenest eyes.

The woods were alive with pigeons—such screaming and crying I never heard before. It is when they build their nests that they make the noise. With my glasses I could see the color of their eyes and the beautiful changing colors on the breasts and necks of the males. As they fought and pulled for the twigs to build their nests, a good stiff twig that would not bend nor break was a prize for them. When they picked up a twig they shook it, as our tame pigeons do, and if it bent or broke they threw it away. I noticed that if it was good and stiff, and the one that had it was going to fly to the nest, the others would fly at him and try to take it from him. Sometimes there would be three or four pulling at a stick, and screaming and flapping at one another.

The females in the nests above them held up their wings and looked down and screamed. The more the females screamed, the harder the males fought for the stick. Finally when one had gotten a stick from another and flown up to the nest, the waiting female did not snatch it from him as she did the other sticks, but pulled it softly, and caressed him with her bill, and he stood there, spreading his tail and stretching out his wings, and shaking the stick to show what a nice one it was. When she had taken it from him and put it on the nest, however, she showed him she was boss. There was no rest for him. She started him off with a scream and a slap of her wing—and he went back to his duty.

Small flocks kept coming in and flying around and looking for a place to light. When they found a place and lit down, the others already nesting flew at them and drove them out. Ahmoor said that, as sticks to build with became scarce, some would pull the nests of the others to pieces to build nests for themselves. The older settlers would not permit newcomers to build in any place in the roost.

### Nest-building

YOU could see the nests grow in the trees, so vigorously did the birds work. The females' sharp voices could be heard above the males', calling for more sticks. Sometimes the males got into a little group—to rest, I suppose—for they worked very hard. When a male desisted from his labor, the female became restless and would start to fix the nest over by pulling out sticks and putting them in some other place near by. Sometimes this would go on till most of what had been constructed was on the ground. When the old boy returned with another stick and saw his home pulled to pieces, he sat in sorrow, like an old man that had a young wife. When his mate took the one he had, he would hasten to carry back to her what she had thrown down—that is, what was to be recovered of it, for other birds had begun to make selections of the best sticks as soon as they reached the ground, so that the disconsolate male who had rested had not many sticks to carry from near by to the nest.

We could see every move the birds made, and the females were the most excited creatures I ever saw. For a stick eight to ten inches long they would pull their heads off, that length being their favorite.

It was growing late so we fixed ourselves like rabbit-jumps and crept out.

We came to a pond on the way to camp. We stopped and looked over, and saw a turtle stick his head out. We procured sticks and went in and got him, and two more, which made three. We had turtles for supper and breakfast, and finished up with fish. There was not much game, and the wolf dogs would trail nothing but wildcats and foxes. If they put a cat up a tree they would stay there until you shot it down for them. If they started a fox they ran it all day and night, until it got into a hole or they killed it. So the dogs were not much good in the grub line for us.

Ahmoor started to cut twigs for pigeon nests, and the others came and gave us a hand; so we soon had plenty of twigs for nests. I told the others they had better make some fish traps so that we would not starve to death, and Ahmoor and I started back to the glen.

When we came to the pond we saw bear tracks, and a place where a bear had eaten two snappers. Ahmoor ran back and told the others. They got the dogs and went after him. We returned to the roosts. We made rabbit-jumps of ourselves, as before, and crept out with some of our things.

Ahmoor scattered some of the twigs on the way to our hiding place, and the rest we placed near us. The first birds flying over saw them and lit down and began to carry them off to their nests. Sometimes two would have hold of the same stick, trying to pull it from each other.

Nesting trees were at a premium. Ahmoor said the pigeons would fly many miles for sticks, sometimes cleaning up all the woods for entire miles. They were going out quite a long distance for those sticks and twigs; so it took some time for them to come and go. Some of them seemed to have finished their nests. As the male stopped working, and refused to go for more twigs, the female scolded and flapped her wings at him, but he did not mind. He sat on a limb and looked down at her. When she got through scolding and flapping her wings at him he gave his wings a flutter and called out, "Pk, pk!" Then he began to preen his feathers, and I guess he thought, "My work is done; I will show you who is boss!"

I think that is what he said. for she began to fix the bottom of the nest, and got very uneasy. She began to pick the sticks out of one side of the nest and put them on the other. That displeased him, for he flew down beside her, flapped his wings and scolded her. She stopped pulling sticks, and settled down in the nest, and he flew back on his perch, the picture of contentment.

Ahmoor said, "Sometimes squaw make trouble like that and Indian say, 'You look out! I be old pigeon,' and squaw then be good!"

**Helping with the Hatching**

THE female stood up and called, and the male flew down beside her and caressed her. Then she got out of the nest and flew away, and he got on.

Ahmoor said she had laid an egg, and they would start to hatch.

I asked him how he knew.

"We watch them many times when they come to our country to nest. We gather sticks to help them make nests, so they get young ones quick, so we get plenty to eat."

In about one hour the female came back. The male got off the nest and she got on. They never let the egg get cold. They went right to hatching.

Thus Ahmoor was right. He understood the wild pigeon and its habits.

It was growing late, so we fixed ourselves and came out. As I did not like the bear meat, we went by the pond and caught two snappers and went to camp.

The Indians were lucky that day. Nolegs found a coon tree, which he cut down. When it fell the top broke off and split, and four coons ran out. The dogs buckled into one and Nolegs ran after another. It started to climb a tree, but Nolegs jumped and caught it by the tail and held it out from him. He called the dogs and they came and killed it. The dogs put the other two up a tree, and Nolegs climbed up and knocked them down and the dogs got them.

If you catch a coon by the tail and hold him out from you he cannot turn up to bite you. You are perfectly safe from him as long as you can hold him out from you. Thus Nolegs was the hero of the day as a hunter.

We saw no deer tracks in the bluffs. I think the wildcat and the wolves had driven them out. There were some bears, but not many. We occasionally saw signs of them.

That night it stormed and broke over our heads, and the first glare of lightning and thunder sent the wolf dog with his tail between his legs into our bow-house. The Indians grabbed the axes and guns and went out into the dark. They put their backs in a circle, so when the lightning flashed they could see all around them.

I have spent a good part of my life with the Indians of different tribes, but never except on this occasion had I seen them form a circle and wait for the lightning to flash, so they could see all around as to any danger that might be there.

The storm passed, and I was going nicely to sleep, when Nolegs began to tell the others how he had caught the coon by the tail and held it until the dogs came. His hearers laughed boisterously. I wanted to go to sleep, so I turned over in my bed of leaves and grunted, after which the laughing stopped.

The soft wind came up from the valley of the river, loaded with a sweet perfume of the early spring flowers, and blew through the leaves of the bow-house.

## CHAPTER VI

### The Indians' Woodcraft

A NIGHT THRUSH broke out into song, and his clear, silvery note rang out above the sighing of the winds through the tree-tops. I went to sleep with the music of the winds and the night thrush singing in my ears.

I think that bird has disappeared altogether from our woods. Its range was from the Ohio north to the shores of Lake Superior. I think it was closely allied to the ground thrush and the mocking bird, as it would imitate both of them, and resembled them in habits and plumage.

The next morning our breakfast was light, so I told the Indians to go for the fish-traps and bring up all the fish they could get. Ahmoor and I dug a hole in the ground about five feet deep; then we made a smudge. A smudge is a fire that will not burn, but smokes. So we had a smokehouse ready for the fish when they came. The Indians fixed the fire so it smoked and cooked the fish at the same time.

We had fish for three or four days. The Indians took the heads and entrails of the fish and put them out at different places in the woods, putting sand all around them, to see what kind of animals would come to get them in the night. The animals, of course, were distinguished by the tracks they made when stepping in the sand to get the fish.

I tell this to show how we lived in the valley of the Mississippi River and amongst the bluffs, in true Indian style. I tell it to show how the Indians can exist where game is scarce, where probably the white men would starve to death. We were wet almost all the time, as it rained nearly every day. We felt no bad effects from being wet or being hungry. This goes to show that the only life is the life outdoors.

Our smoke-house was proof against forest fires, as it was five feet deep. No sparks could fly to the surface to catch the leaves or dried grass. So the Indian took care of the forest fires; and by keeping a smudge in the pit, they drove off the flies and all kinds of vermin, as they will not work in the smoke.

On our way to camp one day, we stopped to watch a wildcat on the bluff playing with her kittens. She played with them just the same as a tame cat would play. Finally she saw us, crouched down, and sneaked away.

The reason an Indian can live so well in the wild state is that he knows the nature and habits of all the things around him—what they eat and what they do. Thus he knows where to go to find them when they sleep and when they eat. So he always is pretty sure to get food for himself, though at a pinch he can stand hunger very well, and travel on an empty stomach for days.

The Indians have a sort of instinctive knowledge which way to go and where they want to go. Even in a strange country, where they have never been before, they will always come out close to the place where they wish to come out. In the open country they will not walk against a strong wind. They say, "Too much to carry."

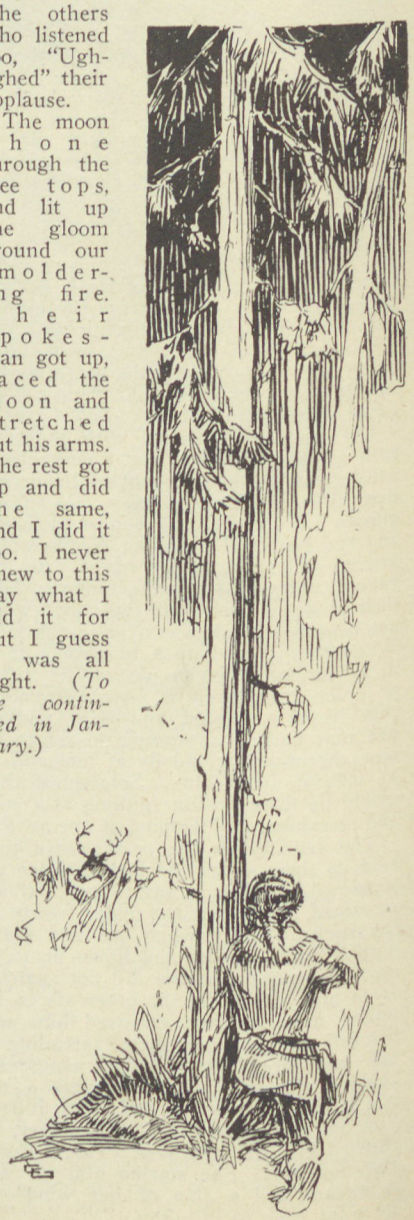
### Pottawatomie Visitors

THAT evening twenty Pottawatomies filed into our camp. When they saw our coons they asked us who would sell some or give them some, as they were hungry. I told them we did not want money for them. They asked what we wanted. I told them friendship, and as I spoke to them in the Indian tongue they were pleased.

They took one for every four men, made fires and cooked their supper. Afterwards the Indians mixed freely with one another. My generosity had made friends of both tribes, and I felt pleased to think it was so. You never can tell when the heart of an Indian turns to hatred and his brain burns for revenge; and they are at it like a flash, mostly with fatal results to one or the other, often to both.

Their spokesman came over to me and sat down beside me on the ground. As we could understand each other in his tongue, I told him about the tribes in the far west—about the Sheuanns, and Bull Tom who drove the Mormons out of Eden Valley, and about the Comanches who never were conquered, and about the Seminoles who lived in the Everglades in Florida. The others who listened too, "Ugh-ughed" their applause.

The moon shone through the tree tops, and lit up the gloom around our smoldering fire. Their spokesman got up, faced the moon and stretched out his arms. The rest got up and did the same, and I did it too. I never knew to this day what I did it for but I guess it was all right. (*To be continued in January.*)



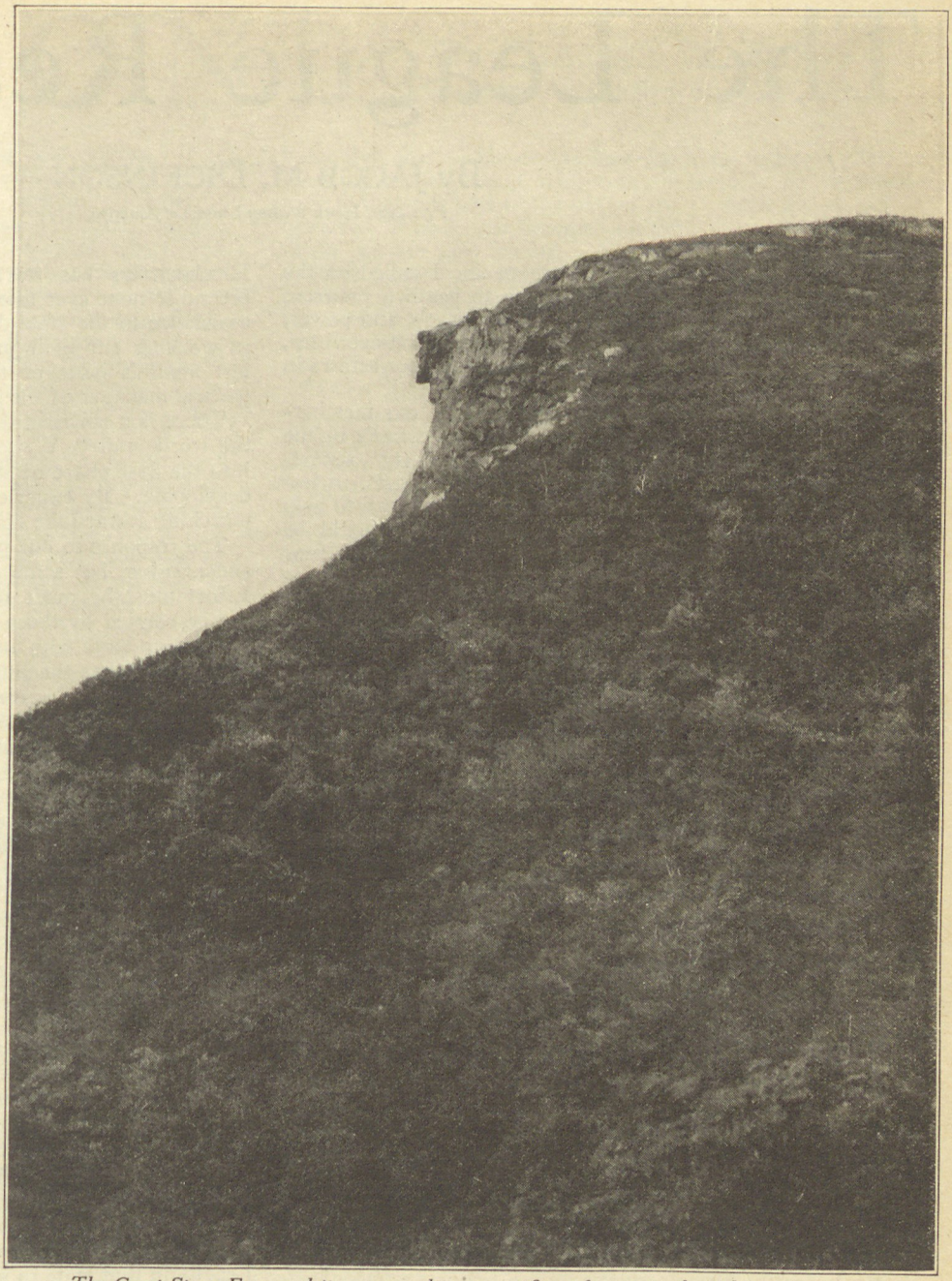
# Save The Famous Profile

## A Plea to All Forest Lovers

By

PHILIP W. AYRES,

*Forester, Society for Protection of New Hampshire Forests.*



*The Great Stone Face and its surrounding magnificent forests in the White Mountains.*

THE Great Stone Face in Franconia Notch has inspired hundreds of thousands of visitors. Nathaniel Hawthorne wrote his famous story about it; James Russell Lowell, in the first chapter of Moosehead Papers, mentions an amusing incident in which he asks the location of the Old Man of the Mountain from a woodchopper in the lower end of the notch, who had never been there; but the woodchopper asked Mr. Lowell if he had been to the top of Bunker Hill Monument and the poet had to admit that he never had been there, although he lived within sight of Bunker Hill. Daniel Webster said the Almighty placed the Old Man's face there as a symbol that New Hampshire makes men. However this may be, and no one as yet has been able to disprove it, although some of the facts are adverse, the beautiful timber that surrounds the Profile is in danger of being removed by destructive lumbering.

The State of New Hampshire and the Society for Protection of New Hampshire Forests are cooperating in order to bring into public ownership 6000 acres. To this end the Legislature of New Hampshire appropriated $200,000. For a state in which there is only a total of 450,000 persons all told, men, women and children, this is a generous contribution. The price is $400,000 and the Society is seeking to raise the remainder, of which $100,000 is the gift of the heirs of the late James J. Storrow of Boston. This leaves $100,000 to be raised prior to the first of March, 1928.

Everybody who knows and loves the mountains of New England, or the woods and mountains anywhere for that matter, is urged to make some contribution, even if it is only a silver coin. Those having the purchase in charge are selling trees in the Notch at one dollar each. Buy a tree in Franconia Notch! You can do with it what you like, locate it and care for it, but you may not cut it or mutilate it. Buy as many trees as you can. Contributions may be sent to James J. Storrow, Jr., Treasurer, 4 Joy Street, Boston, Mass.

Franconia Notch has more than a local appeal. It is one of the widely known features in American scenery.

### Society for Protection of New Hampshire Forests

Mr. James J. Storrow, Jr., *Treasurer,*
4 Joy Street,
Boston, Mass.

Dear Sir:—I want to buy.....trees toward saving Franconia Notch. Enclosed is my contribution of $.....

Very truly yours,
(Name) .....
(Address) .....

Date.....192 .....

# The League Responds

By JACOB M. DICKINSON

*President, Izaak Walton League of America*

IN the September issue of this magazine I called on the Izaak Walton League of America to begin a program of expansion, both in its own size, strength, and power, and in the scope and vigor of its conservation activities, such as had never before been attempted in outdoor affairs in this country.

At that time definite promises were made to our membership. The members were called upon to have faith in the League, to not grow impatient at delays necessary to starting the new phase of our activities on a firm basis, to immediately increase the membership of the League, and to help us formulate our plans for the future. If this should be done, it was promised, the League would, as soon as its new strength should justify it, undertake a program of conservation throughout America on a scale never heretofore attempted.

The League right now is fighting for the preservation of the Potomac river near Washington, threatened by private development. It is fighting for the life of the Superior National Forest, the battleground of conservation issues. It is undertaking ambitious state-wide conservation programs in many other states.

The League right now is launching one of the major projects of its history.

This is truly national. It requires courageous, constructive, creative action.

It is the saving of the wild ducks of the West from certain death due to wholesale destruction by PREVENTABLE alkali poisoning, as explained in another article in this issue.

Except for the work of Game and Fish Commissioner David Madsen of Utah on the Bear River marshes, in which he proved that millions of ducks were dying needlessly—you have doubtless read his splendid article in the November OUTDOOR AMERICA—there has been little done about the matter because it required actual constructive work—work beyond the scope of the sportsmen of the West unassisted by the sportsmen of America.

So far as our wild life is concerned, considered from a national angle, this is the most urgent conservation need of our day. Surely all Waltonians have learned to think of the wild life—especially of the migratory wild life—of our country in national terms. The sport of one is the sport of all.

This view is what makes real conservation possible through such an organization as the League. The days when sportsmen thought of outdoor sports merely in terms of their own shooting grounds is definitely past. The League has brought to American sportsmen the truth that the permanence of all wild game is a national issue, and that we cannot have good shooting or fishing in our own back yard if that of our neighbor is empty.

The League has embarked on a gigantic "Do and Grow" program of expansion for conservation to cover America. The burden is on the membership in both instances. Expansion means more members, more chapters, hence a great power. Conservation—constructive conservation, the only kind that really counts—for America is simply conservation for every community in America, and this can be accomplished only by the chapters.

Many Walton League Chapters in all parts of the country are piling up accomplishments. They are making better fishing, shooting, providing for more outdoor recreation for themselves, their fellow citizens, their children and future generations. No project ever carried through to success by the National organization has equalled or will equal the sum total of the accomplishments of the chapters in their own communities.

Headquarters has started a national conservation survey second to none ever attempted, and is prepared to give every assistance to the state divisions and chapters of the League in working our their problems, as outlined in an article in last month's issue of the magazine by Fred H. Doellner, general manager of the League.

There is a spirit in the League now which does not know the word "fail." Waltonism is growing. It is just coming into the first phase of its greatest strength. Its muscles are developing. By experience it is learning. It is deliberately marching toward the height of its power.

The response to our plea for EXTRA EFFORT has been encouraging, but some are not co-operating as they should. Effort must be made unanimous. The entire burden must not be carried by those tireless workers for the League and for the outdoors who are the first to respond.

Minnesota has the Superior Forest fight on its hands, and is undertaking the introduction of Hungarian partridges on a large scale. In the East, especially in New Jersey, pollution is the big issue. Seldom has the League seen a more stubborn and constructive fight being made on pollution than is being made by the New Jersey chapters. Illinois is likewise embattled—and her fight looks like a winning one. Campaigns to prevent and abolish pollution are being conducted energetically in Indiana, Wisconsin, Iowa, Pennsylvania, and other states. I have personally visited the chapters at Utica, Buffalo and Rochester. I attended the State Convention at South Bend. At all of these places I met earnest men and women members who would rejoice the heart and stimulate the pride of any Waltonian.

Izaak Walton League fish rearing ponds are pouring their products into the streams of the nation. In Michigan the rearing pond method of producing trout is successful. The bass ponds are more popular in Minnesota. The Florida division is active in this phase of conservation, and so is Nebraska, New York, South Dakota, and Texas.

Game re-stocking and creation of refuges in Kentucky is occupying the attention of that division, and the Nebraska division is doing the same thing. I have just returned from the Kansas State Convention. The achievements of the League in that state in securing a Conservation Commission, Anti-Pollution laws, and game and fish protection give Kansas an outstanding position that is at once an example and inspiration to other states. Oklahoma is busily engaged in creating refuges.

I recite these few instances to indicate that this League is up and doing, conducting conservational campaigns, DOING THINGS, in all parts of the United States. I firmly believe that never before in the history of conservation in America has there been such a wave of constructive activity. The sum total of propagation and conservation work being actually accomplished today by the units of the Walton League, and by the national organization, is magnificent.

The time is here when the outdoors of this country either will be perpetuated and used as a part of the life of American citizens as a whole, or will be destroyed in part, in part bought up by private interests, to the end that outdoor recreation in America shall drop to the status of outdoor recreation in Europe, which is in the hands of a few.

This great nation is in the making. Now is the time to determine our policies, before it is too late. One of these policies must be "outdoor recreation for all of the people." The establishment of a great machinery to assure this, to bring it to pass, is vitally necessary, and that is why there is an Izaak Walton League in America.

# ACTION!

By CHARLES W. FOLDS
Chairman, Executive Committee, I. W. L. A.

THE Walton League is swinging into action. It is swinging into action with enthusiasm. Chapters and state divisions the length and breadth of America are responding to the call of the President and the Executive Committee of the League for extra effort, and National Headquarters of the League is taking the first steps in the fulfillment of its promise to its members.

You have doubtless read the story by Seth Gordon in this number of the magazine about the Western duck problem. If you have not, please do so at once. The Western situation affects not only the sport of Western hunters, but it threatens to destroy a large part of the supply of ducks for the whole country.

This is the first step taken by the League in the national phase of the new expansion era, just as was promised to the members several weeks ago. This, of course, is only a beginning. In doing it, the League has undertaken a real job. We know that it is no light matter to undertake saving the ducks of the West, with the obligation of pushing it through to success in keeping with the Waltonian way of doing things as evidenced by past history. Yet such things must be done if wild life is to anywhere near hold its own. It would be much easier to try something that was already scheduled to go through—to endorse routine action by other agencies, to get on some "band wagon" and ride to victory with no chance of failure. But the Walton League is not out looking for feathers for its cap just so it will have a feather to stick there. IT IS OUT TO DO THE THINGS THAT HAVE GOT TO BE DONE.

The League as a whole is working hard to carry out its mission. It is not a "drive" nor a "flash in the pan." It is the working of a machine as yet infinitesimal in size when compared to its ultimate and final development. As we all know, the League's destiny is to become a force in American life which will greatly exceed anything that any of us have dared to imagine. I wish I could outline to our members what we have in mind for the not distant future in the way of national conservation projects, but this is of course impossible, since we would defeat our own purpose if we made premature announcements.

The "Do and Grow" era in Waltonism has actually arrived. The time has come for the League to surge forward and bring conservation in America up to a status in keeping with the necessity and demand for outdoor recreation, as considered in its broadest aspects. Frankly, this League has been too much considered an association of sportsmen. It never has taken its rightful place in the sun; it is only now beginning to make its appeal to all classes of American people as representative of a part of the every-day life of all of them.

Surely no American citizen can turn a deaf ear to the appeal of the League for greater effort, for the great "heave" that will do the job. In one of the first issues of this magazine, Gene Stratton Porter wrote an editorial called "All Together, Heave!" In this editorial she said:

"If we desire any sort of a heritage at all to bequeath to our children, each of us must lend a hand to enlarge the circulation and to bear out the principles and the purposes that this magazine has been launched to accomplish. Each of us must help with every enterprise on foot to save to the state and to the nation every remaining natural resource. It no longer becomes a question of what we want to do, we are now facing a fair and square presentment of what we must do and those of us who see the vision and most keenly feel the need, must furnish the motor power for those less responsive. Work must be done. It is the time for all of us to get together and in unison make a test of our strength.

"Once as a child, I recall watching a foreman erect the structure of a barn with mighty hewed timbers. At his command the men working for him took their places and when he cried 'All together, Heave!' the big square timbers left the earth and dropped into their places. One man could not have done this work nor could two or three, but working in unison for the same purpose many men could do it. The time has come to band ourselves together to save the natural formations, the products, the beautiful decoration of our beloved home-land—'All together, Heave!'"

It is fine to see the League doing just this. It is great to see the flood of letters, of offers to help, of pledges to exceed quotas, of recitals of conservation accomplishments, that is pouring into Headquarters. Naturally, Headquarters wants more. Mr. Doellner told me the other day that this stream of communications is the life-blood of the League. It is necessary. Every piece of mail that comes in designates another active member or active chapter.

Headquarters is equipped to handle any amount of such detail. The conservation department and the publicity department are organized, ready to respond. A call from your chapter brings conservation assistance from Mr. Gordon and a steady stream of publicity material from Mr. Hough. Under the experienced guidance of Mr. Doellner, Headquarters is working at full speed. To fail to take advantage of it is your misfortune. The chance is here to get full value from your national body, and I urge all to do it. If you have not yet been in touch with Headquarters since this new phase of its activities began, please get in touch at once. Do you want conservation help? Do you want publicity? Do you want to find out how to get more members than you ever have had before, and do you want genuine help in doing it?

Whatever you want, write to Headquarters. You will be amazed at the result. Your postman will think you have become the most popular man on your street, and your chapter members, if you are an officer, or your officers, if you are a member, will begin to think you have found a new fountain of Waltonian youth and energy. Things will begin to hum.

It is inspiring to see the Walton League slowly but surely getting into full motion. I hope if you are not already active you will become so at once. It is the great army of workers that counts. Ask yourself, "Are these things worth while?" and I know you will join with us and rejoice that our motto now is "Action."

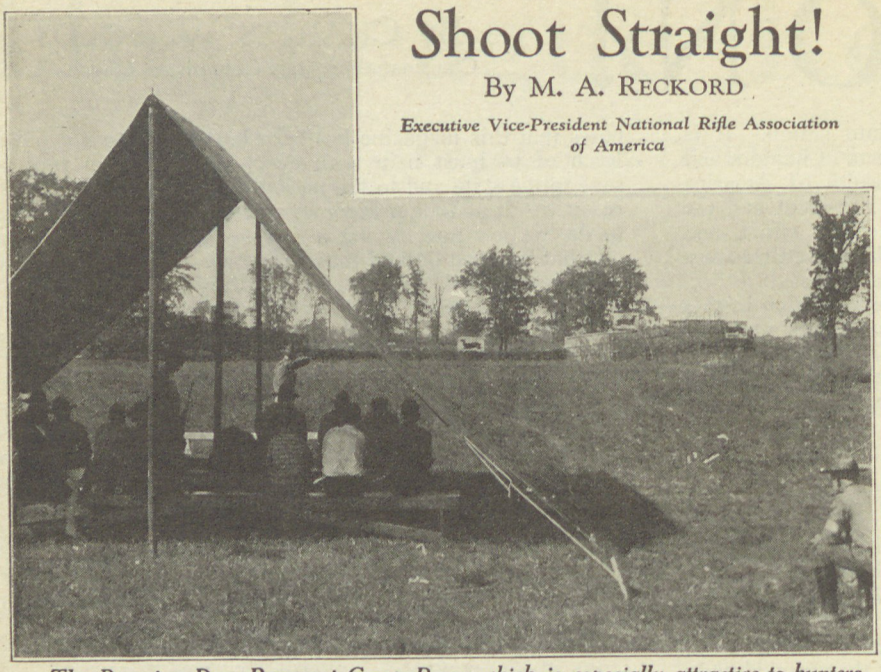
## YOUR COUNTY NEEDS YOUR HELP

**It is a tribute to Americanism and patriotism to say that one is a member of the Izaak Walton League of America. To know that one is helping this great Cause is to bring home a sense of self satisfaction and meritorious service well done. Thousands upon thousands of red blooded American men and women need only the invitation to become members of the League. If you are a Waltonian at heart as well as in fact, make every friend and person in your community a member, for the sake of outdoors and posterity.**

# Shoot Straight!

By M. A. RECKORD

*Executive Vice-President National Rifle Association of America*



*The Running Deer Range at Camp Perry which is especially attractive to hunters and outdoorsmen.*

NATIONAL matches are cramfull of interesting experiences for the outdoor man. If this were not so, more than 2,000 men and women who enjoy keen open-air sportsmanship might not have been on hand when the 1927 marksmanship competitions opened September 2 at Camp Perry, Ohio.

Perhaps no outdoor sport is so misunderstood by the uninitiate as is the shooting game. It is not always spectacular. It may never reach, with some, beyond a deadly-dull round of monotonous precision. On the other hand, when all its by-ways are explored, its possibilities expand at every turn in the road. Like any other game, it is what the player makes it. And at Camp Perry, stretching its mile-long firing line down the shores of Lake Erie, it has become the magnet which every year draws into the open, under canvas, a host of men and their families to enjoy a clean and essentially American sport.

It is a place where a man may come and tent, alone if he so desires, with members of his masculine kind, burning powder through long bright days and swapping shooting and hunting yarns through the evenings. Or it is a place where he may send his ten-year-old boy and be certain that his health and pleasure will be safeguarded while he is being taught that prime American trait, Straight Shooting. He may accompany his son and both may play at a game which is not too young for dad nor too old for dad's boy. But best of all, there is a "Squaw Camp," where mother can come and not be out of place in joining with husband and son in firing line contests. As a matter of fact, season after season more mothers are coming to Camp Perry; and young girls too—the mothers of the future—who in after years will delight to find that there exists between them and their sons a bond of mutual understanding laid when mother learned to shoot as well as any fellow.

Camp Perry and the national matches cannot be "thumb-nail" sketched. The range on which are decided small arms championships from the .22 caliber international match known as "The Dewar" to the big military team match which gives the shooting season its name is too big for a bird's-eye view. The national matches themselves, under which are grouped nearly a hundred separate competitions and which is in reality the epitome of the shooting game in America, are impossible of brief description. It is not a spectators' sport. Its virus enters only when the neophyte submits his arm to the rifle sling, his cheek to the pressure of the rifle stock, and lies hugging the summer sod, face to the distant targets, smelling the blown-back powder fumes, and thrilling when the far-away marker shows that the bullet has sped true.

And so, until you can come and see for yourself, think of Camp Perry as a place where the old straight shooting traditions of early America are being restored to an American boyhood and where teams of grown men representing the military establishment of the United States, and the National Guard and Civilian Riflemen of the several states are to be found once every year, out-of-doors, playing a national game.

However, a few cold facts may emphasize the magnitude of the outdoor target game as it was played at this year's national matches.

To begin with there were more than 4,000 men on the range, 2,000 of whom were rifle and pistol shots. This means that the War Department, under whose auspices, in connection with the National Rifle Association, the competitions are held, provided one man of range personnel for every shooter on the ground. These latter were the markers, scorers, range officers and others in similar capacities.

During the matches 543,000 rounds of government ball cartridges were fired in practice and a like number in competition, a total of more than a million rounds. This is an average of 543 shots per capita with the service rifle. This does not take into account pistol ammunition used or the more than 400,000 rounds of .22 caliber cartridges purchased by "small bore" shooters during the meeting.

In the larger individual competitions the entry list varied from 1,000 to 1,400 men, and the big national team match attracted nearly 100 teams of ten men each.

There were many scheduled matches and many informal activities this year which held general appeal to the outdoors man and special interest to the hunter, whether of big game, or the stalking of such small but wary quarry as the pasture-dwelling woodchuck and the marauding crow.

Of the competitions the running deer match, similar to those staged by wild-life leagues and hunting clubs, proved most popular, this event, a re-entry, having been kept open a much longer time than usual by popular demand.

How the shooters take to this form of target shooting was well exemplified by an old Pennsylvania deer hunter, who dropped in to try his hand at hitting the bounding stag. His rifle was a new one and his first string of five shots all missed.

"This never will do," said the old fellow. "This rifle stock don't fit me at all."

And, pulling out his pocket knife, he went to work on the stock. When he finished there was a mound of chips on the ground, and a large depression in the rifle stock. Then he went back to the firing line and made a score of 24 x 25.

*(Continued on page 62)*

*David MacDongal, 16 (center), District of Columbia, the winner of the National Individual Championship and the High School Individual Championship in the Junior Rifle Corps Matches held in connection with the National Rifle and Pistol Matches at Camp Perry, Ohio. Philip Renfer, 16 (right), Norwood, Ohio, took a close second place in the National Individual Match and won the Senior Classified Match. Lawrence Wilkins, 15 (left), Norwood, Ohio, won the two position Match.*

# Rivers, "Cricks" and Swimmin' Holes

*(Continued from page 33)*

The river has its history, and has had its beauty, but under any circumstances the old Wabash is loved by every Hoosier, at home or abroad and if we fail to crystallize some of that affection into helpful action it will be because we do not put forth the effort.

Ever since the Izaak Walton League was founded I have fired my feeble bolts at the Pollution monster, and as a register of results have kept my eye on the Wabash river. I may as well have shot into the air, it seems, for a recent inspection disclosed the fact that after six years the condition of the river is even more deplorable than before. Unless our streams are singled out and taken care of one by one it seems to me we are in for a very long wait.

So come on, Hoosiers! Let's get at this Wabash job!

Let our slogan be: "Bring Back the Wabash!" and then let us proceed with organized effort along the whole course of the Wabash and its tributaries to bring this noble stream back to respectability and beauty. Let's set aside a POLLUTION day, and advertise the fact. Let's ring bells, blow whistles and wake the public conscience. The newspapers will give us acres of space, the spellbinder will cast his spell, and in a short time we will deliver the Wabash 100% pure water.

Isn't the Wabash worth saving? Of course it is, and so is every other river in the land, and there's no time like the present to start the job of salvation.

# Are You Proud of Your River?

## Illinois Chapters of the Izaak Walton League Join Hands to Restore Streams

By SETH GORDON

*Conservation Director, I. W. L. A.*

ARE you proud of your river? Or do you constantly apologize for its condition? Could you safely jump into the old swimming hole down by the bend of your boyhood creek and play there all afternoon? Or are there signs all about warning the boys of today to stay out?

How about the water being pumped into your water mains? Even though after filtration and treatment it may be "pure" and "perfectly safe," if it comes from a filth laden body of water the very thought of its origin is repulsive. If every city and industry on a stream would take care of their wastes it would result in an enormous saving to and build up good will among their neighbors below.

Since the Walton League began functioning in more than 3,000 communities throughout Uncle Sam's vast domain, many miles of filthy, putrid streams and lake shores have changed color; many streams and lakes have been reclaimed and are today almost as pure as when white men first trod upon their shores. Chapters have brought about this change only by a constant, unceasing militant educational campaign in order to remedy the deplorable conditions which for many years existed simply because no one paid any attention to the streams. It was simply a case of getting rid of all waste matter in the easiest possible manner—dumping all filth into the nearest stream and hoping the neighbors below would stand for it.

Enormous sums of money have been spent to provide safe water supplies for hundreds of cities and municipalities. In many cases industrial establishments have been compelled to filter the nearest water supply before using it in their plants. Thousands of farmers have been forced to fence their livestock away from the streams flowing through their lands because one drink of the poisonous filth was sufficient to cause either sickness or death. Instances of animals losing the hair off their legs and developing bad sores from simply wading through badly polluted streams have not been uncommon.

Many beautiful residences have been built along the banks of pure streams; later those streams were turned into open sewers the stench from which has made otherwise valuable properties unfit places for human habitation Conditions in some places have become so bad that nearby property owners must keep their doors and windows closed during the summer months. Much sickness can be traced directly to these unsanitary conditions for which the affected residents are in no way responsible.

Unfortunately all too many of the conditions enumerated have not yet been corrected, but many communities have taken new courage with the organization of League chapters in their midst because cleaning up our streams has been one of the League's major campaigns. Prior to the coming of the chapters it invariably was a case of everybody being afraid to tackle the pollution question for fear it might result in either stopping local industries or impose additional burdens upon taxpayers already struggling under heavy tax loads. League chapters have soon developed the fact that these several problems can be handled without adversely affecting industries or municipalities, and that by cleaning up the filth at their backdoor the demand for home sites jumped, property values increased, and everybody was proud to have a part in the clean-up campaign.

Many chapters have succeeded in cleaning up streams and lakes with comparatively little effort. In other cases it has taken several years to develop proper public sentiment before a real clean-up campaign could be launched. Invariably it was found that a number of communities and many industries were responsible for the filthy condition of certain streams, and chapters in every community on the stream had to be first organized to make a complete job of the task, and why shouldn't they all help?

State divisions have secured much needed legislation and more adequate financing for state health departments and sanitary boards with which to expedite the clean streams crusade. Public sentiment for clean streams is now stronger than ever, and by pulling together, getting some real teamwork into the movement the "black sheep" which are left can soon be cleaned up.

The thirty chapters of Cook County, Illinois, recently banded together to clean up all the streams and waters within the county. A joint call was issued by national headquarters, Dr. P. R. Blodgett representing the Illinois Division Board of Governors, and C B. Miller representing the Maywood Chapter asking each chapter to send a representative to a conference. At that meeting the Cook County Clean Streams Committee of the Izaak Walton League was organized. An Executive Council of nine members was elected. The chapters were later asked to select an additional representative. The two representatives from each chapter head a local committee, including all civic, fraternal, church and other organizations, to develop proper public sentiment for clean streams in their respective communities along lines agreed upon by the general committee, and the work is progressing splendidly.

Very frequently a small special committee of a local chapter working with municipal authorities and representatives of industries polluting streams can secure the desired action. If not, then the plan of organization followed in Cook County should be applied to every stream and lake in the United States. National Headquarters will gladly aid in promoting a similar plan of cooperation for every stream in the country, but don't wait. Get busy now. What others have done you can do. Before trying to fight such a strong aggregation as filth and apathy, develop a real team that goes into action like a whirlwind when the signal whistle blows.

The whole plan is based upon the League chapters within a given area adopting one or more streams or lakes and making it their job to clean them up. In some cases victory will come in a comparatively short time; in others it will mean a concerted effort of several years, but it can be done by proper teamwork.

Are you proud of your river? If you are not and want to be, help organize a real team to clean it up.

# A Prince Among Friends

*(Continued from page 16)*

with the result that he wrote to and obtained from Sir George Birdwood and another authority in India two most aidful letters.

The last two instances occurred this very week. Unable to discover in which of Salter's "Angling Guides" an illustration depicting an angler fishing appeared and who was the author of "The Fisherman's Prayer" printed beneath it, I sought R. B. Marston's unfailing help. Though very busy, he took the trouble to inquire from the director of the Medici Society and from Mr. A. N. Gilbey, whose letters with the illustration appear in *The Fishing Gazette*, September 3.

The last—a very personal courtesy—in answer to my begging owing to a plague of mosquitoes in this district for his *recipe*, is best set forth in the words of his last letter delivered the day before he died: "In answer to your S. O. S. just received I at once obtained a bottle of Muscatol and have just returned from posting it," and this at a time when I know he was up to the neck in work! Such was the last courtesy to me of one (to quote his beloved Walton) "now with God."

"I am delighted to know that the Izaak Walton League and Outdoor America have proved such great successes."

August 10, 1927

R. B. Marston

Ed F. G.

# Yellowstone Park Extension

*(Continued from page 10)*

Now we see that the Forest Service holds the Tetons; we see, too, that the National Park Service wants the Tetons, so the Forest Service also has a valuable pawn. He nods affably in the direction of Mr. N. P. S. and says, "Why not make a trade, Mr. N. P. S.? You withdraw your objection to a rescission of the Presidential Withdrawal; you don't need that land anyway; it does not live up to National Park standard; yet we can develop it; for instance, in the northwest corner of that withdrawal are valuable potash deposits which will become extremely valuable. So you just let us get control of that country, and in return we will give you the head waters of the Upper Yellowstone River, immediately outside of the southeastern corner of the Park. That will give each of us a natural boundary line which we each need and want. At the same time the Teton Range is of no value to me, it cannot be utilized, at present, so you take that. And remember, Mr. N. P. S., that nothing will be lost to the family. Every inch of this land in question belongs to Uncle Sam; it is ours to dispose of, ours to control."

The Speech of Mr. F. S. is over; the trade is made, and now there is the beginning of a solution to the problem. But that third party, Wyoming, in many intangible ways, enters in. Isn't she presumptive? Isn't she an interloper inasmuch as she owns no part of the territory in dispute? Well, let's see. The reconciliation of the National Park Service and Forest Service viewpoints did not come about until immediately before the decision of the President's Commission. Before that time, while the National Park Service was demanding eight hundred thousand acres in the proposed extension, Wyoming had a strong series of objections. Her right then, to enter into the settlement, cannot be questioned.

The State Game Commission controls the game of the National Forest. Many inhabitants of Jackson Hole are dependent upon hunting and guiding for their livelihood, many of Wyoming's sportsmen would be deprived of their hunting ground forever, were all the Terrain taken into the Park which the National Park Service desired. Large sums of money which hunters from the state would leave behind them would be lost to the inhabitants in that vicinity. The State Treasury would lose much revenue which otherwise would be received from hunting licenses issued there. Though the fight between the National Park Service and the Forest Service was over Government land alone, the National Park Service wanted also large tracts of patented lands taxed by and under the control of the State of Wyoming. If that country reserved by Presidential Withdrawal was thrown into the park, it, too, would be closed to hunting forever. There would be no possibility of ever taking up fine ranging and grazing land along Pilgrim and Pacific Creeks; there would never be any lumbering there; no cattle and sheep range would ever be opened up. In the future, regardless of changing game conditions which might make an open season good for the game themselves, no hunting would ever be allowed in any of the extension. Yes, Wyoming had valid objections to the Park Extension. How were they to be met?

As already stated, the President's Commission held a meeting in Moran. The day before the recommendation was made, a lawyer from the southern part of the state made the strongest appeal against the extension. It was a very impassioned plea in which he said that he had been forced to submit to Federal encroachment on State rights when his whiskey was taken away from him, when his wife was given the right to vote, that he had successfully helped to defeat the lately proposed amendment which would have taken his children away from him, and that now he did not propose to allow physical territory to be taken away from his own state if he could help it. In other words, he entered the same objection which Wyoming in spirit had entered. I also would consider that an insurmountable objection if it were in order, but it so happens that that lawyer was speaking off the point. At the time of his speech it already had been decided that not an inch of Wyoming's territory was to be taken away from her.

The Forest Service already had gained the concession from the National Park Service that the land under Presidential Withdrawal was to be thrown open so that it would revert back to the control of the Forest Service, instead of being placed in the Park, and this concession had been sanctioned by the President's Commission. The result was that the large extension which the National Park Service had demanded at first could be contemplated no longer, and not an inch of Wyoming land could be taken by what might be called the Right of Eminent Domain. So Wyoming's main objection had been met. Her territory was not to be violated. Instead, the land under Presidential Withdrawal was to be placed under her control for the first time. Wyoming gains.

There was another objection that the Jackson Hole settlers would be driven out. But no patented land under the extension as now proposed, would be taken; instead, thousands of acres now held up by Presidential Withdrawal would be open to settlement and commercial use.

There also was the objection that with the inclusion of that territory of eight hundred thousand acres which it was proposed at first to throw into the park, Wyoming's happy hunting grounds would be greatly depleted. But that objection also has fallen, because, with the opening of that huge tract of land now under Withdrawal, in place of a six and one-half mile by seven and one-half mile stretch, near Two Ocean Pass, which is good hunting, admittedly, thousands of acres of heretofore closed land, all of it fine hunting grounds, will be thrown open. The northern part of Big Game Ridge will be taken out of Yellowstone Park and thrown into the Forest where the Fish and Game Commission of the State of Wyoming, will have control of the hunting. So, if this extension is made, all of Big Game Ridge, Bob Cat Ridge, and Buffalo Ridge, along with many other ridges and thousands of acres of small parks where there is the best big game hunting in the United States proper, will be thrown open, for the first time, since 1891, for now, for the first time the Fish and Game Commission will be able to control this area at present under Presidential Withdrawal without hindrance from Governmental Agencies.

Why will this country now be open to hunting? The reason is that there is hay enough for only 10,000 head of Elk, that the last Elk count made by the Forest Service and the Biological Survey, showed 19,640 head south of Buffalo Creek, and it was estimated that there were enough North of Buffalo Creek to bring the total number up to 21,000 head. In 1919, a bad winter and lack of hay cut down the Jackson Hole herd from 30,000 to 20,000 head. With a large herd as it now stands, there can be practically a repetition of the 1919 losses if a hard winter comes, so it has been recommended that there be declared an open season on the Elk in that country by the President's Commission. It is better that the game be killed than that they starve.

The objection that under the new plan hunters would have to skirt around the Thorofare Extension in order to reach Jackson Hole hunting areas has been met by the National Park Service which has offered to allow hunters to pass through that area with big game heads and without having their guns sealed by the rangers when they enter that area, as is required now within the park.

Another argument, and a weak one, advanced by those opposed to Park Extension, was that the enlargement was advocated by the Hotels, Camps, and Transportation Companies, concessionaires in the Park, for their own interests. In answer, I quote a section from the Extension Bill as follows: "In the areas hereby added to Yellowstone National Park, no roads shall be constructed, nor shall hotels or permanent camps be constructed, except along existing roads, without the authority of a Special Act of Congress, it being the intent and purpose of this act that areas hereby added to the said Yellowstone National Park shall be perpetually preserved in their present wilderness state." That explanation needs no elaboration, except the remark that it was included within the Bill upon the insistence of Mr. Larom, who opposed the former extension Bill so successfully but now favors this one.

The Genesis of the recommendation of the President's Commission is that the areas already described are to be taken into the park with the provision that there never is to be any development of any kind, that the areas are never to be opened to exploitation; that one hundred years from now, when all other parts of Wyoming will be overrun by industrial groups and domestic herds, this remarkable country will be left in an undefiled state, unchanged, with no embellishments by those who think that they can improve upon nature. Those who seek solitude, nature draped in her richest gown, a country, strange because it will be the same in the future as it is now, and as it was thousands of years ago, will look toward the Tetons.

The Forest Service will be satisfied for it will have gained a rescission of the Presidential Withdrawal; The National Park Service will have gained its end, the Teton Mountains and the Thorofare Country. The State of Wyoming should be more than satisfied, for she will have gained almost all and lost nothing commensurate with the gain, and the Teton Mountains in Yellowstone National Park will remain always as one of Wyoming's greatest advertisements, just as Mt. Rainier best advertises the State of Washington. The value of this proposed Extension cannot be judged by monetary consideration, nor can the value be realized until generations to come.

**We call on Congress, and the Department of the Interior, and the President of the United States, to protect us against any and every spoliation of our inheritance of beauty and joy in our National Parks.**

HENRY VAN DYKE

# Waltonian Activities

## News of Izaak Walton League Chapters

### BEAUTIFUL CABIN OWNED BY DES MOINES CHAPTER IS AN EXAMPLE OF "DO AND GROW"

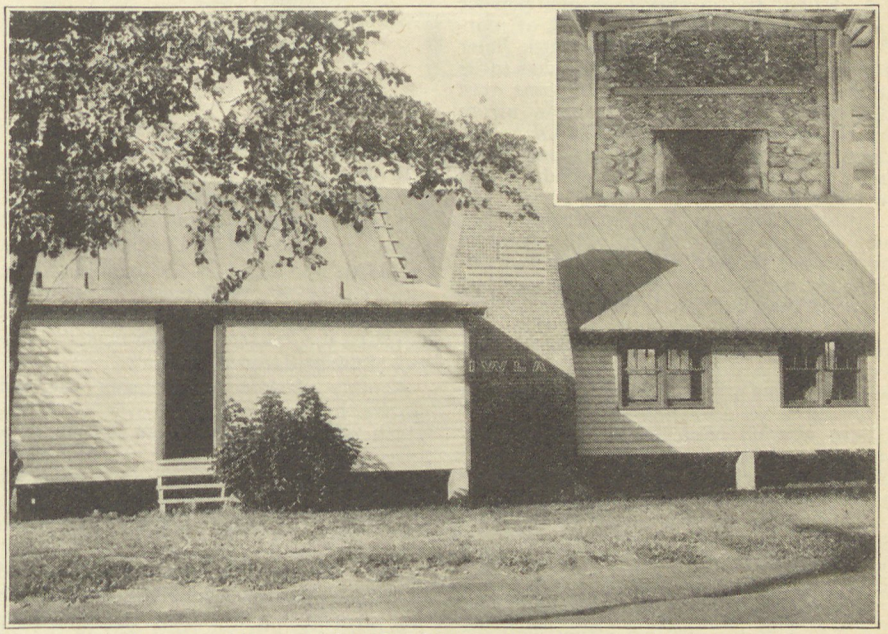
The Des Moines, Iowa, Chapter has just completed a fine club house. It is located in Birdland Park, which is owned by the city and under the City Council's authority.

The Gun Club, Horseshoe Club, Community Baseball Club and the affiliated N. A. S. A. C. Casting Club, are all located in this same park. The Club House is 25x60 including a large porch and a fully equipped leanto kitchen.

The chapter has given the Boy Scouts, Girl Scouts, Y. M. C. A., Camp Fire Girls, and to any organization in sympathy with the League's policies, permission to use its home.

This building represents an expenditure of about $3,500.00 in material and labor, and of this sum about $1,500.00 was contributed to the chapter. The fireplace built in this Club House is of unusual interest. It is 9x8 feet with a five foot opening into the chimney. On the inside the construction is of what they call "nigger head" stone, and the mantel piece of native walnut 8x4 by 16 inches. On the outside the construction is of brick and worked therein is a flag and the initial of the organization "I. W. L. A." The work and material for the fireplace were donated to the chapter by its friends.

The Iowa Division of the N. A. S. A. C. held its tournament at the Club grounds on August 28th and 29th, and were given the use of the Club House during the two days' session.



*Attractive cabin erected by Des Moines, Ia., chapter. Insert shows beautiful boulder fireplace.*

### THEY EXPLORED FOR MUSKIES (AND FOUND THEM)

Prominent Waltonians dubious about the muskie productiveness of northern waters recently met, hooked and conquered many of the aquatic tigers. L. E. Getman, E. A. Busch, F. W. Bedard, Champaign, Ill.; Luther Cummings, A. D. Wiggins, Gaar Williams, W. G. Clark, R. K. Silvey, W. H. Weihe, E. H. Weihe, Dr. D. A. Moses, Chicago, Ill.; G. L. Franklin, Pittsburgh, Pa.; F. C. Fletcher, Toledo, Ohio; A. G. Graham, Ivar Hennings, Dr. C. F. Wright, South Bend, Ind.; R. E. Milligan, Detroit, Mich.; W. L. Faulkner, Rochester, N. Y.; W. S. Carter and G. H. Giles, Ottawa, Ont., Canada.

Motion pictures were taken of the trip, the films being entitled "Tigers of the North," and "Invading Muskie Land."

*Twenty 100% fishermen went, found and conquered, as here shown, 100 lbs. of fighting fish flesh—the muskallonge.*

### BIG WORK FOR A SMALL CITY

Chisholm, Minnesota, chapter in sponsoring its Second Annual Bird House Contest, awarded $45.00 in prizes for the best designed houses of 188 submitted. A bird identification contest held during National Bird Week, drew over 500 children daily to study 88 mounted specimens. In a Bird Essay contest at the same time, over 1,200 essays were written. Following are a few of the other accomplishments of the Chisholm chapter since Jan. 1, 1927, as reported by A. C. Borgeson, chapter secretary.

Formed a Joint Committee with local Sportsmen's Club to handle planting of fish fry, wild rice, and other community matters. Will plant pike, bass, sunfish and crappies in Longyear Lake for the first time since dumping of raw sewage into the lake was stopped two years ago. Applied for second annual consignment of pheasant eggs and grown birds to add to birds liberated last year in this vicinity.

Kept in close touch with district Game Warden, and had local men deputized to assist without pay in protecting lakes and streams during spawning season; paying for their transportation by popular subscription. Sponsored a hawk and owl hunt during May, June and July when they do most damage to eggs and young birds, offering $35.00 in valuable prizes to members bringing in the greatest number of birds over ten. Will erect twenty-five official I. W. L. A. Signs at nearby resorts and lakes. Put on Second Annual Movies of outdoor life, hunting and fishing, securing films from National Headquarters, and showing two days including matinee for children in afternoon, at Philo Theatre. Voted to sponsor a lecture by Jack Miner in September. Kept in close touch with State Senator and Representatives during recent session of the Legislature by letter and wire; also congressmen in Washington. Have secured newspaper cooperation. Sponsored a joint meeting with Lions, Kiwanis, Men's and Sportsmen's clubs during National Bird Week, to hear Mr. S. George Stevens of Duluth, whom the chapter sponsored.

During National Forest Week a joint meeting was held with the local Women's Club following a dinner of the chapter, which meeting was addressed by District Forest Ranger O. R. Levin of Hibbing on reforestation and preservation of the forests.

### INSURING FUTURE SPORT

Dowagiac, Mich., chapter has gone to considerable expense this year in preparing fish ponds at a Crystal Springs Camp ground for the propagation of fish. They now have two natural spring water ponds, each covering about one acre of ground. Ten thousand speckled trout have been planted in one pond and on July 12th they had 20,000 bass fry in the other pond. The speckled trout were planted April 9th and at the present time have reached a length of about four inches. The Dowagiac boys have put into practice Benjamin Franklin's adage, "Taking out of meal tub and never putting in, soon comes to the bottom," but it looks as though Dowagiac chapter No. 2 will have a meal tub full of real sport before long.

*(Continued on page 52)*

# Gun Rack *and* Game Fields

Edited by
ALEC MERMOD

Gun Editor
OUTDOOR AMERICA

AFTER the invention of gun powder the early firearms consisted of mortars and cannon, and a little later cumbersome shoulder arms intended to be used as weapons of war. These guns were discharged by means of a slow match which was carried in the hand. Of course these firearms were inaccurate and unreliable and about all they were good for was to make a noise.

Space will not permit going through each step in detail, nor does the writer care to burden our readers with tiresome description, for most of us are only interested in firearms used for sport.

After the slow match period came the match lock which consisted of a hammer (containing a slow burning piece of fuse) and a trigger which released the hammer allowing it to drop into the priming pan. There was no main spring, the hammer dropping of its own weight, and of course this crude mechanism was clumsy, and not to be compared with our modern lock.

Following close on the heels of the match lock came the flint lock, and not until this was developed did the gun amount to much in either warfare or sport.

I have not the exact dates before me, but the shot gun, or "fowling piece" as it was called in the early days, did not amount to much till late in the 18th century.

The barrel of the early types was pierced with a hole or vent at the breech, and to one side. To the barrel at this hole was attached a pan to hold the priming charge, and this pan was covered with a piece of steel with an upright projection on which the flint struck, dropping the sparks into the priming pan. This piece of mechanism worked on a hinge and was held in place by a strong spring. The hammer was a clumsy affair fitted with jaws to hold the piece of flint. If the piece of flint was wet there was no spark, and while the priming pan was covered, it was almost impossible to keep the powder dry during a rain storm, so taking it by and large these early weapons were very unsatisfactory when compared with our modern guns.

Joseph Manton, an English gun maker, turned out some very handsome guns for the nobility, and was considered the best gunsmith of his time.

A Scotch clergyman by the name of Forsythe is credited with originating the idea of discharging firearms by the means of fulminate, and his patent was recorded April 11, 1807.

In 1814 copper gun caps were made, and by 1816 these caps were in general use, and the flint locks were laid aside by the majority of the residents of civilized countries, though they were still being manufactured in large numbers for African and East Indian trade.

As late as 1900 there was a small quarry in the North of England from which flint was shipped to Africa to supply the demand of some of the tribes who were still using the old flint lock guns.

The sportsman of today with his modern breech loader has no conception of the difficulties under which the gunner of early days labored, for he not only was subjected to a great deal of inconvenience, but was risking his eyesight or other serious injury every time he fired a gun.

In the early days of the percussion cap the hammers of the gun were not cupped and only presented a flat surface so that pieces of copper flew in all directions when exploded, but along in the middle of the 19th century W. W. Greener brought out a beautiful fowling piece with cupped hammers and the danger from the exploded cap was eliminated.

Another danger when using the old muzzle loader was from over charging, which often happened when a man in a hurry to reload would place two charges in the same barrel, and very few guns of that period would stand the strain, so the results of this mistake were often disastrous.

Gun makers of the different nations vied with each other in turning out, not only the best weapon, but the finest one, and some of the early shot guns were really works of art, far handsomer than anything built today.

Some of the early Belgium guns were beautiful, with elaborately carved stocks, and the hammers made to represent various animals, the dragon and the lion being favorite patterns.

Belgium led the field, as far as ornate beauty was concerned, though England has always led the world in building shot guns for practical use, no single part of the mechanism being neglected in any way, and the barrels being bored with utmost care. Outside ornamentation was a secondary consideration.

At first the gunners used a cow horn in which the powder was carried, but later flasks were made of metal with a graduated measure attached. Shot pouches made of leather were also a part of the hunters' equipment.

Before the days of small shot for the fowling pieces the size of the bore of all guns was designated by the number of round balls to the pound that would fit that particular gun. For instance a 12 bore gun was one which used a ball weighing 12 to the pound, a 20 bore, 20 to the pound, etc. This system of gun measurement still exists in regard to shot guns, but the bore of a rifle is designated by fractions of an inch in diameter, as 22 caliber means that the bore is 22/100 of an inch in diameter. While gun makers were experimenting for a number of years in an endeavor to perfect a practical breech loading gun, it was not till about 1836 that any of these experiments began to attract the sportsman, and even then, the few guns that were made were very crude and unreliable, so the hunters continued to use the muzzle loader, and it was not until the late '50's that much thought was given to the new-fangled breech loader, but from then on the progress was rapid.

A Frenchman by the name of Lefaucheux is given credit for the invention of the first successful breech loader, though it had many weak points that were gradually eliminated by the French and English gun makers.

The first practical cartridge was the "pin-fire." This cartridge differed from the one of today inasmuch as the primer was placed entirely within the case and was exploded by a pin which entered the base of the cartridge at right angles to the cartridge's length; this pin extended upwards through a slot in the breech of the gun barrel, was struck by the hammer and the primer exploded within the cartridge.

The central fire cartridge case was the next step, but for a while it did not prove

*"Most of us are only interested in firearms used for sport."*

# A Letter from the President of IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE

TRUE SPORTSMEN AND THEIR DUTY

"Big-game hunters—an Equatorial gang of cutthroats, wasting wild life to make what they call a bag."

ALFRED ALOYSIUS HORN
"Trader" Horn

NO one can rightfully claim to be a true sportsman who is dominated by a spirit of selfish gratification, and pursues his own pleasure with a disregard of the rights of mankind. When game and fishes seemed to be inexhaustible in our country so lavishly endowed by nature, such a spirit seemed innocuous and was not reprehensible. What seemed indestructible has in many respects reached the vanishing point. Now there is but a remnant left of our rich heritage. What then but rarely attracted attention, except from the few endowed with wise prevision of what would come to pass, is now not merely a blunder but a crime to ourselves, to posterity, and to civilization. The sportsmen of the country, who of all others best know the conditions and the pernicious forces at work, and appreciate what, if not arrested, will surely come, are of all our citizens those who should arouse not only themselves, but, by their insistent activity, the whole country to instant cooperation to loyally support all wholesome laws for protection of our forests, our streams, our coasts and their denizens, and where no such laws exist, then to bring about their speedy enactment and rigid enforcement.

Jacob M. Dickinson

*President*
Izaak Walton League of America

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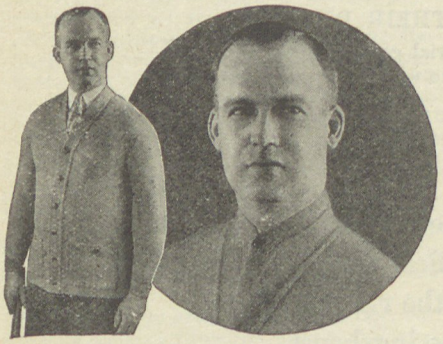

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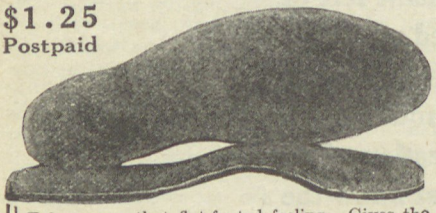

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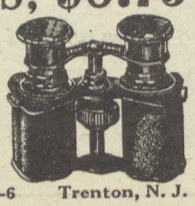

**BENNER & CO.** D-6 Trenton, N. J.


to be as efficient as the pin fire for it was not gas tight, and considerable power was lost.

Gun makers, both in England and on the continent, tried to improve on the tip up method of opening the breech to load, but none of these so called improvements were successful and were soon discarded.

There were a great many different types of levers used in the operation of dropping the barrels, but all of these types were eventually dropped in favor of the present style, formerly known as "the top lever."

The first action was that invented by Lefaucheux, and consisted of a lever hinged just forward of the trigger guard and extended well forward under the forend. This type was one of the strongest, for it not only operated the locking bolt but acted as a support to the barrels. The next in order was a curved lever which worked around the trigger guard and was pushed to one side to operate the barrels.

The first Remington guns were fitted with a lever which was curved around the guard, but instead of being pushed to one side it was pushed forward.

The first Parker breech loaders were fitted with a type called "the lifter action." This was a T shaped projection just forward of the trigger guard. Pushing up on this projection released the bolt and allowed the barrels to drop. There was still another action before the general adoption of the top lever of the present day; this was a curved lever placed on the left side of the frame, which could be easily reached by the thumb of the right hand.

Until the coming of the top lever this "side snap" was handier than any other.

About the next improvement was the invention of the rebounding locks, which brought the hammers back to half cock after being sprung, allowing the firing pins to be released so that the barrels could be dropped for reloading.

This device not only saved time, but added very materially to the safety of handling the gun.

While there was considerable improvement in the mechanism and general appearance of the guns there had been very little improvement in the shooting qualities, although several devices were placed on the market in the shape of shot concentrators which were placed in the cartridge case with the shot, but none of these proved very satisfactory, so the "cranks" and gun makers got busy and experimented with different methods of boring, and from these experiments came the "choke bore."

As far back as 1781 a French gun maker claimed to have a device for boring gun barrels in such a manner that the shot was concentrated to a considerable extent. On May 7th, 1789, there appeared in a London paper an advertisement to the effect that a certain gun maker would, for the price of 2 guineas, rebore any gun in such a way that it would kill a pigeon at a distance of 90 yards, but we have no record of this having been proved.

The invention of choke boring has been claimed by many, but it is generally conceded to an American by the name of Roper who was granted a patent April 10, 1866. Roper was only six weeks ahead of an English gunsmith by the name of Pape. Roper's invention consisted of a removable muzzle, but was adapted only to single barrel guns, and did not prove very popular.

The principle of choke boring was improved until a method was adopted that is practically the same as the one used at the present time.

Barrels to be choke bored are left about two sizes smaller than the cartridges they are intended for, then the barrels are bored to size to within about three inches of the muzzle. This method leaves the bore at the muzzle of a 12 gauge gun really a 14 bore, and this contraction causes the shot to be held closer together when leaving the gun.

Some shooters have an idea that a choke bore gun shows a greater penetration than a cylinder bore, but this is not the case; the shot pellets are held together for a longer distance.

The next stage along the line of improvement was the hammerless gun, and about the first to appear was invented by a German, and was a very crude affair, and never became popular.

Up to about 1878 very little attention was given to the hammerless guns, but from then on improvements came rapidly, and the sportsman who could afford it ordered a hammerless, but they were a rich man's gun for quite a while.

Along in 1879 Meacham Arms Co. of St. Louis had on sale a number of hammerless guns made by or for Harrington and Richardson, and at an extremely low price, for that time ($100.00). I certainly wanted one of those guns, but the nearest I came to owning one was to look at it through the store window, and all I got out of the view was dissatisfaction with my old Belgian 16 gauge pinfire.

The next important step was the automatic ejector, but we all know about this, so no description is necessary.

The latest improvement is the single trigger, which began to grow in favor in this country in the late '90's. Many a small gunsmith went broke trying to perfect a reliable single trigger. The early models were not very reliable, inasmuch they were very apt to double, and it was some time before this defect was overcome.

The principle of the single trigger is not new, for W. W. Greener experimented with a mechanism of this kind before the days of breech loaders.

While repeating rifles were in use in the '60's, a repeating shot gun was not brought to any degree of perfection until about 1870, when the Spencer was introduced. This gun was rather clumsy and heavy but it would repeat without jambing very often. The Spencer was hammerless and was operated by a trombone action.

About the time the Spencer began to be popular, Winchester came out with their lever action, and later brought out the model 1893 with the trombone or "pump" action; this gun was made with a solid frame, and could not be taken down.

The model 1897 was next and this model was made either with a solid frame or in take down pattern.

The automatic is the latest in repeating guns, and the "Over and Under" the last word in double guns, and this type is making headway among sportsmen, and is becoming very popular with trap shooters, as there is not the tendency to cross fire as is the case when using the ordinary double gun.

## LET'S GUARANTEE OUR DUCK SHOOTING

Ducks everywhere need food and refuges. League chapters are now joining hands in a big waterfowl food planting campaign. Ask your chapter secretary about it or write to National Headquarters.

# Herding Canvasbacks

By KENNETH F. REED

Photograph by H. Armstrong Roberts

THE sportsman who has never hunted in the sandhill country of Western Nebraska has most certainly neglected his shooting education. This peculiar region has a style and a charm all its own which I do not think can be duplicated in any other shooting ground in the United States.

A more desolate, forbidding territory cannot be imagined. A stranger, riding through on the train, sees miles and miles of miniature sand mountains covered with bunch grass, cactus and soapweed and his natural thought is, "How can a duck survive in a place like this?" But between every range of sand hills is a hay flat or valley, and in nearly every one of these valleys is a lake or marsh. The lakes are either swampy and filled with flags, reeds, and water plants of all kinds, or else they are open lakes, called by the natives "alkali lakes," with no vegetation in them whatsoever.

Ducks of every kind are found by the thousand, and good shooting can nearly always be obtained on the lakes and passes. One fact which will surprise eastern hunters, is that decoys are rarely, if ever, used. With such an abundance of wild fowl, the ordinary Nimrod will not bother with either blocks or live birds, but would rather take chances on a flyway over the hills or a pass in the rushes.

Cattle raising is the only industry in these hills and here, by the way, is one of the last stands of the big cattle ranches of America. Cowboys as picturesque as fiction characters are often seen riding along the ranges. Small bands of semi wild horses break and run at the approach of any human. The traveler can see prairie dogs, coyotes, rattlesnakes and all the forms of animal life which are symbolic of the old West. With the exception of barb wire fences and the occasional sight of an automobile, one could easily turn the clock back fifty years in their imagination.

But somehow in spite of the loneliness and desolation, there is a fascination to the sandhills which innoculates your system and makes you their slave for all times. The smell of the marshes, the whine of the wind through the treeless hills, the creak of a distant windmill and the sight of bellowing cattle all combine to make a hunting trip there stand in your memory forever. There is a saying among the inhabitants of this country to the effect that "a sandhiller never leaves the hills," and you can readily believe it if you have had the pleasure of spending a two weeks' duck hunt there.

This particular day was a poor one for ducks and chickens in the sandhills. Since early morning John and Elmer and I had faithfully tramped the hills and marshes with the net result of one prairie chicken and one scrawny gadwall "brought to bag" as they say in Merrie England. The ducks had taken one long look at us after the first shot was fired and then streamed over the horizon by the thousand, evidently taking the prairie chickens with them, from the scarcity we found.

Never had we seen the birds so wild in twenty years of sandhill shooting. The three of us were slated to go home Thursday and it was now Tuesday noon. We had sent the other four members of the party


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home on Sunday with their limit of ducks and chickens, but it looked as though we would eat tame duck all winter.

So it was a much disgruntled trio that met at the haystack to eat lunch and wait for Walter Ferris, our ranchman host to meet us with the car. Finally we heard the poor Ford grinding down the valley and soon Walt's good natured face beamed down upon us. We then cut loose a verbal barrage of crabbing and grumbling about the lack of ducks that would have blistered the hide of a wooden Indian.

After ten minutes of this, Walter remarked in his dry voice, "Well, boys, I've been saving a surprise for you in the duck shooting line and today's a good day to spring it."

"What is it?" said Elmer, the sarcastic. "Some tame ones that you wing clipped last summer, all staked out for us to slaughter?"

"Not quite, Elmer, but we'll slip over to Chain Lakes and I'll herd the canvasbacks in for you," answered Walter.

"Herd the canvasbacks!" roared Elmer. "You talk like you were going to run a bunch of your steers into the corral and brand 'em."

"Well," quietly remarked the rancher, "it amounts to the same thing, only you boys must do the branding with chilled shot instead of hot irons."

John and I meanwhile had not entered the discussion but had been busily loading the equipment into the car, ready to start, for somehow, these quiet, easy going ranchmen have a way of making good on every promise they make, and we suspected that somehow, somewhere, we would have a canvasback shoot before evening.

After a little more wrangling with Elmer, we all piled into the Ford and drove about eight miles southeast through the sandhills over a road which would have discouraged a mountain goat. Finally we came to a high hill overlooking a long, wide valley, and Walter triumphantly cried, "There's Chain Lakes and there are your canvasbacks."

After one long look, our hearts sank into our waders and Elmer even was speechless with disappointment and disgust, for if there ever was an un-canvasback looking layout, here it was.

Lying in the center of the valley were two lakes of about eighty acres each, situated possibly three hundred yards apart. They were typical open sandhill lakes, absolutely devoid of any kind of vegetation and with banks so flat and low on every side that a mouse couldn't have hidden himself successfully. True, there were thousands of "cans" in the center of each one of the lakes, but to get them, seemed to me to be impossible.

"This is a cinch," said the cynical Elmer. "All we need is a ditching machine to dig us up to the lake; then we get into our submarine, emerge right in the middle of the ducks and kill them with kindness."

Utterly ignoring this witty remark, Walter pointed right between the lakes. "See that strip of uncut hay there? Well, I purposely had the mowing crew skip over that last summer just to make a canvasback blind for you fellers. I've hunted around these lakes for eighteen years and if you boys will listen to me, you'll have one of the greatest treats of your lives. These lakes will only stand about two good shoots a season and to my knowledge there hasn't been a gun fired here this year."

Then Elmer exploded. "I've shot 'canvas' on Currituck Sound, I've been in the famous pit at Blue Lake, and I've chased 'em all over South Dakota, Iowa and Nebraska, but if we can kill those hard boiled old babies by hiding in that piece of overgrown hayland down there, then I'm a Chinese laundry and I don't mean maybe."

Then Walter appealed to me, "You've got some sense, I hope. Now please do what I tell you and leave the rest to me. Sneak down to that hay patch, keeping as low as you can. Better go the last hundred yards flat on your stomach. Get in the grass and keep down. You won't lose a bird you kill, so whatever you do, keep your eyes open until I get back."

As there was nothing else to do, we obeyed instructions and after ten minutes of breathless creeping, slid into the fragrant wild hay which was about three feet high. We arranged our shells carefully, pulled the grass over us, gripped our guns and looked back at Walter.

He was still sitting in the Ford and when he saw we were nicely located, waved

*"I've shot 'canvas' on Currituck Sound, I've been in the famous pit at Blue Lake, and I've chased 'em all over South Dakota, Iowa and Nebraska."*

his hand and started the car down the valley towards the south lake. After about twenty minutes' waiting we heard him shoot twice and then the action started.

At the sound of the shots, a white mass seemed to rise off the south lake and move rapidly our way like a snow squall in a forty-mile wind. Canvasbacks! Well, I guess! We could see flock after flock of these big fellows lined out for the north lake and headed right for our hay clump at the rate of one hundred miles an hour. Almost before we had a good look at them, the leaders were over us.

Then the cannonade started. It seemed as if birds were falling over all the landscape. With fingers that seemed all thumbs, we grabbed in our pockets for shells, loaded up and shot again.

Like all good things, the flight was soon over. It seemed as though we had been shooting an hour, but in reality only a few minutes had elapsed since Walter routed them out. We picked up eighteen fine "canners" without losing a cripple. Imagine, you old canvasback hunters, who have chased winged birds for hours in a heavy boat, how it seemed to have these feathered divers fall on a cut hay meadow in grass about an inch high. It was indeed hunting deluxe.

Soon Walter returned to us and cast a disparaging eye over our bag. "Want me to get you boys a net to catch 'em? Those birds were close enough to hit with the gun stock let alone shootin' at 'em. Now this little shoot is just the preliminary, 'cause when I rout 'em out of North Lake, you'll think all the 'cans' in the country are coming down here for a convention. Now lay low, lead 'em plenty and throw more shot and less bull."

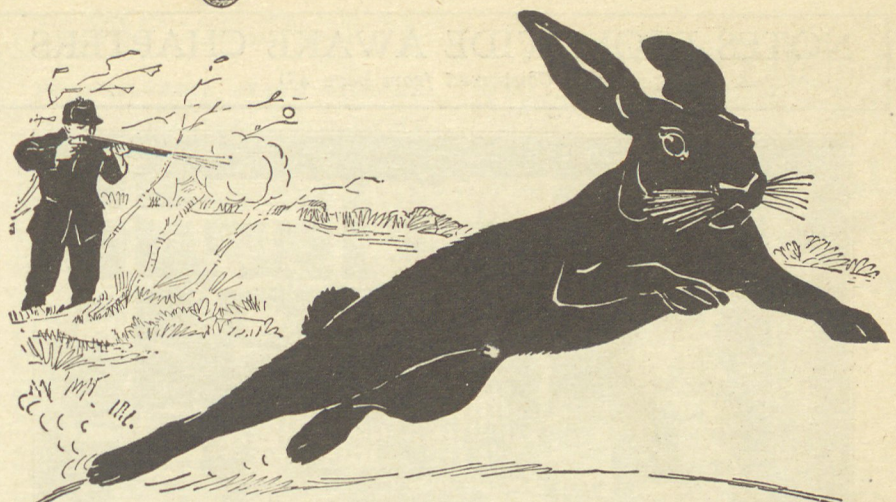
After this call down from our genial host, we subsided meekly into the grass and watched him make a detour around the North lake. As before he sneaked down to the bank and shot twice.

Never in my life have I heard a sound like the raising of that raft of canvasback. It was like a thundershower composed of white feathered birds. They roared like a tornado and came down wind, making the very air shriek with their wings.

The next few minutes are hazy in my memory. I can remember loading and shooting at red headed thunderbolts that seemed determined to knock my head off. Singles, rushing head on with their old bull necks bowed and wings moving so fast they seemed stationary. Large flocks where no aim was taken, just two wild shots fired as quick as triggers could be pulled and then frantic reloading for the next bunch. Doubles where a twelve foot lead would be taken on the first bird and his mate eight feet behind would drop to the ground and bounce higher than a man's head. Just shooting, no aiming. So many birds it was hard to know where to point the gun, and always the roaring and rushing of wings overhead. I can remember two men with me yelling like Indians as big bodies fell out of the air and thumped all around us; but the whole affair is like a dream that one tries to recall upon awakening.

. . . . . .

When Walter brought up the Ford we had forty-one fine canvasback on the game carriers and a grin on each one of our faces which threatened to displace our ears. Was there ever such a finish for three previously disgusted duck hunters? An hour before, we could have murdered anyone who even intimated that it was possible to kill any ducks in this Godforsaken land. Now the sun shone brightly, an air of good fellowship permeated our beings and we were at peace with the world.

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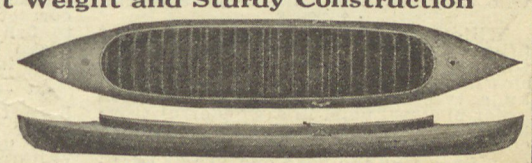

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# NOTES FROM WIDE AWAKE CHAPTERS

*(Continued from page 45)*

*Big returns to Marshall, Mo.; Chapter from this attractive window display.*

Marshall, Mo.—J. V. Burroughs, secretary of this chapter, has a reason to feel happy about the activities of the members, especially in the preparation of an exhibit for the Annual Fall Festival held recently in Marshall, Mo. The unique window display consisted of mounted hawks, ducks, owls, loons, quail, squirrels, rabbits, fish, etc. Most of the taxidermy work was done by Tony Davis, a chapter member. On a large placard in the center of the exhibit was this exhortation—"Obey Game and Fish laws—Join the Izaak Walton League. Help us make Missouri the best hunting and fishing state in the Union." Wm. Fewel, deputy Game Warden from Sedalia spent much of his time around the exhibit discussing conservation problems with local chapter members and prospective Waltonians.

* * *

Niles, O.—Mason C. Winfield, secretary, reports in a recent letter that they have been active in a pollution campaign and that members of the chapter have formed squads and are putting in much manual labor in beautifying local surroundings. Mr. Winfield in a recent letter states, "I hasten to pledge to you the whole-hearted support of our chapter in the great movement that is being launched. You can count on us for more than fulfilling any quota of memberships which you may, in reason, allot our chapter." This is an example of the genuine co-operation that we are receiving from all parts of the United States. We thank you Niles chapter for this hearty co-operation.

* * *

Yakima, Wash.—James T. Kerr, president of this chapter reports the results of an exhibit conducted by their chapter in co-operation with the Washington State Game Department at the Washington State Fair which netted the chapter a big return in membership and publicity. The exhibit was located in the main building and consisted of mounted birds and animals, also eight tanks of various species of fish. Native migratory birds and pens containing beaver, coyote, porcupine and mink, furnished amusement to practically all of the sixty thousand visitors at the state fair. Among the exhibits were conspicuously displayed the Pledge, Aims and Ideals of the League, while chapter members remained on duty throughout the week distributing pamphlets and giving information to those interested in the work of the League. Washington chapters are not slow to take advantage of an opportunity like this to tell the public who they are and what they represent.

* * *

Wilton, N. H.—G. Proctor reports that fifteen good loyal Waltonians went up the Stony Brook and spent the day in blowing out a big dam which was caused by a tree falling down and making a great pickerel pond in a wonderful trout brook. They used over fifty sticks of T-N-T and did a good job. As usual, O. J. Shea was the head one. Their chapter is alive and they are to put in three trout rearing stations at once and some of the members are to raise some quail and ring necks.

* * *

Waynesburg, Pa.—The Green County Chapter is preparing to make a big drive for new members. This group of real fellows represents one of the largest chapters in Pennsylvania. Their objective in the new membership drive is one thousand new members. The boys are showing a great deal of activity and no doubt intend to maintain the lead in Pennsylvania.

* * *

Durango, Colo.—Members of this chapter are determined to have good fishing in the San Juan Basin. Recently they delivered 125 cans of fry averaging about four inches from the Durango hatchery to the newly constructed Haviland Lake near Rockwood. The fish are all thoroughbred rainbow trout hatched from spawn imported from Utah. The State Game and Fish Department estimate that the Haviland lake will furnish at least ten million rainbow spawn annually which is about equal to the full capacity of the new Durango hatchery.

* * *

Merrell, Wis.—This chapter has liberated about twenty of its young pheasants and has reserved fifty which are being kept in breeding pens. This chapter has also distributed about four thousand of the trout which were reared in the chapter's hatchery.

* * *

Joseph, Ore.—A clipping from the *Joseph Herald* states that the Joseph chapter, through co-operation of State Fish and Game officials have planted six thousand bass, catfish and crappies in local waters. These fish are not native to the locality and the chapter members are watching the experiment closely with a plan of restocking many lakes and streams in the state with such fish that thrive under local climatic conditions.

* * *

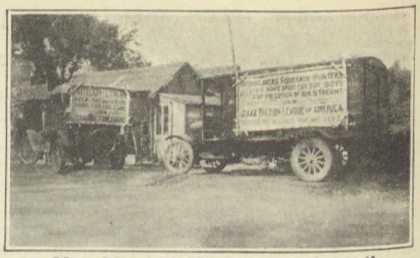
Colton, Calif.—Secretary E. W. Boerstler reports that his chapter is forming an archery club. Archery is fast gaining favor among sportsmen and a number of our chapters have taken up this interesting and healthful outdoor sport. The Colton boys are to be complimented for taking the initiative. We predict that many interchapter archery clubs will be organized within the coming year.

* * *

Syracuse, N. Y.—Conservation work in central New York for the coming season was outlined at the first fall meeting of the Syracuse chapter. Talks were given by Wm. H. Weston, Division Inspector of the New York State Conservation Commission and Max H. Frey of Chittenango. A campaign to start cleaning streams in the Syracuse district and to correct conditions that are detrimental to fish has started. The Committee on Clean Waters made a report on its surveys in six New York streams.

* * *

Ft. Worth, Tex.—Action is being taken here to stop pollution of the Trinity River and other streams. Officials of four local oil refineries were accused of polluting the Trinity River by Commission District Attorney Sam Baskin. The Game Fish and Oyster Commission with the co-operation of local sportsmen are sponsoring the drive with the sanction of the Attorney General's office. Many complaints have been received from farmers living on the Trinity below Ft. Worth.



*How Verona, N. J., "broadcasts."*

### VERONA, N. J., ONE OF OUR YOUNG LEADERS

The Verona chapter staged their charter night meeting with a complete program and started off the chapter with a big "bang." The program consisted of a short address by the temporary president; election of officers and directors; an address by ex-congressman Van Duzer, two reels of outdoor life pictures shown by the Rev. Thomas Travis of Mt. Clair, an address by Mayor Slayback, and ex-secretary J. H. Harrison; and six reels of hunting and fishing pictures. Since this chapter organized, they are outdoing fifty percent of the old organized chapters in their mighty enthusiastic and constructive efforts. The accompanying picture will give you an idea of how the Verona boys are delivering the League's message to their community. They have adopted—and are surely putting into effect, the good slogan "Do and Grow." Their publicity, membership and conservation committees are on their toes one hundred percent. More power to you, Verona, we are watching your smoke.

### CROMWELL, MINN., CHAPTER "DOINGS" AS REPORTED BY THEIR "SNOW SHOE LARSON"

(Editor's note: You will do well to follow the activities of this chapter each month, submitted by their cub reporter Norman Larson, who will tell us of his chapter's activities in his own interesting style.)

"I. W. L. A.
League Affairs,—

"Greater and Grander, you said it. we 'er with you.

My help is not worth much. But, ask Fred H. Doellner, what a time we had getting started, and now come up here and knock our Chapter and you would be lucky to get out of the little burg with out getting your head knocked off.

There is just 250 soals here, mighty small place to start a chapter there were two factions, and it was a case of dog eat dog. Law suite after Law suite, and nothing went on but fight, people moved out and none came in. and I honestly beleave that I was the only nutrel one here and ashamed of the place. then came these folders sent out by Fred D. Doellner. start a chapter in your town, Well I went to work after six months I had ten members, and A chapter, But could never get the boys togather, what one faction would agree to the other would not, and so it went until renewal time was soon here, well I got desprate, I offered the boys to put in a new leader but no. so I had a good friend, that I told my troubles to. I told him just the way things stood. Well he said follow human nature, they want to fight, give them something to fight about and for. so I did. hunted up an old trap. started the two factions shooting again one another, every picnic. we were there no matter wheather Farmers picnic, Creamery Picnic, church Picnic, Our Chapt was there, and we are growing slow but sure. and we are all at the meetings now, and all planing for a bigger and better Chapter 25 members by Xmas. Every member is on some kind of comeettie. every member thinks he is doing something encluding myself. we are planning our radio programs for this winter, already, our crow hunt for next spring. and makeing new zones for our wardens to look after next year, I being head warden, remember this is the heart of big game countery. . . . .

Not much help to you in reading the above. But I do know no one thing will hold any Chapter togather nor get new members. one thing I have found out about trap shooting it keeps the would be law breakers busy and saves just that many birds. they do not crave to sneck out in the woods. and another thing, each and every member wants to see something in out door America. about there Chapter, it makes them feel that they are realy doing something. This spring the boys asked me to write up there crow hunt, I did, they waited

and watched. then I told them the write up was to rotten to appear in print. your editor should be law on these things. But there should be a fue pages of this wonder Magazine set aside for for just such yarns. that each and every Chapter could be heard from at least once a year. As for State Divisions, well ask such a man as Fred H. Doellner, he knows his job from A to Z. such pin heads as me know nothing about his work. and whats more its to big for such as me to handle.

"But heavens knows there is a pleanty to keep any Chapter busy, with the good work we have to draw from, all a man has to do is to look around. Now read the above, then laugh, then laugh some more its good for us all, then cuss and fire this in the waste basket, and say, darn it I knew all this and more, and you are right.

But in a round about way I have told you what I know and maybe more.

"Yours truly,
Norman Larson,
Cromwell, Minn."

### SHICKLEY, NEB., SETS FAST PACE

Dr. J. Q. Adams, secretary, reports the election of officers for the fiscal year and has given us some of the major accomplishments of that chapter during the past year.

"A three cornered membership drive was started and you can depend on this chapter going over the top. Three of the boys are out for new watch fobs, and I think I should like very much to have one too.

"I might add that this chapter has completed the organization of a Boy Scout Troup. I have been chosen for the Scoutmaster and have a fine bunch of sixteen boys to work with, so if it is not a success, it will be my fault.

"Plans are under way for our annual banquet to be held Jan. 14, 1928. Our annual rabbit hunt will be held the middle of December and our 'kill' will be trucked to Omaha to be distributed by the Elks Lodge of that city in their Christmas baskets to the poor and needy of that city.

"We have two game farms promised and will have more upon which we will rear Hungarian partridges and other small game that the state department wishes us to propagate."

This splendid work is evidence of the Shickley chapter's understanding of the good slogan "Do and Grow."

### ILLINOIS GAINING REPUTATION AS SMALL GAME STATE

Judging from the reports of several Illinois chapters, this state may soon be recognized as one of our best small game hunting territories. Illinois has long been known for its wonderful duck shooting. Quail and pheasants are reported plentiful. Pheasants in particular have been propagated in great numbers through the co-operation of the Illinois Fish and Game Department, directed by Wm. J. Stratton, and the farmers and League chapters throughout the state.

H. W. Hansch, president of the Logan County chapter, Lincoln, Ill., reports that their chapter secured several settings of pheasant eggs from the Department of Conservation which were distributed to various farmers in that locality for hatching.

Mrs. E. E. Ritter, residing near Lincoln, Ill., raised nine pheasants out of one setting of eggs. The birds have become so domesticated that they roost every night with the tame chickens.

It is such co-operation that will restock your territory with game. No one unit can do the work alone. It calls for co-operation between the State Conservation Department, the farmer and your chapter members.

### NEW YORK STATE DIVISION CONVENTION

The New York State Convention closed September 9th at the Hotel Seneca, Rochester, N. Y. Ward B. Edwards of Utica, was re-elected president of the New York Division. Other officers re-elected for the ensuing year are secretary-treasurer, Leon W. Porter of Utica; first vice president, J. T. Matson of Jamestown; second vice president, L. C. Allyn of Rochester; third vice president, Arthur C. Mills of Brooklyn, and fourth vice president, E. W. Cady, Jr., of Saranac Lake.

On Wednesday evening, September 7th, the Rochester chapter was host to the officers of the state division and to the presidents of the New York State chapters who were delegates to the convention. A. A. Davis, president of the Rochester chapter presided. National President, Judge Jacob M. Dickinson, represented National Headquarters.

The next state convention will be held in Jamestown in the last week of September 1928.

### PENNSYLVANIA STATE DIVISION CONVENTION

At the Second Annual Convention of the Pennsylvania Division, held at Stroudsburg, September 13th, the following division officers were re-elected: President, Dr. Wm. H. Moore, of Philadelphia; vice presidents, J. Q. Creveling, E. G. Madden, and W. L. Hampton; secretary-treasurer, W. E. Wolfe, Williamsport, Pa. Following are some of the more important resolutions adopted by the delegates:

No. 1. That the Pennsylvania State Division petition Board of Game Commissioners to expend an amount proportionate to the license fees paid by small game hunters for the acquisition of suitable lands near the great center of population so as to provide adequate public hunting grounds for small game hunters.

No. 2. That the Pennsylvania Division authorize the appointing of a committee of farmers to discuss ways and means to promote cordial co-operation between farmers and sportsmen.

No. 4. That the Pennsylvania Division again call public attention to the vital necessity of legislation to preserve the purity of the streams and to bring about abatement of existing pollution.

No. 10. That the Pennsylvania Division reaffirm their adherence to the proposed constitutional amendment to be voted on by the electors of the State in November 1928, which will authorize the state to borrow twenty-five million dollars for the purpose of acquiring additional wild and barren land for forest purposes.

No. 11. That the Game and Fish Commissions publish the names and addresses of all violators who have been arrested, the violation for which convicted and the fine paid, in the local papers.

No. 14. That the Izaak Walton League through its local chapters and its state organization urge upon the State Department of Fisheries, the expenditure of more funds for fish protection; this additional expenditure to be made for more and, if necessary, better wardens.

No. 20. That the Pennsylvania Division recommend to National Headquarters the change of name to "League of Outdoor Americans," or such other name as is more clearly explanatory of its principles.

No. 28. Whereas Will H. Dilg, the man who formed the ideals upon which the Izaak Walton League was organized has passed from this life and the movement for conservation has suffered a great loss; the Pennsylvania Division expresses its sincere regrets in the passing of this noble friend of conservation and extends to the family and friends, its sincere sympathy.

No. 30. That a special committee be appointed to investigate the activities of the Board of Fish Commissioners; to discuss any conditions between this organization and the Board for the purpose of promoting an understanding and to develop co-operation between them.

### WYOMING STATE DIVISION CONVENTION

By Frank G. Martin, Div. Sec.

The Third Annual Convention of the Wyoming Division of the I. W. L. A. met at Riverton, August 17th and 18th, with Division President, Dr. Thomas E. Winecoff in the chair, Frank G. Martin as secretary and a good representation from most of the chapters of the state.

Outside the regular routine of business the principal items of interest were—a protest against the issuance of grazing permits for the running of domestic sheep on certain game preserves, where such grazing would interfere with the natural activities of the wild life of that section, and a protest against the issuance of any special game permits.

The Wyoming Division was urged to use its influence to retain the southwestern corner of the Yellowstone Park in its primeval state. It was recommended that the I. W. L. A. haylands in Jackson Hole be turned over to the U. S. Department of Agriculture by appropriate congressional acceptance. Each chapter was urged to foster the formation of a strong active junior organization. Mr. Boggs, state organizer was present at the convention and gave an interesting talk on conservation in general.

The local chapter entertained the visitors at a fish fry at the close of the first day's business.

Dr. Thomas E. Winecoff of Riverton was re-elected president for the coming year and Frank G. Martin, secretary.


Outdoor Men!

*This genuine* SIGNAL WINDBREAKER SHIRT keeps you Warm and Dry

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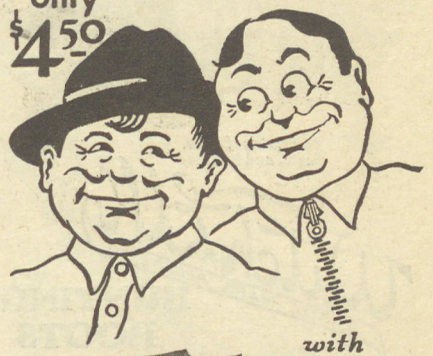

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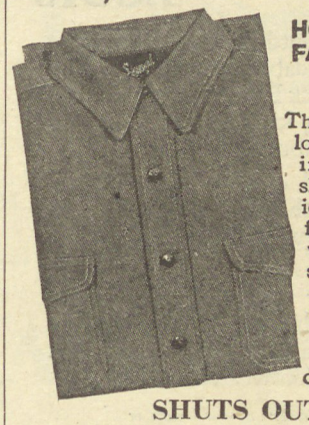

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Imagine such a shirt for so little money! There's nothing more comfortable or better looking and you need it Fall, Winter and Spring. Buy from your dealer or mail the Order Form. If you don't think it's a great shirt and worth every cent asked, return it and get your money back. That's the fairest proposition we know how to make.

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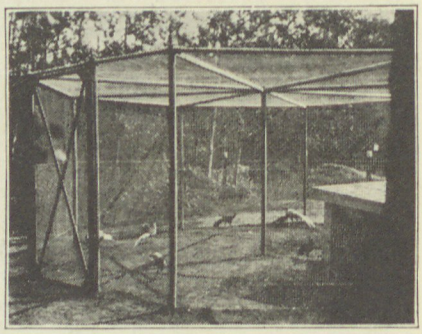
J. L. Greer of Yellowstone was elected first vice president; F. B. Scherok of Casper second vice president; M. W. Medill of Rock Springs third vice president; M. F. Roberts of Rock Springs treasurer; A. C. Allen was chosen attorney for the division for the coming year.

Casper was selected as the meeting place for the next convention, which will be held Sept. 14th and 15th, 1928.



### UTICA HAS ANIMATED PUBLICITY

Ward B. Edwards, president of the New York division, has sent us a bit of news that is novel and indicates the co-operative spirit existing between Utica industries and chapter members. The Utica Gas and Electric Company advised Herbert Pearson, chairman of the Utica chapter's propagating committee, that they would furnish a cage in Prospect Park if the Utica chapter would furnish the pheasants. Pearson supplied the pheasants and the Utica chapter will now realize much valuable publicity from this exhibit.

### TIMELY WORK AVERTS BIG LOSS

The spirit of Izaak Walton arose in the hearts and minds of the members of Clearbrook, Minn., chapter, when they saved the flooding of thousands of acres of some of the finest Minnesota farm land. The flooding was caused by the dynamiting of Clearwater Lake Dam. Immediately upon receiving word that the dam had been dynamited the Clearbrook chapter boys got busy, raised a sum of money to help defray expenses in repairing the damage and rebuilding that part of the dam destroyed by the charge. Officials of the Soo Line railroad furnished men and planks to assist in the work. According to the *Bemidji Daily Pioneer*, newspaper, "There is probably no time in the history of the Izaak Walton League in Minnesota that a single chapter has done so much good for the public in so wide a territory, locally and otherwise, as in this particular case and it is worthy of notice and appreciation of all concerned. The work not only saved a large farming community along the Clearwater River from being flooded but saved millions of pike fry from destruction through the prompt action taken to repair the dam. The Waltonians went at the work with eagerness and pep, in spite of the apparent dangers. Walter Combs, foreman of the Soo Line bridge crew, dived into the lake to examine the damage done. Oliver Barness, genial sheriff of Clearwater county, lugged sand bags and waded in water up to his waist all day. Leonard Bergland, president of the Chapter, was another central figure among the boys rushing sand bags, while Edward Bierbaum, the Clear Oil manager, was busy rushing planks and men to the scene as fast as truck and gas could carry them. Operator I. D. Kretser kept the wires hot and Robert Halterman gathered in the cash to foot the bill."

This was the spirit of the Waltonians which saved the day, the dam, the lake, the fish and thousands of acres of some of the best haying and harvesting.

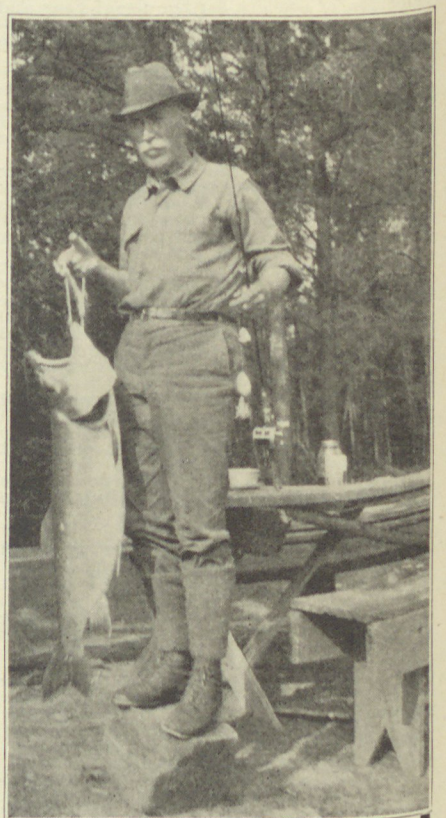
### SOME MEET—NINE COUNTIES— 8,000 HEAR WALTONISM

Izaak Walton League principals and the growth of the conservation movement in America and some of the problems confronting the League were well explained to a gathering estimated at 8,000 people by C. K. Mayor of Mankato, Minn., at the League's nine-county picnic held at the Farmer's community park, July 24th. C. K. Mayor is one of Minnesota's leading conservationists.

The trapshoot held in the afternoon proved to be one of the interesting events of the day. E. L. King and Fred Jackson tied for first with 45 out of 50 birds. The diamondball game was won by Rochester, while Lewiston downed St. Charles in the baseball contest. The other sports attracted a lot of attention. Nearly every town in the nine counties was represented in the picnic.

### INTEREST? PLENTY OF IT

Toronto, Ohio, chapter is up and doing. "Jack" Davis, the newly elected president, and Forrest Richmond, the new secretary, are having the time of their lives with groups who are busy building roads and cleaning up things in the 100-acre camp of the chapter of the famous Yellow Creek. The camp is the gift of Guy Johnson, one of the League members and boosters. The Kiwanis Club of Toronto is co-operating with the League in its development. Forty lots have been laid out and most of them have been leased to the members for $10.00 a year for 99 years. The chapter boasts 388 members. A 300-foot rifle range is being laid out for the Toronto Rifle Club which will also have use of the camp. At a July 4th picnic given by the Toronto chapter at the camp more than 300 were present and motion pictures of the event were taken.



*George H. Selover.*

George H. Selover, leading game conservationist of Minneapolis, president of the Minnesota division of the Izaak Walton League and formerly chairman of the National Executive Committee of the League, died in Minneapolis on October twenty-first, following an illness of several months.

Always one of the most energetic of Waltonian leaders, Mr. Selover worked for the League until the last, giving directions from his bed to direct the course of the League's campaign to save the flooding of Superior Forest lakes. He had represented the League at the International Joint Commission hearings, and in this matter as well as in others pertaining to the Superior Forest, the burden of work had fallen on his shoulders.

For several years Mr. Selover had been active in Waltonism, and did valiant service on the Executive Committee. His counsel was of the utmost value to the League.

President Coolidge in 1926 appointed him one of nine members of a national committee to take charge of the annual Outdoor Recreation Conference at Washington. He represented the League in important conferences in various parts of the United States.

# Dead—One River

*(Continued from page 20)*

The Izaak League and various other clubs and civic bodies took up the cudgel. Great agitation followed. Protests were filed. Letters of remonstrance assailed the various congressmen demanding action on their part to prevent granting any surveys of the river, for it was felt, known in fact, that once these surveys were allowed, there would be no staying the hand of destruction. And during all this, mammon remained silent. No word of defense followed the bitterest attacks. Why? Simply because during the Summer of 1926, before the first intimation of this hellish steal reached the ears of the public, *the surveys had already been made!*

Nor could these surveys have been made without the acquiescence, and assistance of someone very much in authority. And yet, so cleverly was this hidden that not even the Indians knew of it, for in June, 1927, the tribe dispatched a three man commission to Washington to represent the Menominees at a hearing of the application of the power company before the Executive Secretary of Federal Power Commission, asking permission to make the surveys!

Consider the damnable cunning with which the surveys were made *first*, in order to determine whether or not the project was feasible and *would pay proper returns*, and then, later, petition for the right.

At the hearing the Executive Secretary ordered the power company to write a letter to the Indian delegation agreeing not to file application for a license to build any dams until an agreement had been reached between the power company and the Indians as to the amount of revenue the Menominees were to receive if the dams were built. He also told the Indian delegates that *granting permission to make the surveys petitioned for would carry also the permission to go ahead with construction of the dams!*

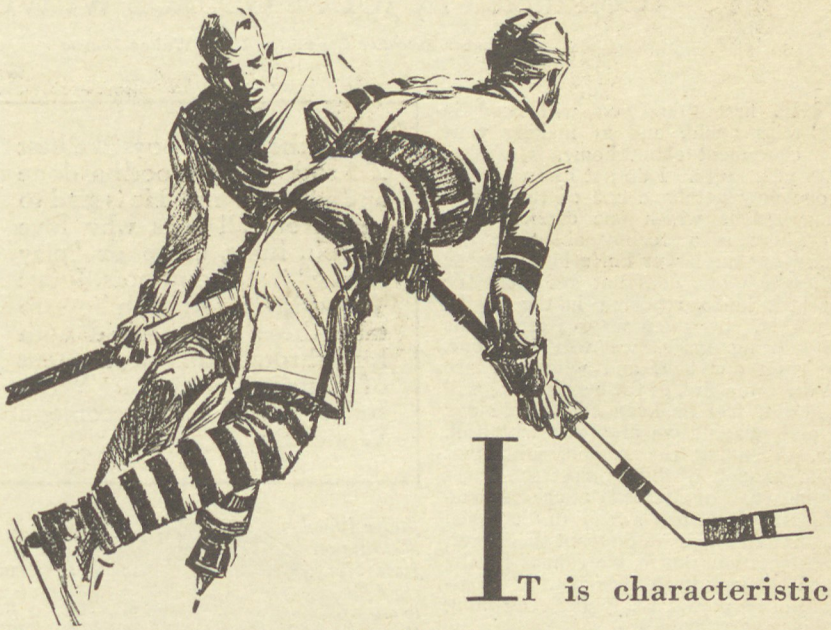
Nor is this all. The worst is yet to come. Let no one be lulled into thinking that possibly, after all, the dams may not be built, and that this one remaining beauty spot may yet be saved, for even now, as I write, *a dam is well under construction just five miles below Keshena Falls!*

It is true that this dam is not being built on the reservation—it is about two miles below the southern boundary. When it was first learned that construction of this dam had begun, it was thought to be the swan-song of beautiful Keshena Falls, by reason of the backwater. Again the cunning of this commercial devil becomes apparent. Let us explain. The elevation at Keshena Falls, as shown by the blue-prints of the survey, is 827 feet, while that at the new dam-site is but 804. Keshena Falls will still live—*for awhile.*

God knows our great outdoors, whose wild life and primitive places of great natural beauty have grown few, needs prompt and sincere attention. Will those who are desecrating the silent places and taking with contumely unlimited toll of a common property, ever awake to a sense of responsibility? Or will this damnable despoliation, made possible by rotten crookedness and intrigue, continue until we, even in our own generation, shall look out over desolate wastes akin to those of China?

Who can stand on the rim of Big Smoky Falls as the big ball of fire slowly sinks behind those age-old pines, let his eye rove from the madly crashing white water to the placid surface of the pool lying below like molten gold, and not lift to heaven a supplication for divine aid for this one remaining beauty spot, and place of worship? We need more men like that great conservationist, Theodore Roosevelt, who said "thus far shalt thou go, and no farther."


LEAVE IT TO THE YOUNGER CROWD TO KNOW THE BEST!



IT is characteristic of this younger set to settle the cigarette question exactly as they settle their hard-fought games — on the sporting principle of "may the best win!"

FATIMA

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The Older Lefever Double for . . . . $28.25
The U. S. Navy uses Lefevers. Whoever saw a broken Lefever?
Ask for a circular.

*LEFEVER ARMS CO., ITHACA, NEW YORK*

# Trips Afield with Boys

## Conducted by JUDGE GEORGE W. WOOD

*Member Executive Committee, Izaak Walton League*

ALL the things boys like best to do Judge Wood has done and still is doing. He is glad to hear from all boys who love to fish, hunt, camp or "play hooky" in the outdoors. Judge Wood invites all such boys to take these Trips Afield with him through this department of Outdoor America. Write Judge Wood and become a Woods-Boy.

*Judge Wood deciding on just the right fly to entice a black bass from the swift currents of the Upper Mississippi. Judge Wood is an expert fisherman and will take you boys fishing with him on these Trips*

THE first thing you will need in trips afield, and in making your equipment about home, is a good jack knife. I do not mean by this that one may not have one of the larger hunting knives which one carries on a belt. There is a feeling about having and carrying the larger knife in its leather sheath which one does not get from the lowly jack knife, reposing in the depths of a pocket. So when we can afford the large hunting knife, we will buy one, strap it on our belt, and when we are about the camp fire, in the evening, we will take it out, feel its keen edge, close our eyes, and imagine we are back with Col. Bowie, defending the Alamo, with that favorite weapon of his against the overwhelming rush of Mexican attackers, who go down before the sweep of its keen edge. Even though we do want the larger, more ostentatious knife, we cannot fill the place of the jack knife, which must be always in one's pocket ready for everything the whole year through.

I may be a bit prejudiced in favor of the jack knife, for when I was a small boy, my father, a minister, moved to a new charge. One of the leading ladies of the church called on mother. She commenced to tell mother of the many splendid things her boy could do. He could crochet tidies for the chairs, bake beautiful layer cakes and many other nice, useful things. When she concluded, she turned to mother, and shot at her the query, "What can your boy do?" That was a tough question. I had few accomplishments, such as the other boasted for her son. I was better at eating cake than making it. Mother had to think hard. The only accomplishment she could think of was, "He is a good whittler." It may be that the passing of the white pine, which cut so smoothly and easily, out of which so many things could be made, accounts for the fact that we no longer see old men whittling chains with a ball in each link, and wonderful fans, all of white pine. The generation of whittlers is passing. Boys no longer have a keen jack knife in their pockets, and lose a lot of fun, from the making of willow whistles in the spring time to sitting about the camp fire whittling smooth shavings from a soft stick in the fall. Shaping bows and arrows, cutting crotches for sling shots, fashioning figure four traps to set in the woods. When one becomes a "whittler," he cannot get along without a jack knife and will find new uses for it every hour.

The selection of your knife will not be as easy as it seems. You cannot go into the hardware store and pick one up at once. A knife of good steel is seldom found. The blades will either be too soft, or too hard, seldom too hard. If you find a knife whose blades sharpen easily, and as easily loses its edge, it is too soft. When this becomes plain to you, hunt up some one of whom you are not very fond, and trade this knife to him for whatever you can get.

If the blades sharpen very slowly, it is probably hard, well tempered steel. If too hard, the blade will show little places where the edge chips, or crumbles. If you find a knife which sharpens slowly and holds its keen edge, through much whittling, you have a rare knife, which you should use with care, and hold on to it through thick and thin.

When I was a youngster, I used to be continually losing my knives, until my father told me that when all the crop of knives that I was sowing about came on, I would have all the knives anyone would want, but among all of them, that I have "loved and lost," both as a boy and man, there are very few of them which hold a fond place in my memory, because of their temper and usefulness. One knife is cherished above all others. It had keen blades, which when sharpened kept their edge through long hard usage. When I came to sharpen it on the old oil stone, which has put edges on my knives for over thirty-five years, it took care, but the edge stayed. When it finally went the way of most of my knives, I was inconsolable, both because of the splendid steel, and because it was given to me by an old minister, a friend of my father's, who when he used to preach stormed about the pulpit, his eyes seeming to strike fire from under his bushy brows. Then I was quite afraid of him, but when he took me out to his farm and we ate our lunch beside the spring, and he told me tales of the Western Reserve in Ohio, where he had personal contact with the Indian wars of that time, where he had known Simon Kenton, and the Wetzels, I was no longer afraid and afterwards listened with open mouth to his sermons. On one of these trips he gave me the wonderful knife, telling me to keep it sharp, and always in my pocket, adding a story of a frontiersman he knew who saved his own life by being able to get at the sharp knife in his pocket when attacked by Indians about his camp fire.

I like a knife which is large enough to be a good handful, and yet not too heavy or burdensome to carry about in one's pocket. The Boy Scout knife with all its equipment looks attractive, but is too big and clumsy to carry about. I had a knife which just suited as to size, one sharp pointed blade that had so many uses, big enough to slip down through the thick neck of a bass and cut the backbone, killing it as soon as taken from the water, yet small and keen enough for delicate uses; a shorter blade for rougher work, and a leather punch which answered all purposes. I was surprised at the uses to which it could be put. It cut the nicest little holes in condensed milk cans, and was splendid for cleaning spark plugs. But the knife, alas, was of poor steel and weak in the back. When it went to pieces, I mourned its passing, because of the weight, shape and balance. I found a new one of a widely advertised make, and am now using it on trial in the hope of finding the good steel blades which I have hoped for so long, and in vain. The advertisements all tell of just the qualities I wish, but I have been fooled so often, I must have proof.

It always takes a few weeks' use to determine whether the steel is properly tempered.

One must always keep the blades sharp and well oiled. It is well to have a small carborundum stone, which costs twenty cents, and is about the size of a package of chewing gum, where you can get at it easily. Place the blade on the stone at an angle of fifteen degrees and pull it back and forth along the whole edge on first one side, then the other, being careful to do this evenly, on both sides, the full length of the blade. As you work it, test it from time to time by feeling it lightly with the ball of your thumb. You will soon be able to determine when it is evenly sharp. The stone will leave the edge a bit rough, this can be removed by stropping it as a barber does a razor, on the edge of the sole of your shoe. This insures a smooth edge.

When a knife comes from the factory, the blade is polished and some attempt is made to sharpen it. You will find the factory edge uneven, and unsatisfactory. It will be some little time before you will be able to work the blade down to a satisfactory bevel edge. Until this is done, you will not know what sort of a knife you have.

The temper of the blade may be very easily destroyed by exposing the blades to heat. If the temper is lost, the blade becomes useless.

The first thing to remember is to always close the knife and put it back in

your pocket after using it. I never really saw a knife run away, but have always felt quite sure that if they did not run away, there must have been a bad fairy who followed me about and picked up my knives. You will not be able to go back and find your knife if you leave it, so be sure to keep it always in sight.

Once when I was a youngster, they had a booth at a church fair, where for ten cents, you could get some remarkably useful information. I was seeking knowledge, so I parted with my dime and went in where a lady sat whittling a stick, and repeating, "always whittle from you, and you will never cut your finger." I felt sold then. But this advice is really worth more than ten cents. A keen knife plays havoc with fingers. At home my mother kept a special supply of bandages for fingers, which, in spite of my skill as a whittler, would get cut. Some of the cuts were quite disastrous, so be careful of the keen blade of a jack knife.

Now you have your knife, have it sharp, and we are ready to find uses for it. We will find many in our trips afield each month.

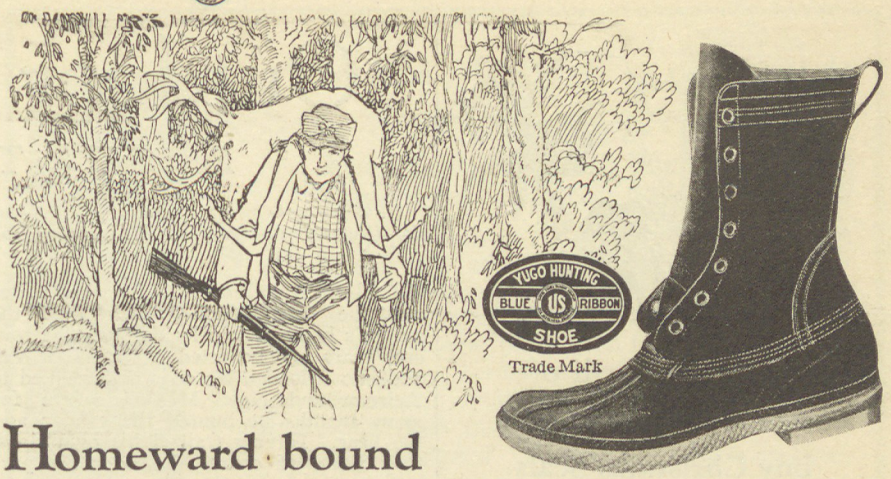
*One "Cal" who chooses a Fly.*

OUR friend Cal Johnson, better known as Wisconsin Cal, has joined forces with the Sporting Goods Journal as editor of that trade publication.

Cal was one of the first contributors to the editorial columns of OUTDOOR AMERICA, having been continuously on the upgrade as an authority on outdoor sports and especially all kinds of fresh water game fishing since he was Conservation Warden for Wisconsin, in 1920.

As a designer of practical fish baits, particularly bass flies and as an authority on their use, Cal has exceeded this ability in only two other respects. They are, his jovial good nature combined with an earnest desire to conserve our natural playgrounds.

Unlike Cal but characteristic of another prominent "Cal" he sobered a little in front of the news Camera. Much unlike Cal for he wears the eternal smile. Maybe the cameraman has just asked, "Why don't you use worms?"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THE day over—maybe a big buck to tote—or a bag full of quail—in forest or field, the going is rough; and it's the trail back that tests your feet. They'll be faithful—and you'll be more content in "U. S." Yugo Hunting Shoes.

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Send me post-paid one pair "U. S." Yugo Hunting Shoes.

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# BEAN'S NEW LEATHER HAT

Especially designed for Hunting and Fishing. Made of mahogany elk leather same as my winter sport cap. Also plain olive green elk for duck hunting. Brim is 2½ inches wide with green underneath that relieves eye strain and keeps snow and rain out of back of neck.

$3.65 Post-Paid

Weighs only 5½ ounces. Can be rolled for packing. Has windshield sweat band and red ear-laps. Red or mahogany band. Price, $3.65 postpaid. Write for free CATALOG and sample of hat, band and ear-laps.

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# Outdoor Literature

## *Reviewed by* Thomas Ambrose

*Cougars and Cowboys by David M. Newell—Illustrated —222 pp.—The Century Co., New York—$2.*

KERMIT ROOSEVELT who writes the introduction states that the author's home is in Florida, but that several years ago he fitted out a motor van and into it loaded his dogs and trekked to Arizona and New Mexico, where for many months he hunted the cougar and the bear. Having trained his own dogs, they were, of course, best for his purpose.

The thirteen stories of which the book is made up, are well told in the free and forceful vernacular of the real West, and are very interesting—at least I found them so. They are graphic sketches of that frontier life of cowboy and hunter that is rapidly approaching the vanishing point. I had a feeling that the clever illustrations were from the pen that wrote the stories, and this was confirmed by the author-artist's signature to the sketch of the bucking broncho. Will James will have to look to his laurels both as artist and writer.

*Illustration by the author, from "Cougars and Cowboys."*

*Caravans and Cannibals by Mary Hastings Bradley. Illustrated. 320 pp. D. Appleton & Company, New York. $5.00.*

THIS is Mrs. Bradley's second book of African exploration and adventure, and is full of interest from cover to cover. The party consisted of herself, Mr. Bradley, the "littlest explorer" Alice, and Professors Bigelow and Scott of the University of Chicago. Their field of operation was the little known Eastern strip of the Belgian Congo, South and West of Lake Edward in the cannibal country, seldom penetrated by the white man. They achieved the principal object of the expedition, each of the four adults securing two bull elephants, the greatest of the eight falling to a single shot in the brain from Mrs. Bradley's Springfield at a measured distance of three hundred yards! The crossed tusks of this colossus measured nine feet and weighed two hundred and two pounds. A few lions, leopards, and buffalo went to round out the bag, and intimate contact with admitted cannibals kept the interest alive from day to day.

When night fell after the last elephant hunt "there were drums and dancing and mad orgies of meat feasting . . . I realize tonight, looking off into the purple distance and listening to those throbbing drums how those people I had seen today at that elephant could rend a human thing . . . Men who were meat mad and blood mad and insane for fat and food. A primitive people, satisfying a primitive lust—older than love and more urgent than hate."

Appended to the narrative is a chapter on equipment. If you think of going, don't forget plenty of small change of which they took 540 pounds weight. Expenses vary. They maintained two hundred porters on twelve dollars a day, and paid twenty-five hundred dollars for a two days' motor trip.

After the African safari, while the Bradleys were away from their Chicago home, thieves broke in and stole numerous trophies and Mrs. Bradley's cherished Springfield. The rifle was recovered, but the Bradleys are longing for the security of Darkest Africa, where cannibals do not eat you nor steal your rifles.

*Wilderness Hunting and Wildcraft, with Notes on the Habits and Life Histories of Big Game Animals, by Lieut. Colonel Townsend Whelan — Illustrated with Photographs and Sketches by the Author—338 pp. Small Arms Technical Publishing Company, Marshalltown, Delaware—$3.75.*

THEODORE ROOSEVELT says, "Hunting of big game in the wilderness is, above all things, a sport for a vigorous and masterful people."

This volume by Colonel Townsend is essentially a manual for the hunting of big game of North America, of the woodcraft essential to success, and of the habitat, habits and life histories of the animals hunted.

Whether you hunt any one of the three varieties of deer, the elk, moose, caribou, mountain sheep, goat, or the grizzly, brown or black bear, you will find the Colonel a safe guide to follow in the preparation and in the pursuit. That is, he teaches the hunter to be his own guide, to find his way in the wilderness, stalk the game, make the kill, secure the trophy, and return without aid from the professional guide, should he so elect. Interesting narratives of personal experience in hunting the various kinds of big game enliven each chapter.

Very full treatment is given of Still-Hunting, Stalking, Finding One's Way,

Clothing and Kits, Camp Beds and Bedding, Shelter and Tents, Big Game Rifles, Wilderness Marksmanship, Photography, and Physical Preparation, while in several appendices are found convenient Check Lists, Useful Data and Information, and a Bibliography. It is a practical and illuminating treatment of the subject by an acknowledged authority for the guidance of the practical hunter.

*Fish Stories by Edward D. Mentz. Illustrations by the author. 80 pp. Dean & Company, New York. $1.50*

AN even dozen fish stories, which the author-artist assures us are true. The customary affidavits are lacking and in lieu of photographs the artist-author substitutes sketches duly signed and throws himself upon the mercy of his brothers of the "Fishing Klan."

---

*The Arbor Day Lady, an appreciation by Mary Louise Hellings with illustrations by Ethel I. Schacherer. 64 pp. Albert Whitman & Co., Chicago. $0.75.*

A TIMELY and attractive manual for Arbor Day Exercises or for any time when trees are to be planted. There are choice and appropriate selections from the writings of Henry van Dyke, Joyce Kilmer, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, John Burroughs, Thoreau, Bryant, Lowell, Keats, Henry Abbey, and that most versatile and prolific of all writers, Anonymous.

The purity, honor, and spirit of this little volume should make a place for itself in every school and home.

In celebration of Greece's first Arbor Day in March of this year, 15,000 school children of Athens climbed the slopes of Mount Hymettus where they planted 15,000 trees in three hours—a part of a scheme for the reforestation of all Greece, and a fine example for U. S., *us.*

---

*The lure of the Great Smokies by Robert Lindsay Mason. Illustrated. 320 pp. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., New York and Boston. $4.50.*

THAT dim mysterious mountain region astride the boundary line between Tennessee and North Carolina has found a qualified historian in Mr. Mason, a Knoxville artist, who gives a delightfully entertaining narrative of that *terra incognita* soon to be known as the Great Smoky Mountains National Park.

The states mentioned have acquired by purchase 428,000 acres of this region which may be increased to 704,000 within the boundaries of the proposed park.

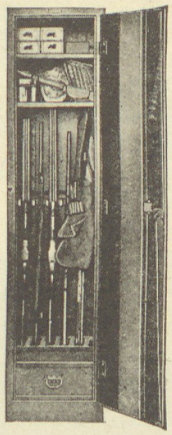
There are eighteen peaks more than 6,000 feet high and nineteen others over 5,000 feet.

The lives of primitive people are treated with sympathy and understanding. There are bear and Indian stories galore and Uncle Remus-like Cherokee folklore tales.

Bear, deer and turkey abound in the forests, and bass, brook and rainbow trout in the streams. For the benefit of the angler tourist a whole chapter is given to "where to fish and the flies to use."

Two seasoned Chicago devotees of the rod and gun, well known in Waltonian councils, went on a turkey hunt in that region last season. The turkey hunt resolved into a bare hunt, but they found opportunity to test the snake bite remedy they had taken along.

Having cornered a rattler they administered a dose to his snakeship, whereupon he curled up and died before he could bite, proving conclusively the potency of their favorite remedy as a preventive of snake bite, whatever it might be as first aid to the bitten.

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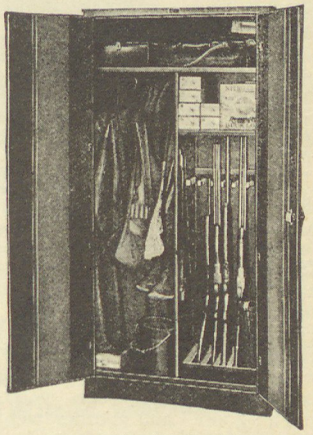
**Aurora, Ill., U. S. A.**



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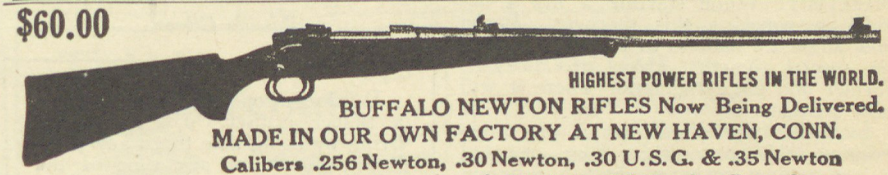

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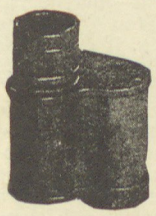
**This 5 POWER "Scout" Monocular**



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A handsome brass and mahogany finish instrument—accurately foretells the weather—necessary in planning outdoor sports, hunting, motor trips, etc.

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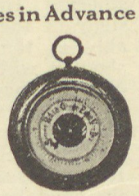

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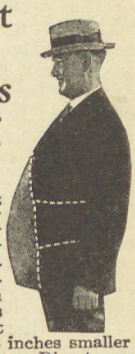

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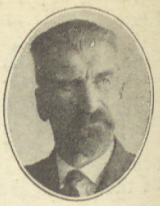
# Camping

*Nothing gives greater pleasure and health than life in the open*



Edited by MURDO GIBSON
Camping Editor, Outdoor America

READERS of this department may remember that, since July, I have been camping alone, about twenty-five miles east from Port Arthur, Ontario, and that my outfit includes neither tent, stove nor oven.

In last month's article, the various utensils were described in considerable detail; in this article, something of their use in cooking and serving my food.

Next to illustrating by example, I know of no better way to elucidate the mysteries of open-fire cooking than to describe, in its natural order, each culinary operation performed during a typical, three-meal day at this camp.

Until October, I was awakened at dawn each morning by the combined calls of two red-squirrels, one kingfisher, five seagulls and, if storm impended, that caliopic hydroplane sometimes referred to as the Great Northern Diver but, more commonly, as the Loon.

The temptation to digress here is irresistible. Why in Tophet should the bird, that authorities, such as Jack Miner, consider the wisest of our waterfowl, be called a "goose" and another webfoot that, in my opinion, is its superior in every respect, except as human food, a "loon"?

Well, we are up and dressed, what for breakfast? While starting a fire I decide on pancakes this morning. Bacon and coffee are matters of course, requiring no special thought, except to slice the former and place the latter where it will heat soonest.

Into the quart-sized dish I put three heaping tablespoons white flour, one and a half yellow cornmeal, half a teaspoon salt, a rounded teaspoon baking powder, a heaping teaspoon granulated sugar and a rounded tablespoon dry-powdered milk.

When these have been thoroughly mixed I add a piece of bacon dripping the size of a small walnut and work it into the flour until completely amalgamated. If no reserve grease is available I wait until bacon is fried and put in a tablespoonful of the liquid fat. Enough water is then added to make a batter that will pour, lazily, after being stirred to creamy smoothness, and the dish is set aside while fire has been replenished, concentrated or otherwise made ready for frying over.

If smoke persists in swirling around the fireplace, I hang a sheet, or blanket, close to windward side of fire. This generally is sufficient to abate the smoke nuisance; if not, I either hang up another or shift position of the first. This is one of the many times the camper will find that loops, or strongly stitched "buttonholes," at the corners of his blankets, are a convenience.

After the hot bacon-grease has been poured into a suitable receptacle—for future use—the bottom of frying pan is "planed," with a wooden spatula, until perfectly smooth and free from all adhering particles.

For this I use a hardwood stick about nine inches long, one inch wide and less than a quarter inch thick. One end is sharpened to a point, for scraping corners and edges; the other, shaped like a carpenter's chisel, is used for smoothing the bottoms of pans and pails. If a metal instrument is used, surfaces that should be kept glossily polished are almost sure to become scratched and gouged. The best cooks I have known were as particular about the satiny finish of their pans as expert choppers are about the keenness of their axes.

All the dry ingredients used in making bannocks, biscuits and pancakes may be mixed together before leaving town. If this plan is adopted, one should reverse position of sack, frequently, so that the more finely pulverized materials will not collect at the bottom and leave upper part without leavening and other desirable substances. The same precaution is applicable to the "pancake flours" sold under various well known trade-names.

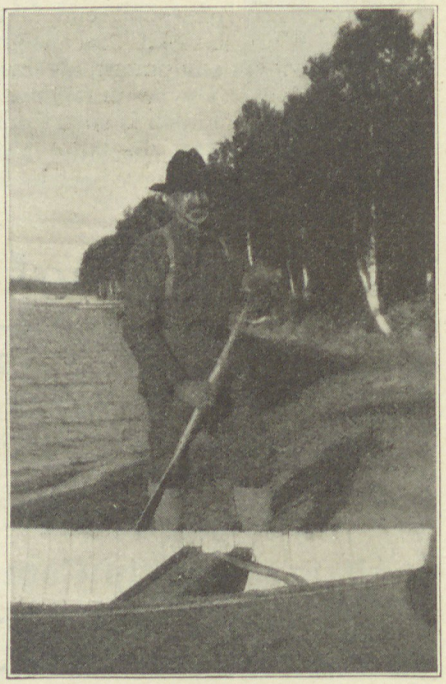
Ordinarily, when alone, I make my pancakes the full size of the pan but, when there is doubt about their sticking and having to be chiseled free, it is better to drop the batter in three equal divisions. The tendency to stick is generally due to a too large proportion of milk, molasses or sugar, or else, to a rough or badly greased frying pan. If the pan is in proper condition, it can be rubbed with dry salt instead of grease. I think I mentioned that before but it is worth repeating.

"Flipping a flapjack" is a rather spectacular stunt but the knack is easily acquired. A little practice at home, using table mats in lieu of cakes, and dominoes, or checkers, instead of sliced potatoes, should enable the prospective camper to reverse a half baked cake without jeopardising his breakfast. Frequently it is the only practical method of turning the contents of a pan without spoiling its shape and appearance. Such things as "hashed-brown" potatoes can be safely somersaulted, by a slight toss of the pan, that would be broken and disfigured if lifted with a knife blade, spatula or even a regular pancake-turner. Some cooks perform astonishing feats of this kind; such as flipping three cakes, alternately or simultaneously, as occasion demands.

The hand that holds the frying pan is the hand that rules most pleasure camps. It should be shielded from the fire by a log, stone or even a bit of cardboard, impaled on the handle. Open-fire heat has a strong tendency to dry the skin unnaturally and cause fingernails to become brittle. Those campers who value the appearance of their hands will protect them by wearing gloves.

The next matter to be considered is: how to keep the finished cakes warm until the last one has been baked. There are several good ways. Sometimes I make a little plateau of hot sand and place the cake-plate directly on it. At other times I put the two-quart pan, two-thirds full of hot water, or coffee, on the sand and cover it with the cake-plate. In really cold weather, this is the best way I know of. At this camp, I have used a little wire grate as a warming shelf. It was described in the October issue.

Seasoned campers know that the last pancake of a batch is known as the "cook's cake"; also that it is likely to be the best of the lot. Observing this, it slowly dawned on me that there was little need



*Murdo Gibson.*

Murdo Gibson for many years was a timber cruiser. He earned his living by being able to go any place in the forest, at any time of the year, under any conditions and at a moment's notice, and do his lonely work efficiently and dependably. He has been a forest ranger, a trapper—in the Canadian wilds—and he has been a lumberjack, too. He is a man of the wilderness, if ever there was one, and he has learned how to live there most comfortably.

There are other men like Murdo Gibson, but their knowledge is lost to the world because of their inability to pass it along. Not so Murdo. In the first place, he is a student. He has made a lifelong study of the art of living comfortably in the woods, and has gone about it with the zeal of a scientist. Further than that, he is a student of human affairs. He knows the ways of men, and he knows their history, their philosophy, their efforts to advance civilization through the ages, because whenever he goes into the woods he takes books (another reason why he has to know how to get along on a minimum of food supplies!)

Is OUTDOOR AMERICA fortunate to have this man on its staff as editor of the camping department? It is! The magazine, in him, has the best authority available in America on north woods lore—real, practical woods lore, the kind you can actually use. —EDITOR.

for the great haste in transferring baking-powder batter, or dough, to a hot pan, that is generally deemed essential to lightness. Now, I know, that if kept cool, it will not deteriorate noticeably for an hour or more. To convince myself of this, I have mixed pancake batter in the evening and baked excellent cakes from it next morning.

In defiance of the roaster's directions for preparing coffee, I put the ground berry into *cold* water and bring it to a bubbling boil. When nature of fireplace permits, I place the tightly-covered can on the ground, close beside the fire and, when sizzling commences, withdraw it just far enough to check simmering. Cover is not removed until all other items are cooked and served.

For convenience in removing cover and pouring from an ordinary coffee can, I use a ribbon of flexible birch-bark, about two inches wide and a little longer than circumference of can. Green birch bark provides a cool, non-slipping grip on almost anything. I have used it for unscrewing transit heads and glass jar covers, loosening tight joints of fishing rods, pulling needles through tough leather and in numerous other ways.

Cornmeal, oatmeal, or whatever cereal requires cooking, I prepare the night before. The process is the same for them all. Into a two-quart pail I put three cupfuls of cold water and a slice of salt pork, or bacon. When this has come to a boil I pour part of it into a half-pound coffee can, filling the latter to the indentation upon which the cover rests. Into this I stir as much meal as will moisten readily, put pork on top and cover tightly. The can is now placed in the pail—that still contains some hot, greasy water—and this also is tightly covered. I then bury it deeply in the hot sand of the beanhole where it remains till wanted. By morning both meat and meal are perfectly cooked and ready to serve but no harm follows if they are left underground until noon, or even supper time.

Dried fruits are put into cold water, covered and buried in beanhole. A one-pound baking-powder can holds a dozen good sized prunes and water enough to swell them properly. "Par-boiling" seems to be unnecessary.

For toasting bread beside an open fire, I use a wooden fork, with slender tines about eight inches long. The distance between its points is slightly less than thickness of loaf because, when impaling the bread, they are extended a little. The tension, caused by natural tendency to resume their normal position, will hold slice firmly, but without tearing; that is, if the spring is not too stiff.

After eating comes dish-washing. But, for the batter dish, it comes before. Washing, however, is not the right word for the sort of cleaning mine gets. I *wipe* it with a small handful of damp moss.

For removing cold, greasy, sticky leavings from eating dishes and cooking utensils, clean moss is far better than newsprint, wrapping paper or chips. These merely slide the mess along. Moss actually takes it up. Whenever possible, I have a bag full of either spagnum or reindeer moss within easy reach. It saves time, and does a better job of cleaning than anything else I know of.

The frying-pan is usually the first to receive attention. I hold it over the fire until it is quite hot and then wipe it with moss. Next, I put into it a cupful of water and bring it to a boil. Boiling loosens what little dirt the moss failed to remove and causes it to float, as a scum. Thus is my "dishpan" and dishwater made ready for the finishing touches,


-for Men

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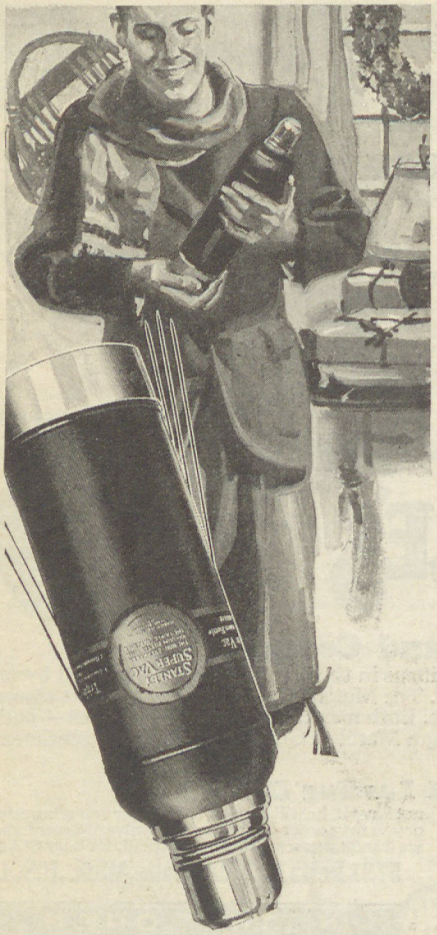

For the outdoor man

*This Unbreakable vacuum bottle*

That friend of yours—hunter or fisherman—knows what it means to break a glass vacuum bottle.

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The Stanley contains no glass. It is made of steel throughout—lined with porcelain enamel.

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which are too obvious to warrant description here.

But before leaving this interesting and not very disagreeable topic I suggest that campers give a little thought to the *size* of their towels. After much personal observation, I long ago reached the conclusion that the smaller a towel is, the cleaner it will be kept. There is no need for an ordinary, individual face and hand towel being larger than the standard sized wash cloth, or "rag," as it is more commonly called.

Bath towels, of course, are not included in this category. They are, or should be, used only after bathing, when all dirt has been *washed* from the skin. I like mine to be big and thick. But, in most camps, ablutions consist of moistening the dirt with a hasty splash or two of water and then *rubbing* it from the skin with a towel.

As the beanhole is now empty and the sand well re-heated, they may as well be used to cook part of the dinner. Having decided on potatoes and onions for the midday meal the next question is: how to cook them both, at the same time, when I have but one pail of suitable capacity. This is how I solve that problem.

Into the two-quart, copper pail I put as many well-washed potatoes as it will comfortably hold. Then I add a tablespoon of salt and about a *quarter inch* of cold water. It is then covered and hung over fire while I peel about a quart of onions. (These quantities may seem large but I expect to make them do for parts of two meals.)

By the time this is done the potatoes are boiling, so they are taken from fire and put into a *paper bag* that has been soaked in water until wet through, but not pulpy. This I bury to its twisted top in the beanhole taking care to crowd it close to one side so as to leave room for the onion pail. which will soon keep it company.

The onions, together with a piece of salt pork and about two inches of water, are now put into the pail, covered, brought to a boil and immediately transferred to the beanhole. When covered with hot sand until the upright pail is hidden, these portions of the next meal are safe from all the ordinary dangers that beset open-fire cooking.

---

## ANOTHER EMERGENCY FOOD

Santa Barbara, Cal.

"Now, boys, when on the trail, or trapline, don't pack along a lot of grub, but get six or seven pounds Cream of Wheat, put one pound sugar in it and mix thoroly.

"Take one or two heaping tablespoonsful and mix in one pint water and drink it down. Dinner is over in five seconds. You don't feel it at your waist-band, but in your weak and wobbly legs. It swells, on the order of dried apples, in your tummy, but not explosively, yet don't eat too much at a dose. Mixed with a little weak tea, it goes fine. It is like rockahominy, or the old parched-corn, of pioneer and Indian days.

"Carry it in a waterproofed, silk bag or in an Army canteen-cover. You can carry several days' supply, easily, and live, on it alone, for weeks, if necessary. Between camps it's the Cat's fur as a fodder; light, compact, cheap and means no long stops to prepare eats, and if you get lost you won't starve with the old canteen full at your belt.

"Robert C. Knox, Box 238."

*Many young women are attracted to the shooting game at Camp Perry. Here are two of them on the Small Bore Range.*

# Shoot Straight

*(Continued from page 42)*

Of the other range activities that appealed to sportsmen and target shots alike was the presence on the grounds of experts in every line of firearm manufacture, and such allied sciences as the reloading of cartridges. These men, together with others versed in the fitting of rifles with special iron and telescopic sights, and the varied ramifications of shooting equipment, gave freely of their knowledge to all who asked covering the outdoor shooting field from the best type of hunting rifle to the details of outfitting and choosing the scene for the next big game hunt. Sources of such information are specialized and centralized at Camp Perry.

But perhaps the most significant work done during the national matches from the outdoorsman's standpoint is the work of the N. R. A. Junior Rifle Corps.

To be successful, any juvenile activity must be educational. Rifle practice teaches the boy and girl patience, obedience and self-control and demands concentration as in no other sport. Shooting has always been considered dangerous and destructive, and so it is when uncontrolled. Yet

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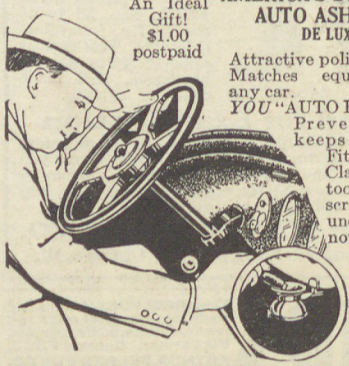


Mfd. by
AUTO HAVE IT COMPANY, La Crosse, Wis.

there are fewer accidents among trained riflemen, old and young, than among canoeists and swimmers.

More and more parents who realize that a love of marksmanship is inherent in every boy are each year sending their sons to summer camps, where junior N. R. A. marksmanship training is included in the camp activities. The Junior N. R. A. Camp at Perry is the post-graduate course of these other camps, and while providing the same basic instruction for beginners offers championship matches culminating in the contest which decides the junior championship of the United States.

For many years there has been conducted in connection with the national matches a school of instruction in marksmanship for adult citizens. From this it was but a step a few years ago to the Junior Camp.

The Junior Camp was not a kids' nursery, but was just as serious an undertaking as the adult instruction. The presence of some 4- and 5-year-olds whose parents chanced to be in camp and the subsequent qualifications of these youngsters as "pro-marksmen" only emphasized the value of this educational-recreational activity. The junior members generally are from 10 to 18 years old.

*This youngster's parents need never be afraid to let him handle a rifle, for he has learned to shoot at the Junior Camp Perry.*

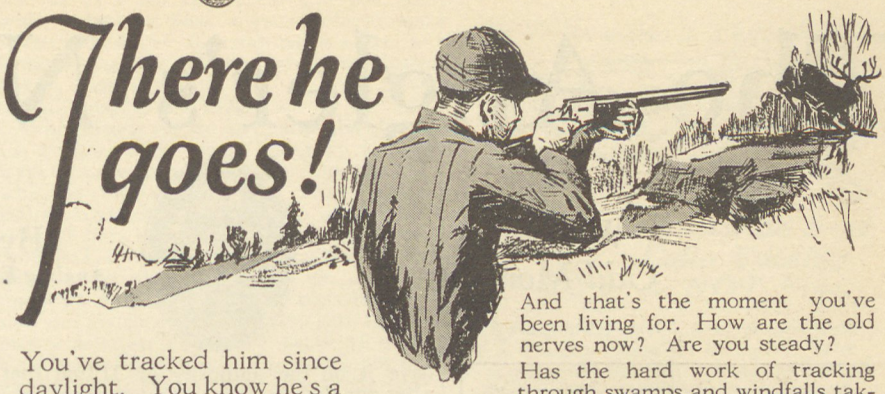
At the camp this year work started in on the "sighting bar," a device which teaches the boy the fine points of aiming and firing before he is permitted to use ball cartridges. He then, to use range parlance, "Gets into a sling," and does his first real firing under the supervision of military instructors.

Qualification as a "pro-marksman" is entirely possible for every boy who can learn to aim and squeeze the trigger, and "marksman," which follows, is likewise quite easily obtained. But to become a "sharpshooter" a boy must shoot far better than average, and "expert" calls for no mean degree of skill. After this qualification there remains that of "distinguished rifleman," which calls for a degree of proficiency that most adult riflemen do not possess.

This qualification shooting works into a series of actual competitions, the shooters being classified according to age. At the conclusion of the training and match period comes the grand championship match, open to all comers.

Many a man who feels that he cannot afford a vacation in the open would spend his annual two weeks under canvas if he knew how slight is the expense of attending the national matches. Aside from his railroad fare and meals, which are obtainable at remarkably low figures, he is under little expense, for the government stands ready to furnish him with tentage, cot, blankets and other equipment, to issue to him a super accurate target rifle and supply him with all the ammunition he can shoot.


# There he goes!



You've tracked him since daylight. You know he's a big one. Such tracks! Must be a lot of buck on top of those hoofs! Then you jump him in the thick green stuff. Crash! Crash! Boy —how he can break the brush— there he goes! Get on that flag and SHOOT!

And that's the moment you've been living for. How are the old nerves now? Are you steady? Has the hard work of tracking through swamps and windfalls taken all your energy, or have restful nights fortified you against the emergencies? There is one way to make your nights snug and restful, and at the same time lighten your pack. Leave your blankets at home and take a Woods Arctic Sleeping Robe.

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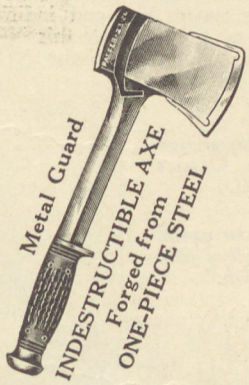


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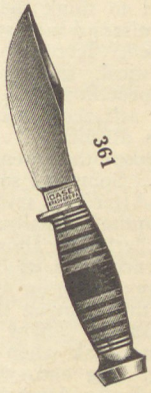


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# The Angler's Notebook

*Written at Odd Moments*

By O. W. SMITH
*Angling Editor* OUTDOOR AMERICA

### Introspective, Retrospective and Prospective

*Just to prove that I am not the thankless, graceless individual some of you may think me, not having received answers to your very good letters, please accept my appreciation right now. I just can't answer all letters, do my best, but I am always glad to hear from you. If you have some specific question to ask, enclose a stamped and self-addressed envelope and an answer will go out immediately, fishing permitting. And that's that. A great old world it is, sure enough.*

SO this is December, the month of ice and snow: withal, of Christmas cheer. I sit here by the open fire-place, fondling a new rod and reel, gnawing at the rotundity of a red-cheeked apple, now and then dipping into an open volume of Walton—that wonderfully elegant "Lea and Dove Edition," on which Mr. R. B. Marston of the London "Fishing Gazette," lavished so much loving care.

Under the influence of the witching flames and the genial philosophy of Ike Walton, I find myself looking inward, glancing backward, peering into the future. And that's altogether natural at this season.

He who would be wise must dig within his own ribs. "The proper study of mankind is man," Pope averred, but I am inclined to think the Psalmist (was it the Psalmist?) hit closer to the truth when he advised, "Know thyself." Oh, I am no egotistical, self-centered misanthrope, as I suspect Pope was; but I have discovered that self-acquaintance, wide and deep, opens all hearts. In other words, I am just like other men. Folks are essentially alike. Some are so, others more-so, that's all. After all's said and done, we average up quite equally, higher than some preachers will allow. We are not a half bad race, take us by and large. If there are any "superior types" I guess you will find them among the humble disciples of Sir Izaak. (Now some one will come along to ask when Walton was knighted. Long, long ago, you poor matter-of-fact historian, and not by mitered king or potentate, but by unanimous acclaim of tens of thousands of appreciative readers.)

One lives over his fishing experiences these days, whether he angled on the fringe of civilization or merely fished home waters for "punkin seeds." After all it doesn't so much matter where we fished or how, what we caught or when, so long as we "baited our hooks with our hearts," felt growing pains within. We have it on the authority of Milton that after our first parents had eaten of the forbidden fruit they thought they felt "Divinity within them breeding wings wherewith to scorn the earth." I know that I have been very close to real things more than once this past summer, in behind the beyond, on bank of stream and lake. I have not actually captured a fairy, but I have caught a glimpse of a wing, heard the patter of silvery foot-falls. Don't laugh. That's fishing when you fish for something beside fish. And who would fish for fish merely, pray, when it is possible to angle for intangible tangibles? It is true that there are always larger fish in the water and it doesn't so much matter whether you use a barbed or barbless hook either, if you get what I mean. It is possible to catch some of those fish with a pinhook!

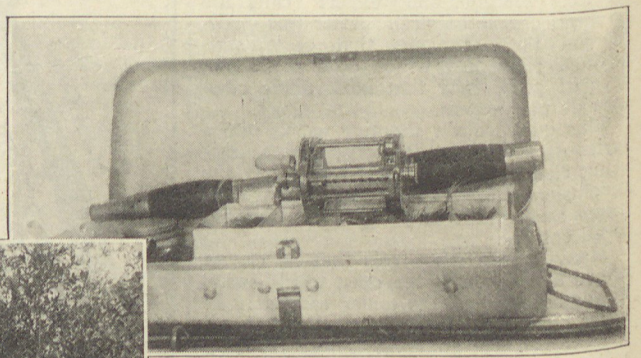
After all, it has been the ministry of the open, the message of green growing things that has been of ultimate worth to me these past twelve months. Some of my best days have been lean ones, a creel guiltless of fish; while some of my most unprofitable days have been fat ones, creel chock-full of bronze-backs or speckled beauties. When the catching of fish becomes an end and not a side issue of a trip to woods and waters, then I shall break my rods and burn my creels. I possess a fine outfit, but if the mere possession of tackle shall ever shut out the flame of some cardinal flower, or prevent the music of the veery from reaching my tired ears, I am through with tackle. Yes, own tackle, but don't let the tackle own you.

For a twelve-month we have journeyed along together, you have read my stuff and commented thereon most kindly, which has made the work a real pleasure. We have fished in many streams, here, there and everywhere, some that never had existence save in our imagination, and we have made catches, good, bad and indifferent. When I opened the pages of this NOTEBOOK it was with the promise NOT to make it an angling department, a practical, how-to page, and I have been impractical, chimerical even, and you seem to have enjoyed it. I have answered many questions on what to take, how and where to use it, but not one of those letters has found its way into this NOTEBOOK, which is well. You see, I am sort of out of conceit with the ordinary so-called "angling departments," having had my turn at editing them. Too often the real heart joy of fishing is altogether forgotten in the muck and ruck of tackle and fish.

I glance back over my work during the year just closing and it is with a very real sense of disappointment. I have fallen far short of my ideal. I have though for my satisfaction the knowledge that I have tried. Of course information as to tackle and how to use it has crept in, as was to have been expected; but always I have endeavored to make that subservient to the spiritual significance, if you please, of the quietest, sweetest pastime of man. Read "The Compleat Angler," if tempted to take issue with me. I did not promise in the beginning not to talk about tackle and its use, dear no, for "Rods and reels and traces," as Kipling phrases it, are very precious to me. It seems to me we have blazed a trail well worth following.

If our retrospective glimpse may presage the future, then we have a hint of what there is in store for us. What of 1928? Supposing we are to thumb the pages of the NOTEBOOK together for another twelve-month? That largely depends upon you, Reader, for you are the court of final authority. Shall we follow our slightly blazed trail, turning neither to the right, where practicality dwells, nor to the left where sheer sentiment is housed in the greenwood, straight on to whatever we shall find? There is no end to this trail, that I know right well. It is like the success which causes men to exclaim, "I have arrived"; that phrase and that instant marking their ignominious defeat.

When in trouble and doubt regarding anything angling-wise, just sit down and tell me all about it, and I will do my endeavorest to help you out. I am not the wisest of anglers. There are many, many things I don't know. I can't make a bass bite when it won't, but I can point out the harebell just under the bank which will



*A happy suggestion for Santa Claus (right).*

*O. W. busy in camp. "'T is not all of fishing to fish."*

be a part compensation. When I don't know I will say so frankly, and when there is some burning angling question that should be discussed, I will throw it down before you. But as to making the NOTEBOOK a place for argument, not on your life! There is too much argument and discord everywhere in the world now as it is, so why sully the contemplative man's recreation with controversy?

It is a bit strange how cock-sure every fisherman is that his particular method of angling is absolutely right, wherein anglers are very like preachers. Perhaps that's why Walton hob-nobbed with the cloth so largely, who knows? One man says that the dry-fly is the only method to use, while another insists the wet-fly is more successful. Both are quite convinced that anyone using earth worms are beyond the pale of good ichthyic society. I can well remember how incensed our good old friend Emerson Hough used to be with me because I sometimes employed garden hackle, though on brushy waters where the handling of counterfeit presentments was utterly out of the question. Once when I introduced Mrs. Smith to him at the book-fair in Marshall Field's, before he acknowledged the introduction, he exclaimed, "Can't you induce this husband of yours to give up worm fishing?" Dear, dear! Dear, dear! He didn't understand, that's all. Sportsmanship as I divine it you will remember, is, "The love of fair play raised to the Nth place." As far as I am concerned, you can fish with worms or flies, a cane pole or the latest product of the rod-maker's art, so long as you play fair and give every capture a chance for its life. It isn't your tackle, exactly, it's YOU.

Which leads me to say, naturally, that I am a light tackle crank, going up against large trout with a 2½ ounce split-bamboo, which is suicidal, of course. And I would rather work all day to make a recalcitrant trout or bass take an artificial presentment, though I could achieve success instantly with a live minnow. But I do use live minnows upon occasion and consider myself just as true a sportsman, just as sincere a follower of Father Izaak as when handling artificial flies. Perhaps I am not wholly consistent. Consistency is the bugaboo of little minds, anyway.

So just where we are going in 1928 I don't know. But hail and farewell, we are on our way. So I am greeting you with a very earnest wish for a "Merry Christmas," and may old Santa place a rod, a reel, or an angling book by your plate Christmas morning. I'd send you one of mine, but I can't; I love 'em, every one. And here too is a hearty, "Happy New Year." We don't know what lies before us, which is well. But my wish for you is a taut line and a singing reel. Many leisure hours by an open fire with Walton before the fishing season opens. And don't forget to let me help you out if I can.

### Ostentation

(Dedicated to certain anglers)

"The honest hen unheeded goes.
For praise she'll feebly beg.
The way the rooster struts and crows—
You'd think he laid the egg!"

## Old Pate

*(Continued from page 23)*

to eat or lie down to rest. However, the man induced him to eat by pressing a handful of the hay into his mouth. Pate devoured the stuff ravenously. And while the old patriarch ate the man paced back and forth and around the fenced in hay stacks, now and again pulling out a watch to study the pointers circling the dial.

One hour, one and a half, two hours—then the man started old Pate along the trail again. But he had much difficulty in inducing the old fellow to follow him. Pate was for going back to the hay stacks and eating much more of the easily gotten forage. However, it was not the man's intention to allow this. He swung about and finally got Pate among the willows lining the frozen river, from where Pate could no longer look back and see the tempting stacks. Again the man found he could trust old Pate to follow in the broken outtrail.

Darkness had already settled about them when the man swerved to the right, and struck a road that had been broken through by recent travel with team and wagon. Here he got behind Pate once more and forced him along the horse and wheel tracks. They passed a house with lighted windows, then another, and soon they came in sight of a cluster of lighted houses.

"We'll soon be there, old timer," the man cried out sharply. "Then it'll be a long rest for you, and one much needed too, from the way you're staggering along."

Pate stopped to lift his head and sniff at the air, a strong and very familiar odor being wafted to his nostrils. He blew forth a low whistle and as he went on after the man the scent became stronger. Then he found himself among hundreds of his kind as they clustered about him after he had been driven through the gate. He was overjoyed at being among the vast herd and went from one to another, smelling at the noses poked out toward him. It was not long until he found a place to lie down and there he stayed until morning, when men came out with teams and wagons to haul hay out of the pole enclosed stacks for the great drove of elk.

Suddenly one of the men cried out in excitement, "Why, there's old Pate—the son of a gun! He must have come in last night—and just in time for Christmas too! I thought sure the wolves had got him this time, he's getting so old and stiff."

So Pate was thrown an especially large bunch of the hay. And as he ate he heard a familiar voice and he threw up his head to listen.

Pate recognized the voice on the instant. Then one of the men pitching hay from the wagon called out to the trapper, "Hey, there—hello, Joe—Merry Christmas! When didja get in?"

"Merry Christmas, Bill!" the trapper replied. "I came in last night. A bit late but safe and sound, and in time for Christmas, and I guess that's the main thing after all."

"Betcha life it is," the fellow replied. "Say, Joe, old Pate's here—came in last night, too! You fellows must've had your mind set on a Christmas spread to both land here at the last minute like this. When old Pate didn't show up before the big storm I thought sure the wolves had got him!"

"Guess he was lucky, Bill," the trapper replied. "And I hope he is as lucky next winter! Where is the old fellow?"

"Over there at the hay stack."

So the trapper, his charming young wife, and their two baby children came over to the stacks, and there the trapper uttered a cheery Merry Christmas to the old patriarch, then brought his two little children close up to him. And old Pate swung his head down to sniff at them, while the foremost youngster reached out and patted the old patriarch upon the nose.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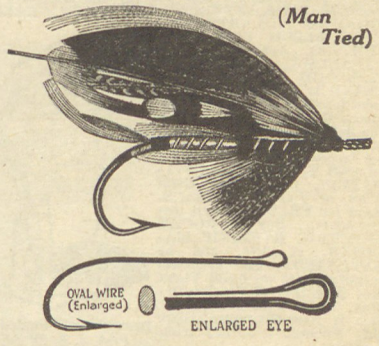


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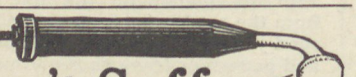

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# Scientific Angling

Edited by FREDERICK J. LANE

***Outdoor America is the official publication for the National Association of Scientific Angling Clubs. Our readers interested in tournament casting are urged to write in to Frank S. Leach, National Secretary, N. A. S. A. C., care of this magazine***

GEORGE R. BABYLON and J. Hammond Brown of the newly established Casting Club at Baltimore, together with Jack Schwinn and Arthur J. Neu of Newark, J. K. Kinnear of Geneva, Ohio, and George Ruoff held a preliminary meeting at Baltimore for the purpose of organizing an Association of Eastern Casting Clubs similar to the Association on the west coast.

A permanent organization was effected with the following officers who will act as an executive committee:

Jack Schwinn, of Newark, N. J., President.

Walter Newcomb, of Buffalo, First Vice President.

O. L. Riemer, of Hartford, Second Vice President.

George R. Babylon, of Baltimore, Third Vice President.

George Cook, of Washington, Fourth Vice President.

Arthur Neu, of Newark, N. J., Treasurer.

J. Hammond Brown, of Baltimore, Secretary.

It was decided that a Board of Directors, consisting of one member from each affiliated club, to be elected by each club, would further have a voice in the management of the association.

In a general survey of the situation in the East, it was believed that casting clubs located in the following places would be favorable to the new association and should be invited to affiliate at once: Providence, R. I.; Hartford, Conn.; Lawrence, Mass.; Peterboro, Vt.; Bristol, Conn.; Rochester, N. Y.; Philadelphia, Pa.; Schenectady, N. Y.; Hagerstown, Md.; Frederick, Md.; Union Bridge, Md.; Chester, Pa.; Easton, Pa.

It was also explained in a resolution, that while affiliation with the National Association of Scientific Angling Clubs was not a requisite for membership in the Eastern Association of Scientific Angling Clubs, which was decided upon as the official name of the organization, all component club members of the Eastern Association would be urged to affiliate with the National body.

After discussion, it was decided that a fee of $5 should be paid by each club annually upon affiliating with the Eastern Association.

Tentative date for the first Eastern Association tournament to be held in 1928 was placed for the first week in August, provided this date does not conflict with the big casting fixtures in the East and Middle West.

Upon motion the meeting adjourned, subject to the call of the president, it being suggested that the place of the next meeting should be some point midway in the Eastern territory and that it be at a date following a general line-up of the clubs in the East in accord with the idea of the new Eastern Association.

TWO world's records were shattered at the annual fall casting tourney held by the Gary Casting Club at the local platform at Miller lagoon Oct. 16th. The gathering was attended by some of the most noted casters in the country, both as entrants and as guests.

George Chatt, president of the National Association of Scientific Anglers, beat the world mark for the highest average of five casts in the half-ounce distance event. His longest toss was 317 feet and his average was 299.4 feet.

Vong of the Illinois Casting club went ahead of the record for the longest distance when his winning toss sang out over the grass for 327 feet.

Winners of the various events held at the tests were as follows: Sutter of the Chicago Fly Casting club won second place for high average in the half-ounce distance

*Jack Schwinn, the new President of the Eastern Association of Eastern Casting Clubs. He is known wherever casting exists. Holder of the Amateur Championship of Salmon Fly Distance since 1925. His record has never been beaten at any National Tournament.*

*Arthur J. Neu, Treasurer of Newark Bait and Fly Casting Club. Generally has been close to the top in the All-Round at Tournaments for 15 years.*

event, his five casts averaging 261 feet, with the longest 279 feet.

Kleinfeld of the same club took third place with an average of 259.8 feet. His longest heave was 286 feet.

Howard Chatt, son of George Chatt who shattered the average distance record, won the half ounce accuracy [illegible] of 99.4.

The ⅝ ounce accuracy event went to Vong of the Illinois Casting club. His score was 99.8.

Among the noted casters in attendance were the two who beat the world marks, Hodges, president of the Chicago Fly Casting club, Lane and White of the Illinois Casting club, Ivar Hennings of South Bend, and Stanley and Leach of Chicago Fly club.

There were 40 entries in the half-ounce event, a larger number than participated in the National competition held in Detroit a few weeks ago. The prominent casters who visited the meet declared Gary has the best field and casting platform of any club in the country.

The seasonable averages in the accuracy tests of three of Gary's best performers were as follows: George Morrison, 99.2; Harry Daugherty, 99.1; C. A. Stewart, 98.7.

Forty-five guests of the meet were entertained at a banquet in the lake front park pavilion.

## Cleveland Club Tournament

FOR the second time in one year Eddie Braddon has won a championship, this time that of his local club in whose recent Tournament he beat the Cleveland cracks with only 17 points against him to 25 points against Trimble, 33 against Foss, and 41 and 42 against Lockwood and Buckwalter.

Conditions were none too good for the accuracy events, nevertheless some good scores were cast.

*¼ Ounce Distance.*

| | Average | Longest |
|---|---|---|
| Braddon | 196 | 201 |
| Foss | 164 | 220 |
| Lockwood | 150 | 163 |
| Trimble | 137.2 | 191 |

*½ Ounce Distance.*

| | Average | Longest |
|---|---|---|
| Foss | 249.4 | 261 |
| Braddon | 245 | 255 |
| Lockwood | 192 | 215 |
| Trimble | 117 | 213 |

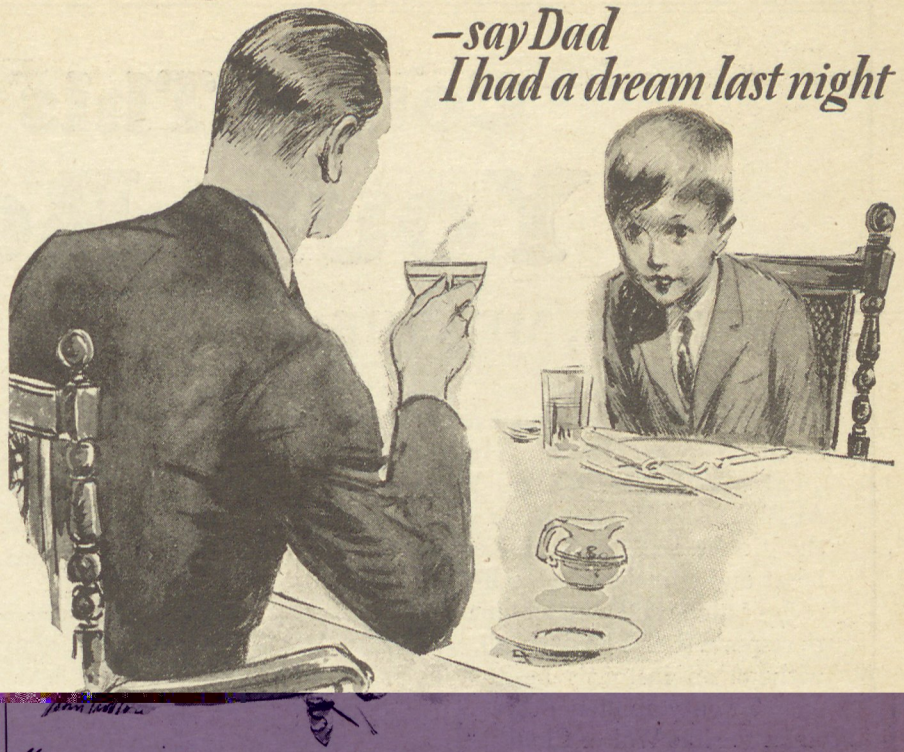
*⅝ Ounce Distance.*

| | Average | Longest |
|---|---|---|
| Braddon | 206.2 | 214 |
| Buckwalter | 179.2 | 204 |
| Foss | 175.8 | 232 |
| Trimble | 172.4 | 236 |

*¼ Ounce Accuracy.*

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Trimble | 99.4 | Buckwalter | 98.7 |
| Braddon | 99.2 | Beer | 98.6 |

*(Continued on page 69)*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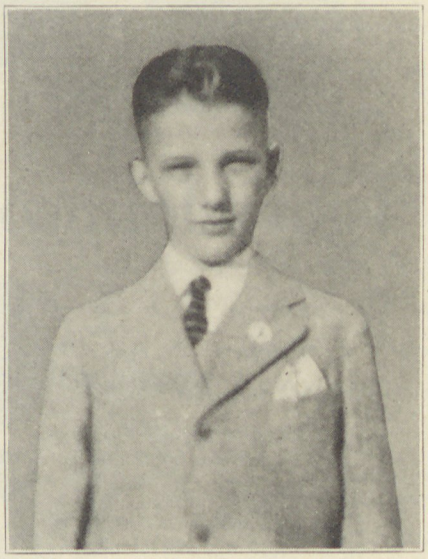

*3343 Crystal Street*
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*Dear Mr. Sportsman:*

*I think it would be a good idea for the Izaak Walton League of America to save a little sport for me. I am always thinking about hunting and fishing. I go fishing sometimes. And I can't go hunting because I am only twelve years old. My father is going to buy me a gun for Christmas. I WISH THE IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE OF AMERICA WOULD SAVE HUNTING AND FISHING FOR ME AND OTHER CHILDREN. I am twelve years old and my birthday is May 23. We are moving to Thorp, Wis., next year in July or August.*

*Yours truly,*
*WALTER CHUDY (signed)*

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I, for one, am not going to stand idly by and let the Izaak Walton League of America do it alone. Are you? I am but your field editor, begging you to help the boys and girls of America. I have before me a stack of two hundred fifty applications for membership. Each bears a number and my name. Like the philosopher, Diogenes—I am wondering if there are two hundred fifty men in America game enough, generous enough to answer Walter's appeal? I will send to you as many of these special cards as you will promise to have signed by good fellows whom you will make Waltonians. We will organize the Field Editor's "gang" of working Waltonites. Whose names will be on the roll?

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| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| James | 99.3 | Marriott | 99.0 |
| Trimble | 99.0 | Shrum | 98.4 |

*⅝ Ounce Accuracy.*

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Braddon | 99.7 | Marriott | 99.4 |
| Trimble | 99.7 | Lockwood | 99.4 |
| Shrum | 99.6 | Foss | 99.4 |

*Accuracy Fly.*

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Foss | 99.7 | James | 99.5 |
| Trimble | 99.7 | Lockwood | 99.5 |

*Dry Fly Regular.*

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Braddon | 99.7 | Shrum | 98.12 |
| Lockwood | 98.14 | Trimble | 98.10 |

*Dry Fly Unknown.*

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Marriott | 99.1 | Shrum | 98.8 |
| Braddon | 99.0 | Trimble | 98.7 |

*Distance Fly.*

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Braddon | 99⅓ | Lockwood | 90⅓ |
| Trimble | 92⅓ | Shrum | 90 |

*Salmon.*

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Braddon | 137⅓ | Foss | 121⅔ |
| Shrum | 127⅔ | Trimble | 121 |

*All Around.*

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Braddon | 17 | Foss | 33 |
| Trimble | 25 | Lockwood | 41 |

## Newark Bait and Fly Casting Club Effects Reorganization

THE famous Newark Bait and Fly Casting Club, ably represented by Arthur New and Jack Schwinn at all the National Tournaments for the past fifteen years, has finally reorganized with a membership of fifty casters.

Following a dinner, the adoption of the by-laws and an election of officers for the ensuing year, concluded the program. The object of the club as set forth in the by-laws, is to promote good fellowship, encourage skillful fly-casting and the preservation of forests, lakes and streams.

Those elected to office are as follows: Kenneth F. Lockwood, president; W. V. Taggert, vice president; Arthur J. Neu, treasurer; William Mackey, Jr., secretary; Jack Schwinn, captain. The executive committee is composed of Lewis Spinks, Robert Klemm and Ernest Masten.

## Annual Tournament of the Indianapolis Club

LOU HURST, Amateur Champion of the ⅝ ounce Distance for 1927, added to his laurels again by winning the All-Round Championship of his club at its recent Annual Tournament. He was able to lead his teammates in the three Distance Bait Events which gave him a wide margin for the Championship. High winds helped the Distance events though they were quite a handicap in the accuracy games.

Mitchell, another National caster, was well placed in most of the events, and the scores of Nelson, Hall, Zimmerman, Baus and Carter were excellent. The list of high scores has been compiled from sheets turned in to the National Secretary.

*¼ Ounce Distance.*

| | Average | Longest |
|---|---|---|
| Hurst | 198 | 216 |
| Mitchell | 187.6 | 202 |
| Hall | 158.6 | 181 |

*½ Ounce Distance.*

| | Average | Longest |
|---|---|---|
| Hurst | 241.8 | 275 |
| Mitchell | 203.4 | 237 |
| Hall | 189 | 210 |

*⅝ Ounce Distance.*

| | Average | Longest |
|---|---|---|
| Hurst | 212.4 | 228 |
| Nelson | 209.6 | 227 |
| Hall | 207.8 | 212 |
| Mitchell | 206.2 | 219 |
| Westenhofer | 205 | 219 |

*Distance Fly.*

| | Average | Longest |
|---|---|---|
| Zimmerman | 98⅔ | 100 |
| Hall | 86⅔ | 88 |
| Nelson | 85 | 87 |

*Accuracy Fly*

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Zimmerman | 99.7 | Carter | 99.2 |
| Hurst | 99.3 | | |

*Dry Fly.*

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Hurst | 99.6 | Mitchell | 99.1 |
| Zimmerman | 99.2 | | |

*¼ Ounce Accuracy.*

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Westenhofer | 98.8 | Mitchell | 98.5 |
| Hurst | 98.5 | Nelson | 98.5 |

*½ Ounce Accuracy.*

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Mitchell | 99.0 | Hurst | 98.5 |
| Nelson | 98.8 | | |

*⅝ Ounce Accuracy.*

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Mitchell | 99.5 | Carter | 99.4 |
| Baus | 99.5 | Nelson | 99.4 |

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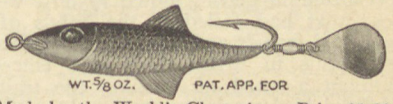

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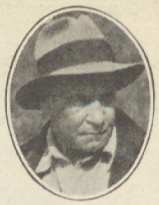
# Your Dog  And Mine

## The Question of Professional Trainers

Edited by OZARK RIPLEY
Dog Editor, OUTDOOR AMERICA

AT one time I used to view the subject of professional trainers from a very intimate personal side, later from the viewpoint of the patron who sent dogs to them to be handled, and then, finally, from the slant of a disinterested party who judges two sides and regarded all angles with obviously forced complacency. I say forced complacency because I was a bit sentimental on the subject, having quite strikingly experienced the bitter and the sweet of the most interesting of all trades, that of handling bird dogs many years for the public.

There are trainers who err, but few purposely do it on the wrong side of the ledger. The public that sends dogs to handlers is, to a great extent, sentimentally erratic. This may be stretching the case in the minds of some, but I believe most troubles between trainers and owners of dogs sent to their care result from lack of forethought which brings on the resultant dearth of common sense judgment. And in the latter is just where the index finger may be placed to point out the activities of sentiment in the way of a traditional abiding love for bird dogs and the consequent belief that every dog—good or bad—that one owns possesses the best brains in the world, a conviction of each owner that he knows everything about the canine family used to hunt quail, grouse, chicken or other game bird hunting, and that every trainer in the world is dishonest.

None but the trainer knows how unfair the average man is toward him in forming conceptions as to his ability and honesty. There are some trainers who do not do their duty, but the accusations against them of disposing of high class dogs for a profit in practically every case has been proven false. The very fact that they can not furnish transfer papers which will stand the scrutiny of the alert keepers of stud books or the public is sufficient to prove that all such charges can not be true, however much some try to play on this when a dog dies in a trainer's hands and they feel it a propitious accusation for getting out of paying a bill justly due.

The way some trainers have silently to stand some of the charges of incompetence and lack of care might be well illustrated by the following incident. This time, however, it was an occasion where one trainer got another in trouble.

The trainer upon whom the burden fell specialized in getting down to bird work dogs that had failed in the hands of a field trial trainer and had to show some in the events in which they were entered. Without a word of warning the trainer who did bird work and kept only a small number of dogs suddenly found himself faced with a shipment of twenty dogs, from a field trial trainer—dogs belonging to his patrons. When they arrived, at night, no other than a perfunctory examination was given. They were kennelled and fed at once, though comfortable quarters were not available at the time for so many dogs.

The next day the recipient of the shipment discovered that all the dogs had mange and soon transmitted the malady to some of his charges. It cost him quite a sum of money to get rid of the trouble, but the presence of those diseased dogs gave him a black eye with all prospective patrons who visited him at the time. Naturally, they spread the report to all their friends, though no one would take the trouble to investigate the how and the why of the occurrence; notwithstanding, the man refused to accept any more dogs until the disease was stamped out.

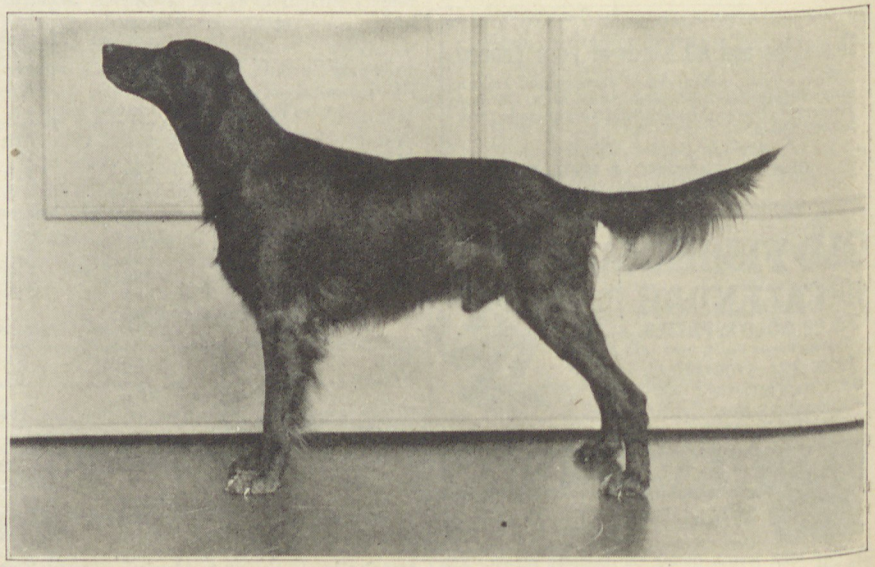
It would take a long list to elucidate all the charges hurled at the heads of trainers. The worst trouble dog handlers have is from sportsmen who have themselves owned and trained a few dogs. They believe one youngster is just as good as another and ought to develop the same, despite the fact that there is a mighty big crop of slow developers who later turn out to be formidable workers in the field, as well as the irrefutable fact that there are hundreds of well bred dogs that haven't in their systems enough quality or merit to warrant any owner paying for their keep, though the sum may be ever so small.

Last winter I was visiting one well known trainer in a southern state. Not long after the arrival of a very unlikely-looking prospect from the North, a written request followed: he would please have the dog taught to carry in the morning paper, in addition to his field activities! In time the trainer sent the patron word to the effect that the prospect had so far displayed, with every opportunity, that he was not worth expending time nor money upon. But a return letter came immediately from the owner who declared that the trainer was mistaken, as the youngster came from a famous strain of hunters, and that not only was he to train him for hunting, but also, when he had completed this fanciful educational routine, he must make a field trial winner out of him. Through the super-abundance of goodwill in the owner's heart, he added that he would give the trainer one-half of all the youngster's winnings when he ran him in the big circuit.

If a trainer fails to make good with a worthless prospect the Lord only knows the mental, oral and written criticism he undergoes. The worst thing about this matter is, as I said before, the difference between young and slow developers. Trainers are seldom given sufficient time by shooting dog men to determine if a slow developer has quality or not. At all hazards, he is supposed to make the same early headway as some precocious youngsters which charm their masters with their early development, yet are not, in toto, real bird dogs, nor will they ever be of the same surpassing merit as one which seems to be a laggard when sent away for the first few months.

In addition, too, there are matters which are worth milling over by sportsmen before they regard any professionals' conduct with suspicion. These men, for the amount of work they do, are very poorly paid. They have to feed, and build accommodations for their dogs, as well as house them and often furnish shooting grounds for them. During only a part of the year is field work with bird dogs permissible. Yet the price reputable trainers charge averages from fifteen to twenty dollars a month. A patron, as a rule, would not for twenty times the amount expend one-half the time the trainer does on the dog.

I have often heard owners express themselves in no mild terms toward certain trainers. Often they expect written reports several times a week covering their dogs, though they surely must realize what constant letter writing means to a man who spends in the outdoors all, or the greater part, of his time working hard, and necessarily has to force himself to make his pen comply with every request.



*"Big Boy," champion Irish Setter praised by Alec Mermod, gun editor of Outdoor America, as being "one of the most finished field dogs I have ever shot over." Owned by Webster Tilton, St. Louis, Missouri.*

The deplorable side of unfair criticism toward a trainer is the way the word travels by word of mouth or by writing. In case an owner finds himself conscientiously in error after he has made derogatory statements or actually specific charges of a fraudulent nature, he has no method of correcting the injury he has already accomplished. He may endeavor to do so, but he can not prevent other fellows from spreading the stuff which he has passed along to them.

The trainer has a hard task before him, yet he is ever on the alert to meet correctly all the exigencies which arise before him. In case of drouth during the Fall, he must work under the identical handicap and exert all his influence to augmenting the dog's practical knowledge in every phase, as when the birds are in abundance. Often when birds are scarce—for no trainer can work effectively when there are no birds—the preceptor of the dogs has to move to other places where the birds are fairly plentiful, though the quarters are not comfortable and food is often hard to obtain. He has to decide on either of two things: sacrificing opportunities to work in a good country or the regular comforts which a dog has had formerly. As the handler's transcending object is to train, he will yield everything or undergo all sorts of inconveniences to get his charges constantly on birds, for he can not train successfully without them.

As a last impediment to constant amicable relations, unfortunately the average dog, well trained by a professional, does not return to the care of an owner who knows how to handle him, nor are proper methods pursued by them. Too many men need training worse than their dogs, but will not admit it. They can not keep a dog steady to shot, and in other ways fail to hold an intelligent animal to the routine it has been exactingly following for some time. The best trained dog in the world must have capable handling. Should an inexperienced sportsman ruin a dog which has been well broken by a professional trainer and some sportsman who knows dogs happens, too, to hunt over the dog and learn in whose hands the animal's education was left, the person who went to all the trouble of putting it in field shape will immediately be blamed and regarded as having failed in his duty. Too many incidents of this sort occur; blame never falls on the heads of those who are guilty of inefficient handling.

Once more I will mention the subject of dogs' dying in a trainer's hands. The trainer is no different from the owner of the dog insofar as any immunity from disease of contagious nature visiting his kennels is concerned. No matter how well attended, dogs die of distemper and other ills, though all attempts are made to guard against it. Yet when a dog dies and the owner is indebted to the trainer for several months' handling and board, such bills are not always paid, though they are nevertheless righteous debts. Real men pay the bills because they know they owe them and they never kick about them. But there are thousands of would-be sportsmen who never pay a cent due trainers when dogs die while in their care. A visit to many of the prominent training kennels would reveal this in more instances than one cares to acknowledge.

One side of the question proves nothing nor do two sides make facts always irrefutable. Dog owners in many cases are ill treated and the guilty ones at the time are trainers. There are capable and incapable trainers. Many do their work indifferently and consequently the dog's progress is mediocre; still, they charge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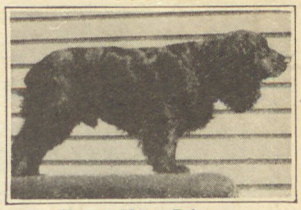

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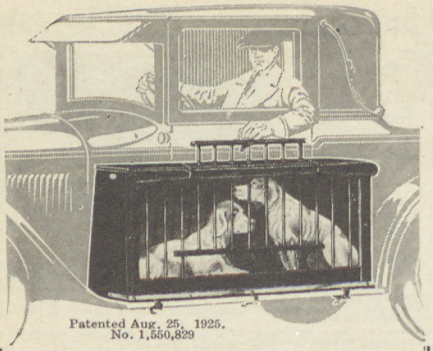

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just the same. The development of this comes from yielding to the temptation of trying to care for and handle too many dogs. A trainer can handle well only a certain number of dogs. When he exceeds reasonable limitations, he is bound to neglect some and give preference to those which point naturally and handle without much work. This is the old much-abused case of the human being following the line of least resistance. Such an amount of guilt would not be attached to the procedure were not the owners of the neglected dogs charged the same sum as those who possess dogs which are given daily work.

Some trainers in their advertising do considerable exploitation about their ability as well as the large territory under their control for working dogs. Even a slight experience in the dog game will disclose readily the unalterable fact that only a certain number of dogs can be worked consistently over even a pretty large area. Yet I have seen some trainers carrying a string of dogs, numbering forty and sixty, where proper conditions existed only for the training of ten or fifteen at the most, if they were given their regular, necessary amount of work, though the trainer declares he has a staff of assistants to help him handle.

Carrying a dog along without work is no new habit with some trainers. Another is kidding the owner into believing his dog is in condition and going nicely when the animal is out of shape and not fit to be afield and under no circumstances could the animal work were it given ever so much opportunity. And yet reports come to the master of the pupil that he is doing just fine and with a few months' more work will be the real thing. Only recently I came upon a dog which was the result of poor treatment and the unsatiated appetite for money of an unscrupulous handler. The owner had been deluded into believing that the dog was doing nicely through flattering mail reports; he was hunting fine, under good control and in excellent shape. The climax of disappointments occurred when the animal arrived at the shooting grounds. He suffered from a bad case of anaemia; he had never been worked, and, on account of poor care, died three days after his arrival.

Did the owner get any satisfaction out of complaining to the trainer? Not the least! On the contrary, the trainer had the nerve to declare the dog was in good shape when he shipped it and the owner was nothing more than a chronic kicker, despite the fact that fifteen members of his club witnessed the arrival of the dog in such frightful condition.

Some trainers fail to report the death of a dog, as they should, the instant of its demise, particularly if the owner is two or three months in arrears with his bill. They are actuated into doing this by former experience in the futility of attempting to collect a bill due up to the time of the death. They are doubtful of getting their money and, unfortunately, are induced into a shady by-way to acquire their pay. Occasionally some overstep this questionable practice. When a dog dies they keep on sending bills. Then, when the notice is sent for the dog to be shipped home, immediately they write expressing surprise at the request, declaring that they sent notice of the animal's death several weeks previously and wondered at the reason that the letter had not been acknowledged.

Two years ago a certain trainer was secretly subjected to investigation regarding whether deaths in his kennel that he reported had really happened. There was no question about the dogs having died; his string had unfortunately had a bad run of


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K-27

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distemper. Although actually he gave the ailing dog exceeding good care, nine out of his string of twenty-one dogs died. But, where the culpability arose was from not notifying owners correctly. To five of them, when they asked for their dogs to be shipped, he had replied that he had announced their deaths some time previously by mail and was surprised not to have heard from them. The dogs had died two months before the owners were apprised of the facts.

Summing up matters, the average trainer and dog owner are conscientiously honest chaps. Trainers do the best possible with their charges, but sometimes they slip, through indifference on the part of the owners, and, particularly, the failure of the latter to meet promptly monthly bills for work. When a man does not keep up his end and pay what he owes, rest assured the dog handler is bound to feel aggrieved and ultimately he will become neglectful of the animal whose charges are not paid regularly when they are due. The whole problem of trainer and patron will become more amicable when patrons show keen interest by making a visit to the training grounds—something all good trainers welcome—and learning how to handle properly broken dogs when they are returned to them for their shooting.

## PROBABLY DISTEMPER

*H. L. G., Levelland, Tex.—I have a Pitt bull dog eight months old that has lost his appetite, seems to be a little lame, slobbers, and is cold all of the time. Gave him a bottle of vermifuge without successful results. Please advise me what to do.*

Answer: The slight description that you have given is an indication of distemper, and the dog should have immediate attention. Get in touch with a veterinarian who is familiar with distemper, because if it is a distemper case, it will require careful nursing. Do not allow the dog to exercise, keeping him as quiet as possible in dry, comfortable quarters, out of a draft. Do not administer vermifuge again until you are sure that he needs it, and furthermore, that you are sure that he does not have distemper. Feed as much raw ground beef as he will eat, and include raw eggs and warm broth thickened with crumbled hard toast. After your dog recovers, do not permit him to exercise violently for at least two months, as there are many complications after the dog seems to have recovered, and a relapse is almost always fatal. Keeping the dog quiet, feeding nourishing food and consultation with a good veterinarian is about all that we would advise doing.

## ASK SPECIFIC QUESTIONS

*E. S. E., Columbus, Ohio.—I am an owner of a rather expensive Irish terrier. Would appreciate any information as to the care of dogs, etc.*

Answer: Your inquiry is a little too general for answer by letter and we do not have pamphlets or booklets covering the subject of dog care for distribution. Our offer of free advice and information was intended to solicit inquiries from our readers along specific conditions pertaining to the care, treatment, training, food, purchase or dog illness. Would suggest that you consult your local book seller for a publication on the care of dogs. Any publisher will be glad to give you a list of books available on this subject. If you will refer to page 70 of our January 1927 issue, you will find an article under the heading "Your Dog and Mine" which briefly covers the matter of diet for grown dogs.


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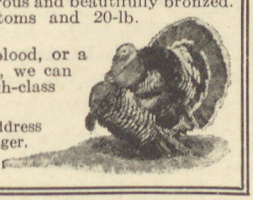

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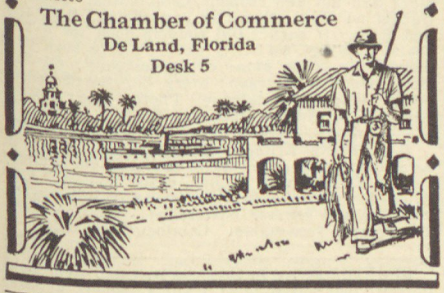

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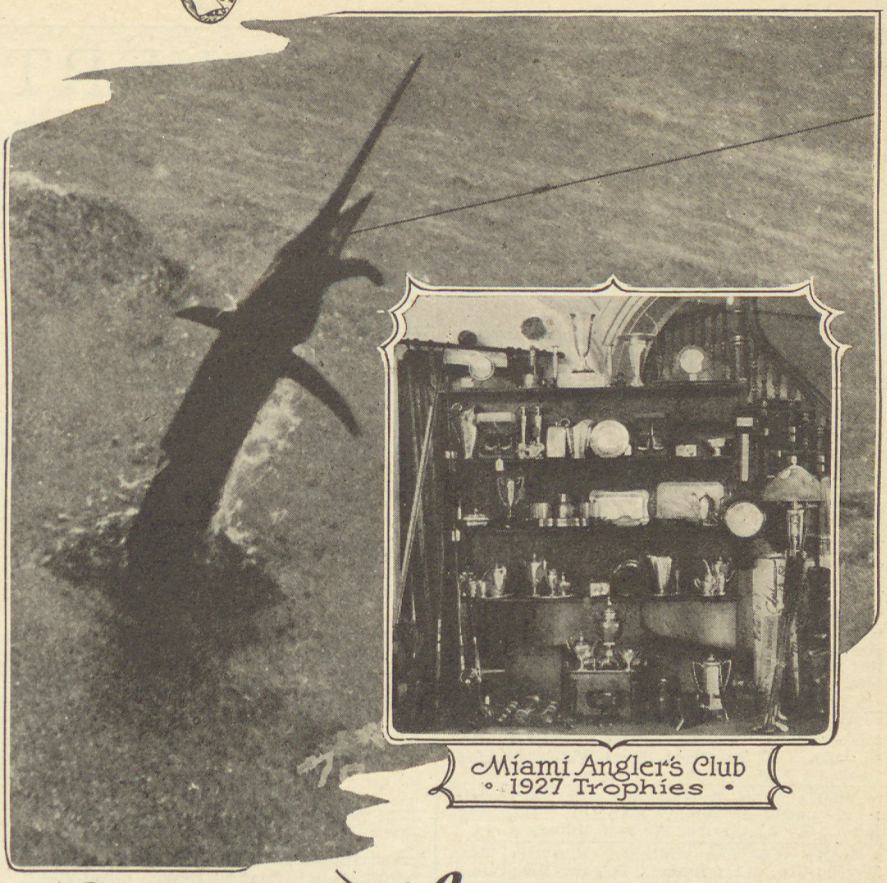


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## Dogs

### Hounds

ARKANSAS best hunting hounds. Extra high class coon hounds $100.00. High class coon hounds $75.00. Extra high class coon, skunk and Opossum hounds $75.00. High class combination tree hounds $50.00. Good average combination tree hounds $30.00 and $40.00. Partly trained. One and two year old hounds $20.00. Coon hound pups $10.00. Extra high class fox hounds $75.00. High class fox hounds $50.00. Good average fox hounds $30.00 and $40.00. Champion Rabbit hounds $20.00. Trial allowed. References in your State. Twenty-two years a shipper. Henry Fort, Fort Smith, Arkansas. (3-12)

SPORTSMEN. Coon-Hunters, fifteen real Bluetick Cooners, none better on water and swamp hunting, $75.00 and $100.00 each. Twenty-five black and tan and redbone Combination hunter's, trained on Coon, Opossum and Skunk, $50.00 and $60.00 each. Old cooners good for a few years' hunting, $40.00 each. Above dogs will deliver the goods alone or in company; all full blood hounds, no trash; every dog tested before being shipped. Catalogue, Photos free; liberal trial. L. J. Adams, Ramsey, Ill.

OAK Grove Kennels, Ina, Illinois, offers for sale, extra good coon, skunk and opossum hounds, fox, wolf and coyote hounds, rabbit hounds. Also youngsters nicely started at $15.00 each. Pointers and setters, Foxterriers. Trial allowed. Prices very reasonable. Catalogue ten cents. (12x27)

SPORTSMEN. Rabbithounds, gun and field broken, long-eared open trailers, steady drivers, clear voices, price $25 each. Send $5 with order, balance C. O. D. Ten days' trial, no trash, prompt shipment. Write Leo Adams, Ramsey, Illinois.

HUNDRED Hunting Hounds cheap. Trial. Redbones, Blueticks, Blacks, Tans, Spotted. Coon, Opossum, Skunk, Mink, Wolf, Rabbit Hounds. Hunting Supplies. Catalogue. Kaskaskennels, SH25, Herrick, Illinois.

RUSSIAN wolfhounds, staghounds, greyhounds; redbone coonhounds. Trailhounds, staghounds cross. All ages. Stamps photos, 10c. Henry Neu, Curtis, Nebr. (2-1)

CLAYTON Kennels, Finger, Tennessee, offers coonhounds, combination hunters, rabbit hounds. Trial. Catalog 5 cents. (4-12)

FOXHOUNDS—Bear, cat, coyote, trained. Also pups. Yamacasca Farm, Sheridan, Oregon. (3-12)

FOR Sale: Reg. greyhound pups, 4 months old. Priced to sell. Anton Bielen, Springfield, Minnesota. (3-12)

FOR Sale: Coon, skunk, opossum, rabbit hounds. Free trial. V. Langdon, Dresser, Ill. (3-1)

FOR Sale: One finished coonhound prepaid to you on trial. Fred Harmon, Box 264-D, Calhoun, Ga.

FOR Sale: One finished coonhound. Deposit money anywhere for a 20 day prepaid trial. Fred Harmon, Box 264-B, Calhoun, Ga.

FOR Sale: One redbone four year old coonhound. Deposit $45.00 anywhere. I pay express. Bob Sanderson, 288, Mayfield, Ky.

HIGH Class fox, deer, coon hounds. 20 years a shipper. State wants. Stephens Kennels, Marshall, Ark. (3-1)

HUNDRED hunting hounds cheap. Hunting supplies. Kaskaskennels, S. H. 25, Herrick, Illinois.

TRAINED coon, fox and rabbit hounds and pups for sale. C. E. Chandler, Sharon Center, Ohio. (3-1)

HUNTING Hounds, Cheap; Trial. Dixie Kennels, A 2, Herrick, Illinois. (3-1)

A BLACK and tan coonhound. Trial. $85.00. Edgar Hunt, Barron, Wisconsin.

## Dogs

### Hounds—Continued

SPORTSMEN: You that are looking for first class stuff and no trash I offer you my pair of 2½ year old rabbit hounds, male and female. Breeding, Kentucky English strain; medium size; good lookers, long ears. O. K. in every respect. All day hunters. Neither man nor gun shy. No faults. Will ship anywhere on 15 days' trial. First $35.00 gets them C. O. D. J. M. Erwin, Murray, Ky. (3-12)

COON Hunters. This dog is two years old, good size, open trailer, treeing good, helped to tree and catch 8 coons and a lot of opossum, Redbone English stock, good voice, clear of diseases and blemishes, stock proof. $20.00 buys him. Ray Moody, Paris, Tennessee. (3-12)

### Labradors

PEDIGREED Labrador Pups. Males $25.00. Females $15.00. Wes. Morrow, Raymond, Minnesota. (3-12)

### Miscellaneous Dogs

THE World's largest kennel has Oorang Airedale watch-dogs, automobile companions, children's playmates, hunters, retrievers, stock-drivers. Also Big Game Hounds, Coonhounds, Foxhounds and Rabbit Hounds. All dogs individually schooled and trained by canine specialists and shipped on trial. Price $50.00 to $150.00 each. Thoroughbred puppies $25.00 to $45.00 each. Catalog ten cents. Oorang Kennels, Box 9, La Rue, Ohio. (3-2)

T. J. BRADLEY, Alma, Arkansas, offers for sale high class trained coon, skunk, opossum and rabbit hounds on fifteen day trial; also trained fox, wolf and deer hounds. Youngsters just starting to trail at $10.00 each. Can furnish high class bird dogs, pointers and setters, reference and price list furnished. (3-12)

FOX terriers, collies, bulldogs, pretty puppies, $10.00 each. Chas. Smiley, Judson, Indiana. (12-5)

RAT Terriers, Fox Terriers, Police, Beagles. Lists 10c. Pete Slater, Box 0A, Pana, Ill. (6-3)

ST. BERNARD pups, registered, from one generation from Switzerland stock, $25.00 to $50.00. R. B. Colby, Loyal, Wisconsin.

ST. BERNARD PUPS. Big fellows. Real Xmas gifts. Pal, guard and companion for young or old. M. W. Willan, Morgantown, Indiana.

GREAT Danes, registerable. Tanana Kennels, Steamboat Springs, Colorado. (6-5)

### Newfoundlands

NEWFOUNDLANDS. Mammoth, healthy, intelligent, registered dogs. Pups for sale. Birky Kennels, Fisher, Illinois.

THE Lieblein Kennels, Dodge, North Dakota, offer for sale registered Newfoundland Puppies, Landseers and blacks. (3-1)

### Pointers and Setters

TRAINED pointer dog, 3 years old. White and liver spotted. Staunch on points. Good retriever. Good all round shooting dog. Knows the game. C. O. D. $75.00 on five days trial. Setter dog 3 years old. White and Black spotted. Same class. $75.00. We have others. J. H. Murray, Brighton, Tenn.

POINTERS and setters. Have some extra fine puppies, all ages. Also some partly trained dogs and a few thoroughly trained dogs. All extra fine individuals and the best of bloodlines, all shipped on approval. Write us your wants. Catalogue ten cents. Oak Grove Kennels, Ina, Illinois. (12x27)

SEVEN Llewellyn Setter Pups born June 19th. Big, bold fellows that will train themselves. Already pointing. They come from four generations privately owned shooting dogs selected for brains, nose and stamina. Pedigreed, eligible, priced cheap. Elmer Barnes, 1437 Harvard, Santa Monica, California.

POINTER puppies, 4 months. Eligible. Shipped C. O. D. and guaranteed sound and fat. If not I will pay express both ways. Nationally known blood lines. Dogs, twenty. Bitches, fifteen. C. L. Phillip, Barnard, Mo.

60 HIGH class pure bred English Irish Gordon setters and pointers. Broken dogs and young dogs all ages for sale. Some beautiful stud dogs and bred bitches. Golden West Kennels, Dundee, Minnesota. (3-1)

## Dogs

### Pointers and Setters—Continued

THOROUGHBRED Llewellyn, Irish, English, Gordon setters. Pointers, Irish Spaniels, Chesapeak Retrievers, pups, trained dogs; describe kind wanted. Inclose 6 cents descriptive lists. Thoroughbred Kennels, Atlantic, Iowa. (1x25)

FOR Sale: Irish Setter Puppies of quality. Real blood lines. Dam and Sire finished field dogs and bench champions. Write for descriptions, prices and breeding. John Kaberna, Wagner, S. Dak. (3-12)

BARGAIN, English setters whelped January 1st. Eugene M. Strain, best dogs ever went afield, yard worked, over distemper. Twenty-five dollars. H. C. Guinea, Weiser, Idaho. (3-1)

BROKEN pointers, dog and bitch 3 years old. The kind to kill the limit over. $65.00 each C. O. D. 3 days trial. Guy W. Moore, R. 5, Memphis, Tenn. (3-1)

IRISH setter females, June pups, papers $25.00. Well broke Irish, English, Gordon's and Pointers. $40.00 to $65.00. Alva Smith, Clearwater, Nebraska.

TRAINED setters and pointers. Staunch on points, backs, good nose, good looking fellows. $65.00 on five days trial. Beadles, Sedalia, Ky.

IRISH Setter Puppies, blood lines unexcelled; real hunters. They will please you. All papers. M. B. Hill, Williamson, Pa. (3-12)

IRISH setter puppies. Good blood. Papers furnished. J. E. Prai, Brainard, Nebraska. (3-2)

FOR Sale: Real honest to goodness Irish setters now ready to train, all papers. L. D. Hegg, Covington, Indiana. (3-2)

POINTERS and setters sent anywhere on trial. Write us your wants. McLister Bros., Brighton, Tenn.

REGISTERED Irish Setter, Dark Red, well broke. Does it all. 3 years old. U. S. Routzong, Cotter, Ark. (3-2)

TRAINED pointers and setters, staunch, and real game finders. $45.00 each, on trial. W. Finley, Sedalia, Ky. (3-1)

### Police Dogs

60 POLICE puppies, papers to register, imported and domestic breeding. Sired by nephew of Strongheart. None better bred, all colors. Females $15.00. Males $25.00. Open and bred females. Shipped anywhere C. O. D. on approval. Thomas Dailey, Hannaford, North Dakota. (6-4)

BEAUTIFUL grey police pups, sire and dam trained dogs of superior intelligence. Best breeding. Satisfaction guaranteed. Males $25.00. E. A. Nelson, Ridgeway Farm, Neenah, Wisconsin.

BEAUTIFUL police dogs, bitches, pups and stud; reasonable. Hedback Kennels, Cumberland, Wisconsin. (3x27)

DOBERMAN-PINSCHERS. Puppies and grown dogs. Reasonable price. Dr. Lueschen, Columbus, Nebraska. (3-12)

FOR Sale: Pedigreed police pups. Females $15.00. Males $25.00. Imported bloodlines on approval. T. M. Helmer, Hannaford, N. D.

### Spaniels

SPRINGER Spaniels, beautiful youngsters, four months old. Sired by Champion "Mossend Dick" Imp. He by Duel Champion "Flint of Avendale." Dam, "Trent Valley Diana," she sired by Champion "Corslett's Son of a Gun." There are seventeen champions in five generations. Absolutely guaranteed. Papers furnished. Homer D. Timson, Caledonia, Ohio.

IRISH water spaniels, genuinely curly coated rat-tails. Splendid retrievers, land or water. Wonderful intelligence. Easy trained and handled. All puppies from experienced workers. Also youngsters and trained dogs always on hand. Percy K. Swan, Chico, California. (7x27)

SPRINGER spaniels at stud. "Rivington Valentine" (imp) black and white. "Rivington Roysterer" (imp) Liver and white. At one show their progeny won thirteen firsts, two seconds, including best in show, all breeds. Illustrated particulars. John Stewart, Minot, N. D. (3-2)

FOR Sale: A. K. C. pedigreed black cocker spaniel puppies. None better. Sired by Rocko Rockatello, grand sire, Bonny Moore Prince. Males $30.00, females $20.00. Sidney Adema, Roscoe, Ill. (3-2)

## Dogs

### Spaniels—Continued

SPRINGER Spaniels. Choice farm raised pups. Avandale blood. $25.00 upward. Partly broken bitches in whelp. Bargain. Papers furnished and ship on approval. Lakeland Kennels. H. J. Robertson, Olivia, Minn. (3-2)

FOR Sale: Irish Water Spaniels of the best working strain procurable. The greatest retrieving spaniel and the best all round sporting dog. C. C. Scharfenberg, Hayward, Wis. (3-1)

SPRINGERS: We are short of room and will sell a few choice puppies in liver and white, and black and white, at $25.00 each. Joe Stephenson, Boyne Falls, Mich. (3-2)

SPRINGER Spaniel Puppies. Best of bloodlines. Very nicely marked. Get photo. Also a good bitch in whelp. Fred Swanson, Stromsburg, Nebr.

WATER Spaniels. Pups. Half Irish, half cocker. Well bred parents. Retrievers on land and water. Males $15.00, Females $12.50. Charles Gallagher, Spencer, Iowa. (3-2)

AMERICAN Brown Water Spaniel Puppies. Genuine "Curly Coats" registered stock. Marc Woodmansee, Box 87, Des Moines, Iowa. (3-1)

COCKER Spaniels, puppies, hunting strain, good blood lines. Eligible registration. E. G. Druding, Ellsworth, Wisconsin. (3-12)

COCKER Puppies from first class show and hunting strains. Some ready for training. Rowland, Greensville, Ontario. (3-2)

FIFTY wonderful springer puppies from winning parents. All colors, reasonable. Custer Kyler Kennels, Miles City, Montana.

IRISH water spaniel puppies, best of breeding, from real workers. All papers for registration. H. L. Franklin, Greeley, Colorado. (3-1)

AT Stud: A Reg. Irish Spaniel. Sire—Irish Toney, Dam—Topsy O'Dare. Fee $15.00. Ship to J. W. Lockie, Pomeroy, Ia. (3-2)

NORTHERN raised, hardy, Irish Water Spaniels. They find the cripples. M. M. Oliphant, Missoula, Montana. (3-12)

SPRINGER puppies. Horsford Harbour, Laverstoke, Powderhorn bloodlines. Dewey Stowell, Platteville, Wisconsin. (3-12)

SPRINGER spaniel puppies for sale, liver and white, best breeding and excellent type. Priced right. Wm. R. Cowling, Edgar, Wisconsin.

REGISTERED Irish Water Spaniels. Order now for Xmas. Pryor & Dosdall, Red Wing, Minn.

### Terriers

DARE Devils. (Irish Terriers.) Protection, Playfellow, Pal for Kiddies. Only one man dog, fierce with strangers. Hunter. Noted for Courage and Brains. Litter registered pups for sale, bitch bred to Champion. Red Top Kennels, O. A. Teague, Texas. (4x26)

CAIRN terriers. Six months old. Pedigreed stock. Home raised. Mrs. C. DeWitt Hayward, 56 Colonial St., Hartford, Conn.

IRISH terriers over distemper. Booklet furnished. Altura Kennels, El Paso, Texas, Route 1. (3-1)

IRISH Terriers. Individuality, gameness. The companion you have always wanted. Registered. Dr. F. G. Dratz, Missoula, Mont. (7x26)

A FEW choicely bred wirehaired fox terriers. Puppies and grown dogs. Marathon Kennels, Wausau, Wisconsin. (3-1)

MALE spitz $12.00. Fox terriers $2.50 up. C. L. Buckingham, Ridgeway, Wisconsin.

TWENTY-ONE years' breeding registered classy fox terriers. Wells Kennels, Farina, Ill. (3-1)

### Trainers—Dogs

GET my special rate for training shooting dogs. Also Pointers, Setters for sale. McGovney's Kennels, Washington C. H., Ohio.

WANTED field trial and shooting dogs by month or job. J. B. Jefferies, Ripley, Miss. (3-1)

I TRAIN beagles to run rabbits. H. S. Ferrell, Cassville, Mo. (3-1)

WANTED: Bird dogs for boarding and training. C. W. Tuttle, Ina, Illinois. (12x27)

### Wanted—Dogs

WANTED Puppies: All breeds. Write age, sex, lowest price in first letter. Market Pet Shop, 439 Market St., Philadelphia, Pa.

## Dog Remedies and Supplies

TETRACHLORETHYLENE for worms. A safe treatment for puppies and an effective treatment for grown dogs in cases of hook and round worms and running-barking fits. This new wormer was discovered by the Department of Agriculture and found as effective as Carbon Tetrachloride but safer to use in capsules for dogs and puppies. $1.00, postpaid. Harrison Chemical Co., Dept. 15, Quincy, Ill. (7x26)

WORM your dog, give Revilo the genuine Tetrachlorethylene. Safer and more effective than any wormer yet discovered. Safe for puppies 3 weeks old. Avoid imitations by demanding Revilo—preferred by America's largest kennels. Cures running fits. Assorted capsules for dogs and puppies, $1 postpaid. Bulk prices sent on request. Oliver Products Co., Dept. 18, Quincy, Illinois. (8x27)

RUNNING—Barking—Fits or Fright—Disease. The oldest most reliable fit cure on the market. In most cases the symptoms disappear after the first pill. Worst case cured in 3 days. Your money back if not satisfactory. 30 pills $1.15, 100 pills $3.00, 200 pills $5.00. Prepaid. Superfines Beagle Remedy Co., Manistique, Michigan. (3-1)

## Firearms and Ammunition

B&M SPORTER introduces a properly stocked factory made rifle. The first designed throughout for Hunting Scope use. The only completely equipped Sporter at a popular price. Consists of Remington Express Barrel (with special sights) and action (hand smoothed) and a special stock of Whelen design, complete with special sling equipment. B&M steel Butt-plate (shotgun type) and special Watson gold bead. Available with B&M Scope and Bolt Sleeve Sight. Write for free circulars on the new low priced Sporter, Telescope and Metallic Sights, Cleaning Rods, and reloading tools. Or send 50c stamps for complete B&M Handbook. Belding & Mull, 832 Osceola Road, Philipsburg, Pa. (3-1)

SPECIAL close out of new guns and rifles: N. R. Davis $17.50, Baker Batavia $27.50, Fox Sterlingworth $31.00, L. C. Smith $34.50, Lefever $24.00, Remington or Winchester pump guns $41.50, Winchester model 94 carbine $26.50, Remington model 14A $38.00, Savage model 99A $31.00. The above guns and rifles all gauges and calibres. Wanger & Co., 302 Market Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. (2-1)

ARE you a rotten shot? Game season open. Don't miss. Free booklet "Wing Shooting Made Easy" on request. Made hundreds of good shots. Read testimonials. Wilbur Gun Sight, P. O. Box 185, Times Square, New York City. (3-12)

CLOSING out entire stock of genuine Mauser and Mannlicher rifles, Sauer shotguns. Lowest prices in the U. S. Send stamp for list. Baker & Kimball, 38D South St., Boston. (6-1)

THE Ovr-Unda gun for trap or field—the greatest improvement in a sporting gun in a generation. Circular on request. Baker & Kimball, 38D South St., Boston. (6-1)

EXPERT gunsmithing. Restocking to order from five to eight dollars. Thirty-five years' experience. Work guaranteed. William Tietz, So. St. Paul, Minnesota. (3-2)

OVER-STOCKED Winchester '86 cartridges at $2.00 per hundred. Special pump guns at $33.75. McCallister's, Baltimore, Md. (3-2)

FOR Sale: New Super Fox shotgun 12-30-9 lbs. Full choke. Price $70. C. A. Fenstemoker, Amboy, Ill.

GUN cabinets. Direct from factory. Save all commission. Send stamp for folder. Kane Cabinet Co., Kane, Pennsylvania.

WANTED—Paterson and Walker Colt Revolvers, Colt dragoons, shoulder stocks and cylinder rifles. B. C. Smiley, Angola, Indiana. (3-1)

ARMY rifles .30-'06. Fine shape. $15.00. Hugh Coit, Ravenna, Ohio.

## Fish and Game Attractions

TERRELL'S Giant Wild Rice Seed and 35 other plants for attracting fish, game, muskrats, etc, 32 years experience. Expert planting advice free. Discount on orders placed during winter. Write Terrell's Aquatic Farm, 71 L. Blk., Oshkosh, Wis. (3-2)

MINNESOTA giant wild rice seed. Write for special price for immediate delivery. MacGregor-Dennerly Company, Aitkin, Minnesota. (6-4)

## Fishing Tackle and Bait

ANIMATED weedless bucktail and feather Bass flies, $6.00 per dozen; or your ideal from sample or faithful description at reasonable prices. Geo. F. Reinhardt, 1908 Washington Ave., Kansas City, Kansas. (3-1)

## Fishing Tackle and Bait—Cont'd

TOURNAMENT rods to order. First class repairing. Broken parts replaced. P. Wm. Arend, 3605 South Broadway, Denver, Colorado. (3-1)

RODS rewound dollar quarter joint. Repairing. Best workmanship. W. W. Waggoner, Okmulgee, Okla.

## Fixtures and Furniture

BUTTERFLIES, bugs, insects, coins, curios, Indian beads and arrows are more effectively displayed in a Shewana Display Fixture. Protected from dust and the touch of inquisitive hands. Swings from wall on special hinge. Ask for illustrated folder on Model G. Shewana Cabinet Works, Shipshewana, Indiana. (3-1)

## Food Products

SPRUCE Gum. Refined from high grade stock fresh from Maine forest. Twenty 5c packages to box, $1.00 postpaid. Eastern Gum Company, Monson, Me. (3-2)

WHITE clover honey, 60 lbs. $7.50, 10 lbs. $1.50, 5 lbs. 75c. Lee Waller, Durand, Illinois. (3-1)

PURE Maple Syrup, 1 gal. (11 lbs.) $3.75 postpaid. Edgar Hunt, Barron, Wis. (3-1)

## Forest Tree Nurseries, Plants, Etc.

ALL kinds of evergreens for forest planting. Provide cover for game at a profit to yourself. Write for price list. Keene Forestry Association, Box 378, Keene, N. H. (6-4)

MAPLES, elms, walnuts, etc., trees, three to six feet; $6.00 per dozen. Order now. Spring delivery. Curtis Grigg, Hopkinton, Iowa. (3-2)

GLADIOLUS. Select varieties. Write for list. Riverview Glad Gardens, Rock Rapids, Iowa. (3-2)

## For Sale or Exchange

TWO and three tube Atwater-Kent Radios. Three tube Cockaday. L-C Twenty Seven. Portable Superheterodyne. Thorophone Power Horn. Aluminum Horn. Three Acme Condensers for ten dollars. Three Radio Corporation R-F Condensers ten dollars. Balkite Combination Eliminator. Modern "B" Eliminator. Mohrison twelve power binoculars. Thirty-Eight Forty Colts. Thirty-Eight Smith and Wesson. Twenty-two Colts Automatic. Five by seven camera Karona V. Eastman Panoram. Three by three two cycle Marine Motor. Liberty Twin with fittings for inboard, thirty-seven pounds. Above all new or practically so, photos sent. Want: High grade small camera, light twelve gauge, high power rifle, what have you. L. D. Clark, Avant, Oklahoma.

BARGAINS in new and used guns, binoculars, watches, diamonds. I buy, trade or sell. List free. Robert G. Parman, Arkansas City, Kansas. (3-1)

WILL exchange star gauge especially selected Springfield, excellent condition, for good shot gun. Samuel R. Dighton, Sanford, Florida. (3-1)

WILL exchange whole mounted bull elk, or elk head chair for rifle, shotgun, Graflex or camp outfit. Will send photo of both. E. Gilbert, 20 W. Austin, Chicago.

WADERS, practically new. Size eight. L. D. Robertson, Redfield, South Dakota.

## For Smokers

SEND 10 cents silver or stamps for sample package 20 finest quality mild cigarettes. Large tin special smoking tobacco sent for 10c. Direct-to-smoker. French Tobacco Company, Dept. 30, Statesville, North Carolina. (3-1)

TOBACCO postpaid, guaranteed best mellow, juicy red leaf chewing, 5 lbs. $1.40, 10, $2.50. Best smoking 20c lb. Mark Hamlin, Sharon, Tenn. (3-12)

TOBACCO users: Write for free sample and prices. Answer this ad, it means something to you. Troutt & Son, Dept. W-4, Hickory, Ky. (5-4)

## Game, Birds and Animals

WE offer extra fine, dark, Northern Minnesota Muskrats from our Battle Creek and Pine River Muskrat Ranches, for breeding stock, for delivery during 1928. $25.00 per pair for single pairs. Special prices for quantity contracts. All orders will be taken care of in the order received. Ten Thousand Lakes Fur Farms Corp., R. F. D., Lake Elmo, Minnesota. (9x27)

SILVER foxes, chinchilla rabbits, pigeons, mink, muskrat. Tell me how you are situated and I'll show you how to make big profits. Write for facts. 721 Conrad's Ranch, Denver, Colorado. (3-12)

## Game Birds and Animals—Cont'd

SELLING, pair two year old black bear cubs that have been in a park, quite tame. One 1927 cub from late litter. Taking orders for Lynx, Foxes, Coyote, Badger, Fisher, Marten, Beaver, Muskrat, also snowy and other owls, bald and golden eagles, etc. C. P. Forge, Portage La Prairie, Manitoba, Canada.

"PHEASANT Farming," illustrated, postpaid one dollar. Reliable, practical information. Quarter century's experience in game propagation. 'Gene M. Simpson, Route No. 1, Corvallis, Oregon. (3-2)

HARDY, Wisconsin reared Mongolian and Old English Blackneck pheasants. Large, vigorous breeders of outstanding color, type breeding ability. Prices and particulars upon request. Grimmer Game Farm, Box K, Delafield, Wisconsin.

SUCCESSFUL Mink Raising, 22 pages 6x9 of practical information, pen drawings, illustrations of pens and animals. Mailed for $1.00. Our surplus 1927 mink are now sold. Davis Fur Farms, Inc., St. Johnsbury, Vt. (3-2)

FOR Sale: Dark Northern Muskrats for November and December shipments. Hon-E-Ko Fur Farm, Des Voigne and Foley, Props., Bonners Ferry, Idaho.

FERRETS for driving rats and other vermin from their dens. We have white or brown. Males $5.50. Females $6.00. Pair $11.00. Will ship C. O. D. J. Younger, Newton Falls, Ohio.

FLYING squirrels. Handsome pets as Christmas suggestion. Safe delivery guaranteed. Express paid. Booklet. $5.00 pair. Wildwoods Fur Farm, Woodville, Texas.

FOR Sale: Mink, squirrels, raccoons, foxes, ferrets, muskrats, ginseng, rabbits, skunks, wolf puppies, opossums. B. Tippman, Caledonia, Minnesota. (3-1)

NEW London black raccoon fur farm is offering a few pair of quality young genuine black raccoon. Address all correspondence to A. B. Cook, New London, Ohio.

SKUNKS easily raised. Bred skunks, raccoons, minks. Instructive interesting catalog, 10c. Shady Fur Farm, Springfield, Minn. (3-2)

BEAVER. Breeding stock of animals pronounced by Government as best in the world. Write. Midway Land Co., Midway, Wis. (3-1)

FOR Sale: California Valley Quail, Doves and rare pheasants. J. V. Patton, Hollister, California. (6-3)

FERRET Sale: Hand trained, white or brown. Healthy. C. O. D. $5.00. Ohmert and Son, Dubuque, Iowa. (3-1)

LIVE Muskrats, black or brown, and a new trap for catching them alive. W. A. Gibbs & Son, Dept. D-38, Chester, Pa.

MINK. Best Northern Mississippi Valley minks. Orders taken any time. Cold Spring Fur Farms, Homer, Minnesota. (3-2)

MINKS, raccoons, red foxes, muskrats, skunks. Anton Vejtasa, Fairdale, N. Dak. (3-12)

PHEASANTS. Golden and Amherst. Also Japanese Silkie Bantams. S. M. Snyder, Metamora, Ill. (3-2)

WILD live Ozark cotton-tail rabbits and fox and gray squirrels for sale. Live arrivals guaranteed. H. S. Ferrell, Cassville, Mo. (3-1)

500 — PHEASANTS — 500, Golden, Silver, Ring-Necks. Amazing Prices. "Hurry." Highland Pheasantry, Findlay, Ohio. (3-1)

WILD live Jack and Cottontail Rabbits. Live arrival guaranteed. Our prices will interest you. N. M. Cessna Co., Rago, Kansas. (3-1)

CANADIAN Geese. Young and mated pairs. Wm. Harberts, Carthage, Illinois.

FERRETS, hand trained. C. O. D. $5.50. Charles Gallagher, Spencer, Iowa.

## Golf Equipment

FOR Sale: We manufacture full line golf clubs; woods, three dollars; irons, $2.50. Also leads, shafts and grips. I. R. Longsworth Co., Somerset, Kentucky. (3-12)

## Help Wanted

FOREST Rangers, Border Patrol Inspectors, Railway Mail Clerks and other Government positions; $1,500 to $3,000 yearly. Vacancies soon. Particulars free. Write, Mr. Ozment, 119, St. Louis, Mo. (11x26)

MEN wanting outdoor work, qualify for forest ranger position. Start $125 month; cabin and vacation; patrol the forests, protect the game; give tourists information. Write Mokane, Dept. M-17, Denver, Colo. (12-7)

## Help Wanted—Continued

YOUNG men wanted on railroads nearest their homes—everywhere for firemen, brakemen, beginners $150-$250 monthly. Promotion to conductor or engineer $300-$400. Preparatory home study instruction necessary; positions obtained. Railway Association, Desk M 27, Brooklyn, N. Y.

MEN get Forest Ranger or U. S. mail positions; $135 to $225 monthly; permanent; experience unnecessary. For details write A. Bradford, 31 South 52nd St., Philadelphia, Pa. (3-1)

BE a detective. Excellent opportunity. Work home or travel. Experience unnecessary. Write, American Detective System, 2190 Broadway, N. Y. (3-2)

GOVERNMENT pays big salaries. Prepare for next examination now. Expert coaching. Booklet free. Write L. Hampton, Box 1818-C-2, Washington, D. C. (3-1)

MEN, get Forest Ranger job; $125-200 month and home furnished; permanent; hunt, fish, trap. For details write Norton, 249 Temple Court, Denver, Colorado. (3-2)

## Indian Goods

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GENUINE Sioux Indian Costumes and Beadwork. Buying direct from Indian. Prices reasonable. Free price list. We pay $2.50 to $3.00 for white black tipped Eagle Tail Feathers. Elk Teeth, Bear and Eagle claws wanted. Lyon Curio Store, Clinton, Nebraska. (3-12)

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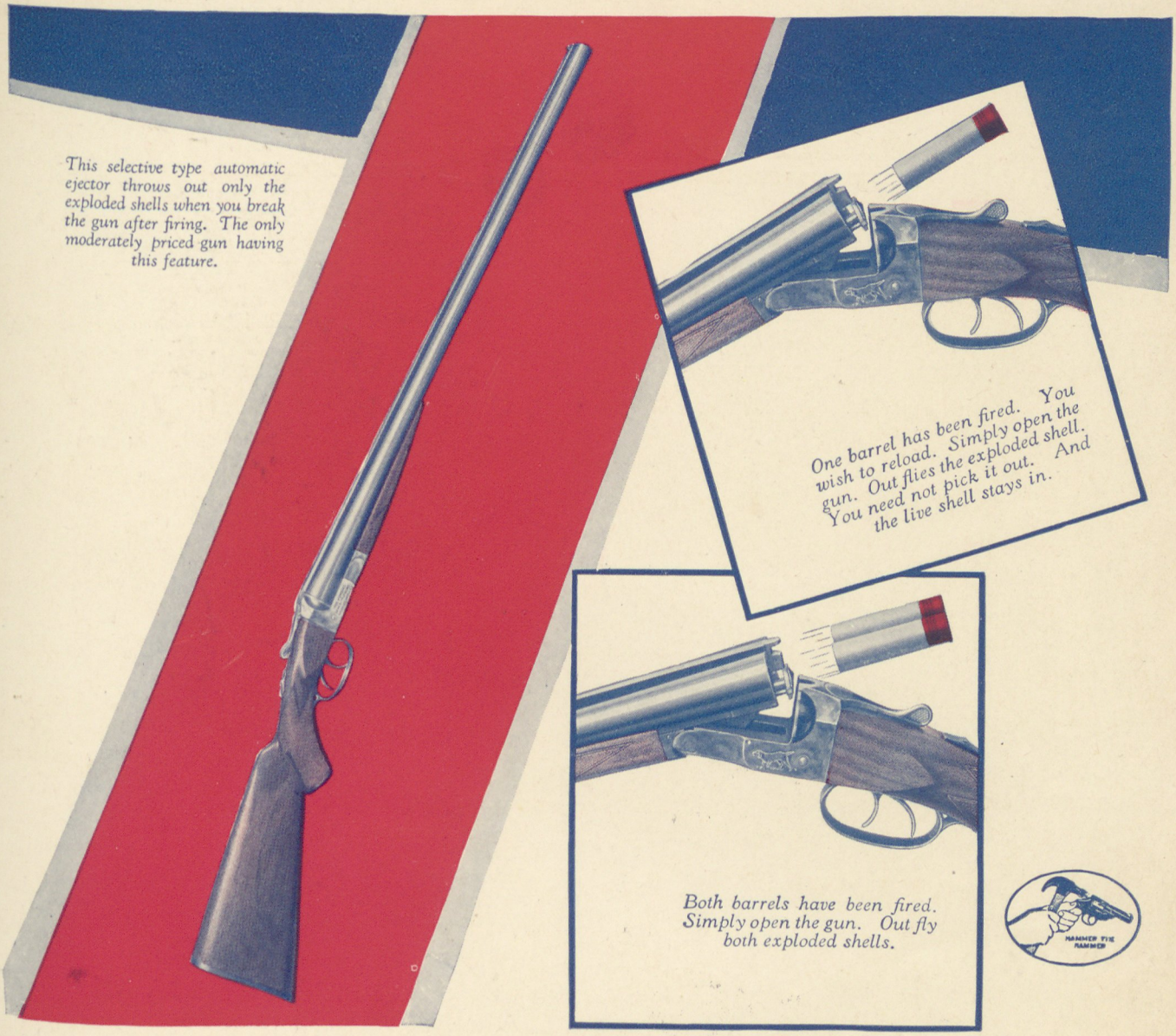
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